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# The QUARTERLY REVIEW

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### THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

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THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 516.—APRIL, 1933.

Art. 1.—SCHOOL AND COLLEGE SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

1. *The Victorian Tragedy*. By Esmé Wingfield-Stratford. Routledge, 1930.
2. *The Victorian Sunset*. By the same Author. Routledge, 1932.

MR WINGFIELD-STRATFORD has written two interesting and suggestive books on the period 1837–1901. He joins in the fashionable sport of making an Aunt Sally of the Victorian era. But even when he is shying his hardest, he is never provocative. He seems to have a tender feeling for the object of his attack which stays his hand. Perhaps he realises that many of the balls which his own generation supplies for the game are in the nature of boomerangs. Be this as it may, the following pages are written not to confute or confirm his views on Victorian education, but simply to record an individual experience.

'Where were you at school?' was the first question which, seventy years ago, was asked of applicants for salaried appointments. Unless the answer guaranteed the required conformity to type, a candidate's chance of success was understood to be small. For this and other reasons, successive generations of boys passed ten of the most imaginative and impressionable years of their lives under other influences than those of their parents. Even from his first term at school a child rarely returns home unchanged; the sacrifice of personality to uniformity has already begun. Moulded to a pattern of which public opinion then approved, a stream of conventional, athletic young Philistines, who might be relied on to 'play the game,' poured ceaselessly from the educational machinery

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of the Public Schools. To the present generation the staple product seems inadequate. They are in some respects right. A different model is needed if Schools or Colleges are to hold their place in national life. On the other hand, the traditional system, as it was modified by the herd-spirit of the boys, preserved and sometimes fostered qualities of honesty, courage, endurance, leadership and drive which often turned a mother's darling into a useful citizen, if not an empire-builder. Already Public Schools have been changed. They have passed from the heroic to the modern age. Their discipline is maintained by less brutalising methods; masters and boys find common interests outside school-hours; the range of studies has been widened till it is almost bewildering in its variety; the cost of school has been doubled to meet or outstrip the demand for a higher standard of living. Other developments may be in store as the need of educational advance beyond the point reached by Arnold is more widely recognised by teachers. But seventy years ago change had hardly begun. The supremacy of classics was absolute, if not unchallenged, and the life of boys was rougher, hungrier and narrower than it is to-day.

In January 1862 I was sent to Temple Grove at East Sheen, then a well-known private school. Small boys, in my day, judged a school by its food rather than by its teaching, and I remember so little about Temple Grove that we must have been well fed. Anyhow, my experience of it was short. Owing to illness, I left it in February 1863. Only three points stand out in my memory. Elsewhere\* I have mentioned the first—the seizure of my copy of ‘Jane Eyre,’ which gave my school-life an unfortunate start. The second is that I won the school History Prize in the summer of 1862. The third is that I was taken to see the Great Exhibition of that year in Brompton Road by the young German master who taught us mathematics. One summer evening, as I watched a game of cricket, I found Herr Fliedner standing by my side. I do not know what tempted me to speak to him. I hope that I was not guilty of the schoolboy crime of ‘sucking up.’ I should like to think that it was sympathy

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\* The ‘Quarterly Review’ for April 1932.

and that I guessed him to be, like myself, homesick. But most probably I wished, with a small boy's conceit, to display my few words of German. I addressed him with, 'Guten Abend, Herr Professor.' He beamed with pleasure at the title, which is, or was, so dear to all young German students, and the result of our talk was that he offered to take me to the Exhibition. The following Saturday we went. But the visit which promised so much proved a disappointment. Herr Fliedner's main interest was machinery, and to me machines made no appeal. We hurried rapidly through the Picture Gallery, where I only persuaded Fliedner to halt in front of the picture of 'The last honours paid to Counts Egmont and Horn,' by pleading that Egmont was my historical hero. But when once I was torn away, hours were spent in examining machine after machine with the microscopic thoroughness of a mechanical enthusiast.

From February 1863 to September 1864 I remained at home. Educationally, the interruption was disastrous to my success at school. I resumed my lessons with my mother; but instead of continuing to learn history and literature or to translate French, German, and Latin into English, I ought to have been parsing Greek and Latin sentences. In those days only classics counted. In other respects, the atmosphere was, I suppose, too stimulating for a small boy. From the worst effects, indeed, I was saved by shyness. I liked listening better than talking. But I had no boy friends of my own age. My brothers were at school and my sister was ten years younger than myself. Beginning with the privileges of an invalid, I became increasingly my mother's companion in her walks, rides, or drives, and was encouraged to share her enthusiasms. She delighted to hunt out local associations which linked the Isle of Wight with men or women who had made names in national life. Sometimes, perhaps, the pilgrimages were undertaken from her sense of duty to her pupil. This was the case, I suspect, with our visit to the cottage of 'The Dairyman's Daughter,' made famous by Legh Richmond's tract, which was translated into nineteen languages and sold in millions; or to Bonchurch Churchyard, where 'the Shadow of the Cross' fell on the grave of William Adams, the allegorist and author of 'The Cherry-Stones,' once a famous book for boys.

More personal was the eagerness of her pursuit of John Keats. During two visits to Shanklin (1817 and 1818) he had written parts of 'Endymion' and of 'Lamia.' From both poems I learnt passages by heart, and I liked to imagine that the gorgeous vision of the enchantress was conceived on the crumbling walls of Carisbrooke Castle amid the chatter of the jackdaws. Keats's visits were paid only forty-seven years ago, and Shanklin was still a tiny place. Someone might be discovered who recollected the poet; but though we asked at, I think, every possible door in the village, we met with no success. We were more fortunate in tracing one of his greatest friends, John Hamilton Reynolds, whose mother and sisters were also intimately associated with Keats. In answer to his sonnets on Robin Hood, Keats had written the lines beginning 'Gone, the merry morris din.' With Reynolds he had not only corresponded, but arranged to collaborate in a series of tales in the manner of Boccaccio. In 1847 Reynolds had settled down at Newport in the Isle of Wight as Assistant-Clerk to the County Court. There he died in 1852. It was with the greatest difficulty that we discovered his burial-place. Few islanders realised that the moody, disappointed man who proclaimed himself an atheist and a bitter Radical, had been the correspondent of Byron and the brother-in-law of Tom Hood, was himself a writer of charming verse, a playwright who had scored one conspicuous success, and had once promised to be a brilliant star in the romantic revival of poetry.

In July 1864, I was rummaging among the battered contents of a bookstall in the market at Newport, searching, with twopence in my pocket, for a third-hand copy of the 'Life of Blackbeard,' the pirate. Suddenly I came on Reynolds' 'Garden of Florence,' which contained two of his tales 'after Boccaccio.' It cost sevenpence more than I could muster. Hurrying home, I rushed out into the garden to tell my mother of my discovery, and found her sitting with Harriet Parr, a well-known novelist, who had come to stay at Whippingham. My mother's excitement exceeded my own. The volume might be Reynolds' own copy and contain manuscript notes! As soon as her horse could be brought round, she explained to her guest the urgency of the occasion, and, committing Miss Parr to my care as host, rode off to Newport. Within

the hour she was back, waving the book in triumph. Meanwhile, as soon as I had recovered from my awe of a live authoress, Miss Parr and I had become friends. She had made her pen-name of Holme Lee famous, and was a 'best-seller' both in England and America. She was, as I remember her, a frail-looking little woman, with crinkly grey hair, delicate features, and mittened, blue-veined hands. Her domestic novels, written in a style as simple and unaffected as herself, were of the sentimental type. The whole incident is dated for me by her gift of her novel, 'Sylvan Holt's Daughter,' with the inscription, 'To my kind host of July 1864.'

More thrilling than Holme Lee's gentle imaginings were the real experiences of another friend, at whose house I paid, in February 1864, my first visit 'on my own.' Adelaide Case had been shut up in the Residency of Lucknow during its siege in July-November 1857. Seventy years ago, the gallant defence was everywhere discussed. Yet of her own experiences Mrs. Case never spoke, though something of their nature might be read in her horror-haunted eyes. But one wet afternoon during my visit to her, she suddenly asked me whether she should read me her diary. It seemed as if a child's eager interest and the simple sincerity of his sympathy gave her confidence to break silence. The diary itself, which I copied for her in a round, boyish hand, was rarely written up. It rather consisted of notes which served as signposts for her memory to supply the details of the story. On the day after the disastrous sortie (June 30), in which her husband, Colonel Case of the 32nd Regiment, was killed, the triumphant mutineers swarmed round the Residency and the group of buildings in which 500 women and children were herded. For 87 days (July 1 to September 25) the defenders under Colonel (afterwards Major-General Sir John) Inglis, outnumbered by twenty to one, repulsed the repeated attacks of disciplined troops, well-armed and equipped with heavy artillery. On September 25, when the garrison was reinforced but not relieved by Outram and Havelock, the European combatants were reduced to barely 300 men. Early in the siege, news of the massacre of Cawnpore had filtered into the Residency. If the defence was overpowered, every woman knew her fate.

Some provided themselves with poison ; others, like Mrs Case, whose religious feeling forbade them to take their own lives, relied on being shot by their fellow-countrymen. A childless widow, she waited, finding in services to others the only distraction to her memories and anticipations. She shared a room, 12 feet by 6 feet in size, with two other women (both of whom were at one and the same time down with smallpox), and three children. The repeated assaults were moments of intense anxiety. Otherwise, the continuous crash of the guns and rattle of musketry became too familiar to be noticed. But the mines were nerve-racking. The tap of the picks could be clearly heard, and sometimes seemed underneath the very floor of the room where she lay. When the noise ceased, there came a period of agonised suspense till the dull, heavy roar of the explosion, followed by a furious assault, located the mine. Gradually the rations of flour and meat had been reduced till they approached the very verge of starvation. The close confinement, the foul air, the monotony and scarcity of food impaired the vitality of all and aggravated the discomforts of life. There was a plague of boils, and the bites of insects inflamed into disabling torments ; swarms of flies settled everywhere ; huge rats, 'as big as half-grown kittens,' and hordes of mice scampered and skittered over the floor. It was not till November 19 that the garrison, the women and children and the treasures were withdrawn in safety by the relieving force under Sir Colin Campbell.

Another episode of these eighteen months may be recalled, though my share in it was infinitesimal. Prince Edward, the eldest child of the Prince and the Princess of Wales, was christened in March 1864. In memory of this event and of the child's grandfather, Queen Victoria presented her grandson with a gift, in every detail of which she had been herself keenly interested. To-day, perhaps, the description of it suggests a riot of Victorian sentimentality. The gift consisted of a silver statuette of the Prince Consort, clad in full armour, standing on a tripod pedestal. Round the plinth ran the verse from 2 Timothy, iv, 7 : 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.' At each corner of the tripod stood a figure representing either Faith, Hope, or Charity, and on the frieze above



each was a sentence, written by the Queen herself, which was so arranged that the last word, inscribed underneath the figure, indicated the virtue represented. Thus, above the figure of Faith were the words, 'Walk, as he walked in,' and below it the concluding word, 'Faith.' The other two sentences, 'Strive, as he strove in—Hope,' and 'Think, as he thought in—Charity,' were similarly treated. On the panels which formed the three sides of the tripod were engraved respectively the Royal Arms, those of the Queen and Prince Consort, and those of the Prince and Princess of Wales, each bordered by flowers emblematically employed and worked in coloured enamel. Thus, beneath the figures of Faith and Hope, a white lily bent over the broken stem of a red rose. It was proposed to fill the empty spaces above the Arms in each panel with three short passages from English poetry. The Queen, therefore, asked my father to suggest appropriate quotations from which she might select. My mother and he searched the poets diligently, and in 'Her Majesty's Service' I read the poetry of Scott. A number of possible passages with their sources were supplied; but the results seemed to my mother so remote that she added, anonymously, three quatrains of her own. These were the lines which were chosen for the panels. I copy them from one of her old notebooks:

'My Rose of love with tears I laid in earth,  
My Lily's purity has soared to Heaven;  
But Faith still lives, and sees in this new birth  
How both once more to cheer my soul are given.'

'Fight the good fight he fought, and, still like him,  
Cherish the flowers of purity and love;  
So shall he, when thy earthly joys grow dim,  
First greet thee in our Saviour's home above.'

'Walk, as he walked, in faith and righteousness;  
Strive, as he strove, the weak and poor to aid:  
Seek not thyself but other men to bless;  
So win, like him, a wreath that will not fade.'

The lines are neither better nor worse than most verses written for special occasions. But they interpreted the Queen's own feelings, and her warm friendship for my mother began, I think, in this emotional sympathy.

In September 1864, I went to Marlborough. I have dwelt in some detail on the preceding eighteen months, because they help to show the nature of the transition from my life at home to that at school. My father gave me my only practical preparation for the plunge. He spent hours in teaching me to box and in starting me on right lines at cricket. Both were useful. But the fact remains that my first two years were spent in dumb misery. So strong remains their impression that, in spite of my enjoyment of my later life at Marlborough and my admiration for the achievements of Marlburians, they rise to my memory whenever the school is mentioned. The fault lay in myself. I was never bullied. I liked such fagging as came in my way. But the general conditions of life were, to me, absolutely numbing.

Boys who, like myself, began in the Upper School were placed either in B or C House. The latter, which had once been a home of the Seymour family and afterwards became the Castle Inn, attracted me by the mellow beauty of its walls and its romantic setting of mound, wilderness and terrace. But my dormitory was in B House, which in its glaring newness struck even my childish eyes as almost criminally ugly. Internally, its staircases and passages of stone and its ubiquitous iron bars confirmed the foreboding of grimness which its exterior created. My first impression of my new surroundings is, I suppose, shared by all small boys in similar circumstances. It was the feeling of loneliness. Half a century later, I was reminded of that sensation of being alone in a crowd when, at a by-election in June 1914, I entered a House of Commons which had already been four and a half years in existence. Everybody knew everybody, except me. Once again I expected to be hailed with, 'Hello, new boy! What's your name?' and 'Have you got a sister?' In the House these questions were looked rather than spoken. At school they were asked so many times a day that the sense of isolation soon wore off. It was succeeded by the more paralysing feeling of being smothered in the grasp of a crowd from which I was powerless to free myself. During the day, the whole of my indoor life, in the hours both of lessons and of leisure, was spent in the Upper School-room in the company of over one hundred boys. There

was no other refuge. Nowhere was there any privacy. The impossibility of escaping, even for a moment, from the everlasting publicity was paralysing. No one shared my tastes, and instinct warned me to keep them to myself. Reading was made difficult by the continuous pandemonium. Nor shall I ever forget the real suffering caused by the intense cold of a Wiltshire February. At either end of the big room were two fires. Except from a distance, I never saw them, unless (as I did more than once) I preferred their glow to breakfast, and stayed away from Hall in order to roast myself to my own taste for half an hour. The choice lay between cold and hunger, between the physical necessities of food and warmth. Breakfast appealed too little to the appetite to make abstinence a feat of self-denial. The meal, which was served at 8.15, consisted of a square wad of bread, a small pat of butter, and tea or coffee, which I found most palatable when mixed together. But before breakfast, every morning, we had already attended Chapel and done an hour's school, and had tasted no food since the previous evening at 6.30, when a similar wad of bread and pat of butter had been provided for tea.

Looking back to the depression of those first two years and of these surroundings, I think that something in me would have given way if it had not been for a person of whose existence, I suppose, most Marlburians at that time were wholly unaware. The Matron of B House, who looked after the boys' clothes, the linen, the bedding, and the housemaids, was Mrs Price. On the ground-floor she had a tiny sitting-room and bedroom. For some unknown reason, she invited me to spend in her sitting-room any time I had at my disposal during two days of the week. Only those who feel the longing for occasional solitude can realise how precious was the boon of this haven. An elderly woman, clad in black, wearing spectacles and a very conspicuous front, Mrs Price looked what she evidently had been, a respectable housekeeper. Yet she is the only human being, either among the boys or the authorities, to whom I look back, at that period of my life, with any gratitude or affection. I fear that I never expressed to her my feelings in any adequate terms; but the only occasion when I had an opportunity to show them, I like to remember that I took the chance.

One summer evening, when the benches of the school quadrangle were crowded with boys, I was coming in through the College gates. There I saw Mrs. Price getting out of a fly, loaded with a dozen parcels and bandboxes. My first impulse was to run away; my second was to ask her whether I could help her to carry her parcels. She accepted my offer gratefully. That evening she was not the housekeeper in her inconspicuous rusty black, but Mrs Price in her smartest and best. Acutely conscious of the many bunches of artificial flowers which nodded in her bonnet, I escorted her past the benches, carrying her parcels to her own room. At that moment, the row of grinning faces seemed interminably long; to-day, I am glad that, for the sake of my friend, I endured that ridicule of contemporaries which to small boys is martyrdom.

It was only when I reached the Lower Fifth Form that I escaped from the big Schoolroom. As our year was then divided into two halves, the Summer-Half beginning in February, and the Christmas-Half in September, there were only two chances of promotion in each year. It was, therefore, not till September 1866 that I had passed through the three intermediate Forms and gained the comparative privacy of a separate classroom in which to work and live. It is some evidence of the mental blank of those first two years that I remember nothing of my work and can only recall the name or features of one of my successive masters. On the other hand, I recollect the name, nickname, face, and even the clothes of the small boy who contributed my one joyous memory in this dreary period. At a French lesson the Form was engaged in translating a passage into English, each boy being called up in turn. It described a scene in the market-place of a provincial town, where a motley crowd jostled one another—citizens, soldiers, farmers, artisans, their wives and children—and among them moved, with downcast eyes, two 'Sœurs de Pot.' With glib confidence, the translator rendered these last words, not into 'Sisters of Charity,' but into 'Chamber-maids.' If there is, as I believe, a collection of schoolboy howlers, this specimen may deserve preservation.

My mind must have unconsciously responded to my new surroundings. But my educational career remained

undistinguished. The study of Greek and Latin as languages was robbed of its interest for me, because I knew that I could not excel. Verse composition was, to me, an insuperable difficulty, and without it I could never become a scholar. Such prizes as I won were not for classical subjects—the Form Prize in the Lower Fifth; a special prize for Literature in the Middle Fifth; one for History in the Upper Fifth; and in the Sixth Form, which I reached in September 1868, the prize offered to the School by the Common Room for History, and by Bishop Cotton for an English Essay. Meanwhile, though I still spent many pleasant hours reading histories and biographies in the Adderley Library, the corporate life of the School had imposed on me its standards of values. My main interests centred in games. 'The boy,' as the Headmaster, Dr Bradley, wrote to my father in 1868, 'has become a bowler. I do not know whether to be glad or sorry.' At school the ambition to excel in athletics was then the more irresistible because the reward of achievement was instantaneous and patent. It lifted a boy out of the ruck into a coveted place among his fellows. If in brains I must remain a nobody, my eye might make me a somebody. Nor, on other grounds, do I think that the hours were wasted which I spent, for instance, in learning to play cricket; they bore fruit a hundredfold in friends and pleasant days. How much time each individual can spare for the game in after years must depend on circumstances. For myself, as I now look back, I realise that in cricket, as in other expenditures of time or of money, I only regret my economies and never my extravagances. Contemporary fiction represents the schoolboys and undergraduates of to-day as more absorbed in the problems of adult life than in the puerile pursuit of athletics. But in the 'sixties and 'seventies their interests, if they were physically fit, raced in exactly the opposite direction. No picture of them would be true if it did not emphasise their passion for games, and therefore my own enthusiasms are not so much personal as typical of the period. In the School Eleven at Marlborough, both as a bowler and a bat, I enjoyed myself wholeheartedly. Nor did the four months of strenuous idleness which I spent between leaving school and going up to Oxford, do more for me than whet my appetite for

games and sport. Some of the time was, indeed, passed in an 'atmosphere of learning.' I stayed with my eldest brother at King's College, Cambridge. There, playing cricket for King's on the Trinity College ground, I scored 150 runs. Centuries were not then as plentiful as blackberries, and this century was not only my first but the largest score that I ever made. From Cambridge I went to Spean Bridge, between Kingussie and Fort William, where my father had for two or three years rented a fishing beat which he occasionally exchanged with a neighbour for a day on the moors. There I made my first acquaintance with grouse on the wing, and caught my first and heaviest salmon (27 lbs.).

In October 1871, I went up to Balliol College, Oxford. The Master, Benjamin Jowett, had just begun his rule, and the College was at the height of its reputation. I am not proud of my first years within its walls. I do not speak of them with the self-reproach of an old man looking back on the follies of youth. On the contrary, I enjoyed them immensely, and the memory of them is still, for the most part, pleasant. But they were certainly unworthy of the high distinction which I now enjoy of being an Honorary Fellow of Balliol. Life at the University has been too exclusively described in the autobiographies and biographies of men whose subsequent careers were only the fruition of their brilliant triumphs at School and College. Both in boyhood and youth, they belonged to that distinguished minority who made the fullest use of their educational opportunities. Yet though these favourites of fortune left the University bearing all the hall-marks of academic distinction, I am not sure that their obscure contemporaries did not derive greater benefits from their sojourn at Oxford or Cambridge. Probably the budding statesmen, divines, judges, and scholars did not need, or know that they needed, the special influences which the University exercised on ordinary undergraduates. Sooner or later, idlers and pass-men yielded to the spell of the ancient seat of learning, its stately traditions, its venerable buildings set off by the quiet beauty of its gardens. Its pervasive charm inspired them with respect for knowledge, even though it stirred no desire for the pursuit. Its atmosphere and its friendships rounded off their corners, mellowed their



prejudices, toned down their estimates of themselves and others, relaxed the rigidity of their crude standards of values. It was a halting-place in which the hem of the veil of the world into which they were about to enter was lifted, something of the meaning of life revealed, some glimpse caught of the part they ought to play as citizens.

When I entered Balliol, I was the conventional Public-school boy, steeped in the prejudices of the type, and with an undeveloped sense of responsibility. The sound tone of the College prevented the newly-found freedom from degenerating into licence; neither drinking nor gambling was tolerated. But I left undone much that I might well have done. Though, for instance, I was a contemporary of Asquith, Gore, and half a dozen others who were to make names in public life, my intimate friends were men whose careers were destined to be of less spectacular utility. So, again, I never joined the Oxford Union, but was content to become and remain a member of Vincent's. It was not entirely my fault that I never came under the personal influence of the tutors who in those days made Balliol famous—Jowett, T. H. Green, Strachan-Davidson, or Nettleship. The bias of the College authorities was strongly set towards Classical Moderations and Classical Greats as the ideal degree. Passes in any subject were, of course, severely discountenanced, but even Honours in Mathematics, Science, or Law and History were not regarded with special favour. It was assumed, as a matter of course, that I should enter for Honours in Classical Moderations, and here I found, as I thought, a justification for idleness. Without Greek and Latin verses it was then an established rule that no one could be regarded as a finished scholar. A First-Class in Classical Moderations being beyond my reach, I might gain some humbler place in the Honours List without much further effort. Beyond attending two or three lectures a week I concerned myself little in preparation for the special subjects of the examination to be held in the summer of 1873.

My allowance, perhaps fortunately for me, was small. Hunting was beyond my means. Racquets, and, still more, tennis in the Merton Court, were too expensive to be often enjoyed. Football I never played after leaving

Marlborough. The river, therefore, became my main resource. At Balliol, where rowing, not cricket, was the chief athletic interest, the most influential group were the Eton 'wet-bobs,' who convinced themselves and others that the College owed its position in the University as much to the place of its boat on the river as to its output of First-Classes in the Schools. They were rewarded, for in 1873 Balliol went Head. It was, therefore, the duty of all who had the necessary physique to learn to row, and, if possible, do service. So, with patriotic humility, I learnt the rudiments of the art under the lash of a College coach, who afterwards became a distinguished Civil Servant, but at this time was chiefly famous for his command of lurid reproaches. In my second term I rowed in the College Torpid. Bumping races are full of thrills. Nothing is more exciting than the start, unless it be the moment when your boat begins to dance in the wash of the boat in front, and the blending of the two crowds of supporters on the bank proclaim the imminence of a bump. But I found that in itself rowing was monotonous. I was not altogether sorry when, in November 1872, though I was flattered by the compliment of being asked to try, I was dismissed from the University Trial Eights; or when, in February 1873, I broke down under the stupid system of training then in vogue and had to leave the College Torpid before the races. One race, however (and it was my last), deserves mention because, indirectly, as will be seen later, it influenced my University career. In the Easter Vacation of 1873, I had stayed up at Oxford, making a belated effort to read some of the books required for Classical Moderations in the summer term. On Easter Monday I had gone down to the river to look on at the Scouts' Regatta. Suddenly, my scout, or College servant, whose name I only knew as Bill, hurried up to me and implored me to row in the four-oared Strangers' race, which was just coming on. He had, he said, lost his number three and would be most grateful if I would fill the place. I agreed, took my coat and waistcoat off and my place in the boat. There were four entries, three heats, and two boats abreast in each heat. The winners in the first two heats rowed against each other in the third. Starting at the Long Bridges and finishing at Folly Bridge, Bill, who rowed stroke, set off at a terrific

rate, working us up to 48 to the minute, and, as long as his breath lasted, adding a yell of 'Lite' to each stroke. Somehow or other we bucketed in first in the second and third heats. I left my share of the prize money with Bill, and this addition to his own winnings, perhaps, partly accounts for his absence from College next morning and his subsequent devotion to my interests.

To my first summer term at the University I looked forward with hope as well as pleasure. I had brought with me to Balliol some reputation as a cricketer and none at all as a scholar. Might not history repeat itself in my new world? Might I not win on the cricket ground at Cowley the distinction denied to me in the Schools? In the Oxford XI for 1872 there were, if all the old choices played, only two vacancies. One of these would certainly go to A. W. Ridley, who was, like myself, a Freshman. For the other, a fast bowler might be wanted. In two public trials I did fairly well. Going in first for my side in the Freshmen's Match (April 1872) I made 33 runs—the highest individual score in a low-scoring and unfinished match. When the other side went in, I took 8 wickets, 7 clean bowled, for 23 runs. Six weeks later (June 1872) the Gentlemen of England played the University XI, and won the match by 9 wickets. They came down one man short, and at the last moment I was asked to play for the visiting team. Starting the bowling with David Buchanan, I took 5 wickets for 34 runs; in the second innings my figures were less good—3 for 44. As a bat I had not much chance. I was not-out in both innings with an aggregate of 19 runs. In June 1879, when I had been for several years a Fellow of All Souls College, the same annual match was played. Again the Gentlemen were one man short, and once more I was asked to play for the visitors as an eleventh-hour substitute, picked up on the spot. As a bowler I was not called on. On a bad wicket David Buchanan was irresistible. As a batsman, I was not out with 4 runs in the first innings; and in the second, going in first, scored 110. This is a digression. The coveted vacancy in the University XI did not fall to me, and after that first season my chance disappeared. In the summer of 1873 I was too much occupied in the Schools to play any cricket except College matches. It was, however, some com-

pensation to be elected in that year a member of the Harlequin Club.

My failure to get into the Oxford XI was, perhaps, a blessing in disguise. Older ambitions revived and flourished. Cricket henceforward took a more modest place in my plans for the future. It remained, however, a favourite amusement and a lasting interest. I have few pleasanter memories than my recollection of country-house and military cricket played for I Zingari or the Harlequins. To-day, I am, I suppose, since the recent death of Fuller Maitland, the oldest member of the latter Club. From its 'Records,' edited by Alfred Cochrane, I quote an extract from a passage about myself (p. 147): 'A cricketer who proved of great value to the Harlequins in their matches fifty years ago was R. E. Prothero. He played many times at Woolwich and Chatham, and seems to have been a most useful all-round man. He bowled effectively on many occasions and made a good many runs as well.' Nearly as fascinating and more long-lived has been my interest in village cricket. No better opportunity exists for making real friends with rural workers than that afforded by a village club for which you regularly play. Were I a country parson, I should always start one, and, if I could not play myself, I should advertise for a curate who was a slow bowler with a high delivery. Long after I ceased to bowl, I could still make runs. Playing for my village club in 1913, in what proved to be my last game, I scored 107 not out on a ground without any boundaries. Cricket has always been a link between myself and younger men. Twice, at least, I owed it a debt of gratitude at Oxford on public occasions. In 1883, as Junior Proctor, I had to march into the Sheldonian Theatre at the Commemoration in the procession with the Vice-Chancellor and my colleague. When we appeared, the undergraduates forgot their usual ripple of chaff in the effort to hang from the gallery a life-size scoring board (how it was got into the building I never knew) bearing the figures of 110, and a storm of applause saluted my score against the University XI four years before. Forty years later, when, in 1924, I was given the Honorary Degree of D.C.L. by the University and my qualifications for the distinction were recited by the Public Orator in ornate and finished Latin, the only one

which elicited a burst of cheering was the fact that I was in that year the President of M.C.C. Even now, I confess that the cricket news is still the item to which I first turn in the daily newspaper, and that at this moment to-day I am less interested in the fall of the pound than in the fall of the wickets at Sydney.

Of Balliol in 1870-1875, the only undergraduate record that I know was written, forty years later, by Norman Pearson, a light-weight oarsman and boxer of considerable skill. In his article he mentions me among his contemporaries. Writing in 1910, he says: 'Somewhat apart is Rowland Prothero, imperturbably good-tempered, but with a very pretty wit. After gaining a Fellowship at All Souls, his versatile abilities have won him success as a writer, an editor, and an estate-agent.' We seldom know what impression we produce on others. I must therefore accept the verdict, though I was unconscious of the aloofness.

Except that the dinner-hour was at six, the routine of everyday life in College is probably much the same in 1933 as it was in 1871. In point of numbers Balliol was a smaller world then than now. Naturally the little community broke up into groups, but the dividing lines were never rigid. The only exclusive set was formed by the scholars. We, the underworld of ordinary undergraduates, were proud of their academic success and envied them their songster. Listeners often assembled outside some scholar's room when the strains of Thomas Raleigh's 'Ne'er say a herring is dry,' or 'The Scottish Widow,' sung with infinite humour and spirit, floated through the windows. But the demi-gods never descended among us. As a distinguished oarsman, A. L. Smith, afterwards Master of the College, was a notable exception. But the only scholar who, without any athletic tastes, mixed freely with the underworld was Milner, whose charm made him everywhere welcome. The coldness of his manner in later public life was the recoil of a sensitive nature from the injustice of the British public after the South African War. He was, I may add, the only undergraduate that I ever heard of who kept a kitten in his room. 'Wines,' as they were called, were frequent entertainments among us. Their noise and hilarity did not necessarily involve

any large consumption of alcohol. At that happy period of life it is easy to be drunk on youth and water. Though Balliol was pre-eminently a reading College and rarely disturbed by disorders, in promptu outbreaks sometimes disturbed its decorous calm. In one such flicker of irresponsible spirits I was concerned. I hate practical jokes, especially if they are elaborately planned, and am more ashamed than amused by the story. But I tell it all the same. Similar idiocies were so characteristic of normal undergraduates that it is necessary to complete my picture of the type.

In the summer of 1873 a large 'wine' had been held, and after it was over some of the party adjourned to play whist in two rooms opposite each other on the same floor. There were five tables, and I and another man were cut out, leaving twenty players in. He and I went down the stairs with no other thought in our minds than that of escaping from a tobacco-laden atmosphere into the freshness of the garden. But, as Scott wrote in 'The Bridal of Triermain':

'Where lives the man that has not tried  
How mirth can into folly glide,  
And folly into sin?'

Some building operations were going on to the north of the inner quadrangle of the College behind a high wooden hoarding. They had roused my curiosity; now I could find out. Climbing the hoarding with the aid of a back from my companion, I opened the door from the inside. We found ourselves in the midst of a building yard, from which an unlocked gate of the College gave access to the street. The sight of a huge pool of mortar suggested to me a horrid idea. With this mortar we would fill to the brim the utensils which stood under the respective beds of those whom we knew to be absent at the whist party. It was done. The two rooms of the hosts were immune. But each of the other eighteen vessels was filled with mortar and finished off with a smooth surface flush with the top. To divert suspicion we treated our own in the same fashion. I never worked harder in my life, ascending and descending innumerable staircases and carrying and distributing the mortar. When we had finished, I washed my hands, returned to the whist table, and played a couple of rubbers with my unconscious victims.



The next morning the rumour of an outrage on the previous evening ran round the College, followed by a report that the authorities were about to inquire into its perpetration. The first sign of the coming storm was a procession of scouts, carrying the vessels one by one into the Hall where the inquiry was to be held. Most of the bearers were grinning from ear to ear, but one carried his burden with an air of infinite disdain, as if he could not endure to be seen in public with so common an object in his arms. In due time those who had been at the wine and whist party were summoned singly before the authorities. Entering the Hall, I found it difficult to repress a grin at the sight of twenty *pièces justificatives* ranged in a row along the table to the right. But it was with becoming gravity that I answered the questions put to me. Yes!—I had been at the wine and the whist party. Then came a question which was repeated in various forms. Had I gone out of the College that night? With perfect truth I could answer that I had not. I felt, indeed, that if I could say how I had been occupied, my 'time alibi' would defy even such gifted amateurs as Lord Peter Whimsey or such distinguished professionals as M. Poirot. When I left the Hall, I understood the meaning of the question. Two friends of mine, neither of whom had been at the party, had used the open door and the access which it gave to the streets, and had deposited in the building-yard the fire-escape which was fixed at the back of the church of St Giles, then known as the 'Archipelago.' My offence was a domestic matter; this was more serious. It might have endangered the life and property of citizens. It involved the University and the City in a dispute over discipline. The perpetrator would certainly be punished with severity. My accomplice had had the foresight to send his boots and trousers out of the College, packed in a hamper, to the care of a friend. I had taken no such precaution. If the mortar episode could be traced to me, I could not, without incriminating my accomplice, prove my innocence of the graver offence. I might be sent down and my career at the University ruined. I went out into the Broad and walked up and down for half an hour in great anxiety. Returning, I learned that the boots used in the College on the previous night had been sent for by the

authorities. My heart sank literally into my boots, for I knew that mine were white from top to toe with the mortar in which I had paddled. I went across to my rooms with a heavy heart to await the fatal summons. But just as I put my foot on the bottom step of the staircase, Bill bounded from his Hole, and, coming close to me, whispered triumphantly, 'No dirty boots left my staircase, Mr. Prothero; washed 'em myself!' I was saved. There is, I fear, no moral to my story, unless it is this: 'Always make friends with your scout.'

The episode I have described was the last outbreak of my unregenerate days. I was already, if I may use the phrase without offence, undergoing conversion. The examination for Classical Moderations was held in June 1873. I got a Second-Class, the highest place that I could, without verses, attain. After my own fashion I had always enjoyed Greek and Latin literature. But I was now free to take up a subject in which I did not feel that inferiority complex which had hitherto blanketed my enthusiasms. From childhood I had always been keenly interested in History, and though in the Schools it was then coupled with Law, I chose Law and History for my final degree. I read really hard, and profited much by the lectures of Bright and Dendy, both Fellows and Tutors of University College, of which Bright subsequently became Master. The change of studies influenced me in other directions. Hitherto, I had trodden and retrodden the road from the College to the river, to the cricket-grounds at Cowley, or to the racquet courts at Holywell. I had known nothing of the University itself. Now I enjoyed prowling about the ancient buildings and absorbing their beauties. I can still recall the thrill that I felt as I looked at the western sun flickering over the ancient reading desks in the Bodleian Library, and the almost shamefaced conviction that swept over me that there might be a joy in learning for learning's sake.

I was encouraged in my reading by two older men, Andrew Lang and John Andrew Doyle. Lang was at this time a Fellow of Merton and resident at Oxford. In 1871 he had spent a couple of days at Marlborough, completing his examination of the Upper Forms in History. Before he left, he sent for me, gave me tea, asked me when I was coming up to Balliol, and told me to call upon him as soon

as the term began. His dark, gipsy-like colouring, magnificent eyes, and lissom figure made his appearance most attractive. No man ever carried so great a train of learning with lighter or more graceful ease. His talk, with its unexpected turns of whimsical wit, was fascinating. I fell, so to speak, at his feet. One of his passions was cricket, though his knowledge of the game was theoretical and historical rather than practical. If I may parody what Garrick wrote of Oliver Goldsmith, I might say that Lang talked and wrote about cricket like an angel, but played it like the veriest rabbit. I thought that it was this community of taste which had created the link between him and me. I never imagined for one instant that it could be due to anything that I had done in the history examinations. He did not, however, forget me. At Balliol I found a note waiting for me, asking me to dine with him at Merton on the following Sunday. It was the first of many pleasant evenings. He lent me the latest books of memoirs, or social and political biography, and in various cunning ways saw to it that I read them. Something in his temperament or his circumstances prevented Lang from gaining the high and permanent place in English literature which he ought to have won. Those who, in later years, knew only his languid boredom of manner could hardly believe the warmth of the interest that he showed in an ordinary undergraduate or the personal trouble that he took to awaken him to effort. I owed much to him for keeping alive in me the love of reading. For some reason or other (I think, on the ground of health), he left Oxford before the winter of 1873.

The other friend was John Doyle, some seven or eight years older than myself. In appearance he had not the personal attractions of Lang; but when his eyes twinkled and his nose wrinkled, as they often did, his plain face was irresistibly humorous. Nor did his figure compensate. His legs and ankles, to use a cricketer's metaphor, broke the wrong way, so that his gait was almost a shamble; but he was an untiring walker. He had been elected to a Fellowship at All Souls after gaining a First in Classical Greats and the Arnold Prize for an English essay. A man of means and independent of a profession, he divided his time between Oxford and his country home,

Pendarren, in Breconshire, interspersed later by frequent visits to the United States. His range of interests was wider even than that of Lang. A devotee of cricket, he was, in his knowledge of the game (though he never played), a walking Wisden. A lover of racing, he attended most of the big meetings every year, and knew the pedigree of every horse that was ever foaled. A good rifle shot, he had shot at Wimbledon for the Irish Eight. At home in Breconshire, he took a prominent part in local affairs, doing admirable work for higher education in Wales and for the encouragement of agricultural experiments at Aberystwyth College. He was a well-known breeder of fox-terriers, and, later of race-horses; breeding, among other useful animals, a winner of the Oaks. Yet behind these varied tastes lay a genuine love and indefatigable study of history and literature. In history he had made a special study of the American Colonies before the War of Independence. This had been the subject of the Essay with which he won the Arnold Prize, and he continued to work at it all his life, bringing out the successive volumes of his 'History' during the period from 1882 to his death in 1907. It is the accepted authority.

When he was at Oxford, Doyle often came to my rooms at Balliol on Sunday morning to take me for a walk. Sometimes I collected a party for him; sometimes we went alone. Starting before 11, lunching briefly on bread and cheese at some village inn, and returning in time for Chapel before 5 o'clock, we explored the neighbourhood for many miles round Oxford. Easy in manner, without a shred of self-conceit, interested in many things, stuffed full of amusing anecdotes, Doyle was the life of any walking-party. If he and I were alone, he was an ideal companion. He was also a wise friend. He literally shoved me at my fences, urging me to read more and more definitely for the coming examination. One day, to clinch his argument, he added: 'You cannot stand for a Fellowship at All Souls, unless you have got a First.' He was the first person who suggested to me this idea, and he made it more attractive to me by asking me several times to dinner at All Souls. I thought then—I think still—that no society of men only could be more delightful. The Fellowships were for life, unless forfeited by marriage, and no conditions of residence in the Uni-

versity were imposed. Most of the Fellows had gone out into the world, and many had made their mark in politics, the law, the Civil Service, diplomacy, or letters. Old and young mixed together in the easy familiarity which is implied in the word fellowship, and in a general atmosphere of holiday-making. To some reformers these prize Fellowships have seemed to be unmitigated abuses. Yet I have sometimes wondered whether the University has altogether gained by narrowing the avenues of contact with the outer world which All Souls maintained.

The paradise seemed beyond my reach. But I followed Doyle's advice in my reading. The examination for the final Schools in Law and History was held in the early summer of 1875. The result was published on June 8 and I was placed in the First-Class. The day after the class-list was published, I received a letter from Doyle, again urging me to stand for All Souls. It seemed foolish not to have a try. In the previous year, four Fellowships had been awarded. The announcement, therefore, that this year there was only one vacancy was a disappointment. It seemed to reduce my chance to a minimum. However, I persisted in my intention of standing at the examination. Every candidate for the Fellowship was bound to bring with him a testimonial from his College that he was a fit and proper person to become a Fellow of another College. Without this testimonial, and a First-Class or a University prize, no candidate was eligible. I took my testimonial to the Master's Lodgings in order to obtain his signature. With me went another candidate from Balliol, who has since distinguished himself in the public service and in literature. I presented my testimonial. Jowett signed it without a word; but, just as I was leaving the room, he stopped me at the door with: 'Wait a minute, Mr Prothero.' Having signed the testimonial of the other candidate, whom I will call Mr Smith, he said: 'I hope you will be successful, Mr Smith,' and, with a jerk of his head in my direction, 'Good morning, Mr Prothero.' The disapproval was neatly expressed. It was the last occasion on which I should appear before the Master *in statu pupillari*, and he seized his opportunity, I believed, to show me that he thought me guilty of the offence which I have described. It hurt, because I felt for Jowett something akin to rever-

ence. It was I, however, who won the Fellowship, and not Mr Smith. When next I parted from Jowett, it was on different terms. He was then Vice-Chancellor, and I had served as Junior Proctor for the year April 1883-March 1884. During those months we had met almost every day, and he had admitted me to his intimate friendship. At the expiration of my year of office, I was returning to London. When I went to say good-bye to the Vice-Chancellor, he asked me to allow him to nominate me for an important administrative post in the University which would have retained me at Oxford. I was unable to accept the offer, but it flattered me and healed the scar of his reproof.

The examination at All Souls began in the last week of October 1875. Some 25 candidates presented themselves. I remember nothing of the details. If I could see my papers, I might, perhaps, be astonished at what I have forgotten. One record, however, is preserved in an old scrap-book, and given on the opposite page. As the words in the right-hand corner show, it is a cry of despair wrung from me by the first glance at a set of questions, in which I saw nothing that I could answer. It is reproduced here to encourage those thousands of candidates who, many times each year, think themselves similarly floored by an examination paper. Preaching at Whippingham on the previous Sunday, my father had drawn moral lessons from natural history. Among the insects or animals that he instanced were the 'gregarious bee,' the 'solitary spider,' the 'provident ant,' the 'plodding beaver.' Why, at such an inconvenient moment, these creatures should have rushed into my mind and clamoured for immediate pictorial presentation I cannot say. But they did. Neither the time spent nor the sheet of examination paper used was wasted. My brain cleared; for I looked again at the questions, found something to answer, and at least kept my head above water. On November 3 my election to the Fellowship was announced. It was my first real success in life, and no moment in my public career has ever been so sweet. Congratulatory telegrams poured in. The one that I liked best came from my mother—'So glad. Knew you would.'

ERNLE.



All Souls Exam. Can't do a line, so  
 consult of your Sermon  
 but Silatay. REP.



Ye Upoquium bee!



Ye Silatay spider



Ye Kincident out!



Ye flooding beaver!

A candidate's cry of despair.

[To face page 208.]

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## Art. 2.—THE CONSTITUTION IN CRISIS.

ECONOMICS and international relations to-day are so insistent and vital as to displace Constitutions from the prominence, perhaps the undue prominence, they have had among social studies. Ends and purposes, however, require means for their realisation, and as government is an essential means, it was inevitable that the strains in the one sphere should create novel situations, compel experiments, and evoke plans which involve the Constitution itself. In Great Britain the circumstances of the termination of Mr Ramsay MacDonald's Labour Ministry in August 1931, and the formation by him of a 'National' Ministry, raise questions of the relations of the Prime Minister to his colleagues and of both to 'Party.' The subsequent agreement of Ministers to differ upon a fundamental matter put a new face upon the unity and solidarity of the Cabinet as collectively responsible for policy, and therefore on their relation both to the Crown and Parliament. The parliamentary system is everywhere under criticism. The irrelevance of political motives, the inadequacy of political methods to public affairs, whether in legislation or administration, lead publicists like Professor Zimmern and Mr J. A. Spender to seek for constitutional recognition of the place of the expert. We have experiments and proposals for protecting certain public functions from 'political influence' by analogies to the independence of the judicature, the speeding up of the determinations and actions of government, as well as the application of a more single mind released from political compromise, by greater devolution of the powers of Parliament under conditions which secure the executive from judicial control or interference. Some of the actual developments, and even more the tendencies, excite protests such as those of Lord Hewart's 'The New Despotism'; they are surveyed in the reports of the Donoughmore Commission and the discussions upon it. Professor Laski \* blazes a constitutional trail for the next Labour Ministry, with a 'penumbra of pungent immediacy' impelled by a mobilised and disciplined party,

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\* 'The New Statesman,' Sept. 10, 1932. Cf. Professor R. H. Tawney, 'The Political Quarterly,' July-September 1932.

and charged with the function of realising a social and economic revolution. The emergency machinery of the war and of the National Ministry of 1931, the method of government by Order in Council, is a precedent and an inspiration; the measures for overcoming the resistance of the Crown or of the House of Lords are considered; with the Judiciary disarmed and the Civil Service policed the way is cleared for the subordination of all to a party dictatorship or directory. Governments and Parliaments of whatever colour or of many colours dream of means of escape from the frustration and futility which attend long-term planning, liable to be brought to nought by the next swing of the pendulum. In British Commonwealth relations the Ottawa Agreement has presented anew a problem which has always underlain the relations of its members *inter se* as well as their relations with the League of Nations—the reconciliation of agreed co-operation with freedom to determine policy from time to time; the problem becomes more acute as the matters upon which a co-ordinated policy is sought by agreement are extended to what hitherto have been treated as essentially domestic politics, and remain a leading issue in the conflict of parties.

A new chapter is opened by the new status of the Dominions registered in the resolutions of the Imperial Conferences of 1926 and 1930, and as to some of its content enacted in the Statute of Westminster 1931. The assimilation of the Governor-General of a Dominion to the King; the appointment to the office on the responsibility and advice of the Dominion Government, with its sequel in the relinquishment of office by Mr James McNeil on the advice of the President of the Executive Council of the Irish Free State; the recognition of Dominion Ministers as direct advisers of the King, no longer approaching him through the British Ministry—all these involve a new status for Great Britain as well as for the Dominions, and for the King, if not a new status, some change in relations and function.

In the case of India, the last two years have been a time of continuous exploration of constitutional possibilities. In Australia, the history of the Labour Ministry of the Commonwealth from 1929 to 1931 presents various phases of Ministerial disunity, and of Party in Parliament

and in the external organisations in its relation to the Ministry. The contests between the Commonwealth and the State of New South Wales stand apart as belonging in their constitutional character to a federal system complicated by a Financial Agreement or union. But the dismissal of Mr Lang's Ministry in May 1932 by the Governor of New South Wales, was the culmination of a career which, bringing under review wellnigh the whole field of parliamentary government, cannot be ignored wherever that system is in operation. It is evident that constitutional questions are alive, which means that constitutions themselves are labouring.

To speak of 'The Constitution' in the case of a group of autonomous communities, as the members of the British Commonwealth now are, may appear an anomaly or an anachronism. But they are 'united in a common allegiance to the Crown'; and, whether we speak of the Crown in the language of yesterday as 'the symbol of Imperial unity,' or in the terms of the Statute of Westminster as 'the symbol of the free association of the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations,' we connote something more than personal allegiance. Responsible government in each of the self-governing colonies was modelled on the British parliamentary system; the relations which composed that system were the touchstone of colonial self-government; the achievements and attainments in one Colony or Dominion became precedents determining the rights and guiding the practice in the rest. Hence, the constitutional history and present system of the Dominions are written in the experience of Great Britain and of each other. This unity is illustrated in the existence of 'Dominion status,' in the establishment of the Irish Free State by reference to the Dominion of Canada as a type, and in the declaration of the Imperial Conference of 1926 that the Governor-General of a Dominion, as representative of the Crown, holds in all essential respects the same position in relation to the administration of public affairs in a Dominion as is held by His Majesty the King in Great Britain. The common principles and practices of government are more than points of similarity, or even links connecting the several parts of the British Commonwealth: they attest and nourish a common life, which makes the Commonwealth

a community. The experiences and the tendencies of each are significant for all, for Great Britain not less than for the Dominions. The case of the Irish Free State is again significant; for the numerous divergencies from type which mark its Constitution are the natural expression of aloofness or isolation, and a gesture of renunciation which took in the future as well as the past; if the Free State was in the British Commonwealth, it was not, and would not be, of the British Commonwealth.

The highly flexible character of the Constitution has given it a capacity for adaptation to new and changing conditions. These may be in the institutions of government itself, as where it is applied in the federal systems of Canada and Australia, or in environment, social or political. Political expediency, confirmed by experience, is consolidated into constitutional convention, and constitutional conventions in turn yield to conditions and may be dissolved into political expediency. Like the economic system, it is highly integrated; change in any one factor brings about readjustment, often of a nature which constructive 'planning' cannot foresee. Apparent differences may be compensating balances; conscious or sudden 'assimilation' may produce real or even fundamental differences.

The facts that the Crown is the constitutional head of every Government, that the law ascribes the essential powers of government to the Crown, that the constitutional principles of government relate pre-eminently to the exercise of the powers of the Crown, make the Crown the pivot of every constitutional development. It was so in the establishment of responsible government; and the Imperial Conferences of 1926 and 1930 fix naturally on the King and the King's representative as the central point for the new era. It is here rather than in the legal changes of the Statute of Westminster, that the new position will be immediately apparent. The decisions taken present grave questions, among them the initial question of the propriety of changes so momentous on such inadequate consideration and by a means which was never devised as a constituent authority. In the past, the King has had a single body of constitutional advisers—the British Ministry; now, the several Dominion Ministries, formerly the constitutional advisers of his

representative alone and within the sphere belonging to the representative, advise the King directly. But with his British Ministers the King is continuously in touch. He must be kept informed; his general knowledge of current politics is supplemented or corrected by explanations of particular situations, and the Ministerial view on them; 'advice' may be but the last stage in intimate discussions, and in rare but supremely important matters the King may have had to play the part of mediator. Dominion Ministers, little accustomed to such a rôle in the King's representative, cannot, from their situation, be in the same relation with the King. The elimination of all the preliminaries, the substitution of a system whereby a distant Ministry merely calls on the King to act, makes the kingship in the case of the Dominions something quite different from what it is in Great Britain. In the second place, the matters of advice may interest or concern other parts or the whole of the Commonwealth. One of the reasons which makes it important to devise more adequate means of consultation both between the King and his Dominion Ministers and between Governments than at present exist is that, in their absence, occasions may arise requiring the King, when advised by a particular Ministry, to suspend action upon that advice until there has been real and effective consultation with some other Government concerned. In the multitude of counsellors there may be wisdom but also there may be embarrassment.

If there is change in the position of the King, the changes regarding the King's representative are more direct, and their effect for each of the Dominions more immediate. The declaration in 1926 that the Governor-General was no longer the representative of the British Government, prompted the inference that he must no longer be appointed on the advice of the British Ministry; and the Imperial Conference of 1930 treated it as a consequence flowing naturally from his position as the representative of His Majesty only, that he should be appointed on the responsible advice of the Dominion Ministry. But if the King's representative is not an officer of the British Government, it is equally certain that constitutionally he is not an officer of the Dominion Government. If his appointment on the responsible advice of the



British Ministry would compromise his character as holding 'in all essential respects the same position in relation to the administration of public affairs in the Dominion as is held by His Majesty the King in Great Britain,' the substitution of the Dominion Government as responsible advisers in making the appointment, does so more obviously and directly. His position as the nominee of the Ministry of the day in a Dominion, liable to removal on their advice like any other of their officers, does not accord with the position of His Majesty the King in Great Britain, but contradicts it in every particular. Such securities as the office affords for the maintenance of the Constitution must be abandoned or sought elsewhere. The importance of the securities afforded by an independent head of the government, is abundantly illustrated in the incidents which marked the successive Ministries of Mr Lang in New South Wales and the circumstances of his dismissal. The Crown—using this term for convenience to describe the King or his representative—is the constitutional head of a government; his Ministers are his constitutional advisers. This defines their relation. That the King and his Ministers are below the law is elementary; they may not usurp the function of law-making; they may not substitute their own will, or the will of a part of the legislature, or even the will of the electors, for the law itself.

That the Crown must act upon the advice of Ministers is primarily a rule that acts of the Crown are not legally effective unless done in a method and form which require the co-operation of some Minister, who thereby becomes legally responsible for them. For all acts of the Crown Ministers are politically responsible, i.e. in Parliament and in the country. These responsibilities are distinct. The Courts can in general apply a corrective to illegal action of the administration; that is the constitutional importance of the Courts in our system. But the existence of Courts and of judicial remedies does not oust other responsibility. The Executive has a good deal of power in many cases to obstruct legal remedies; in the enforcement of their judgments the Courts are almost wholly dependent on the co-operation of the Executive. It is assumed that, whatever the recalcitrancy of particular officers, the Executive as a whole is on the side of the law

and will aid in the enforcement of the judgments of the Courts. If this assumption is falsified, there is a breakdown in constitutional government; Ministers are themselves its assailants, and are repudiating the very source of their authority. Even without the judgment of a Court, the course of Ministers may be so plainly illegal as to amount to a defiance of the law, the indication of an intention to carry on the government regardless of law. The cardinal principle is that the Crown and Ministers are part of an ordered and legal system of government; that if Ministers set up to be above the law they are abdicating the functions of constitutional government, or are, under whatever name, a revolutionary government outside the Constitution altogether. The Crown is then, in every relevant sense, without constitutional advisers. If it is not itself to be involved in their conduct, to arrogate absolutism, the Crown must get constitutional advisers, even if it involves the dismissal of Ministers and an appeal to the country. Prerogative is not so much a right or privilege of the King, as a trust which there may be a duty to exercise; in the language of Burke, the means of saving the Constitution itself on an occasion worthy of bringing it forth.

This is the position which had arisen in New South Wales when Sir Philip Game dismissed the Lang Ministry in May 1932. From early in 1931, the New South Wales Government had repeatedly defaulted in the provision of money to pay, first, its overseas interest, and later, interest on its Australian loans, and had done so as part of a policy. New South Wales was linked with the Commonwealth both in a federal system, and in a Financial Agreement which is not merely part of the law but is made legally superior to any law of the Commonwealth or State Parliaments. Under this Agreement the Commonwealth undertakes to pay the public creditor, and every State engages itself to provide the money for this purpose. The Commonwealth paid the interest and endeavoured without success to induce the New South Wales Ministry to mend its ways. Eventually an Act was passed by the Commonwealth Parliament authorising the Commonwealth Government to collect revenues of New South Wales to make good the defaults. The validity of this Act was sustained by the High Court; and

judgment for the amounts claimed was given against the State. The Ministry of New South Wales met the attempts of the Commonwealth to collect State revenues by various measures, among them a circular instructing State servants in the case of public moneys received by them, to deal with such moneys in disregard of the directions given by the Commonwealth. The Governor of New South Wales called on the Ministry to justify their circular in law, or withdraw it. He pointed out that Ministers derived their authority from the Crown; that it was impossible for him to put the Crown in the position of being a party to illegality; that if Ministers were not prepared to abide by the law, then it was their duty under the law and practice of the Constitution to tender their resignations. On receiving a curt refusal of his request, the Governor dismissed the Ministry. A new Ministry was formed by the leader of the Opposition, Parliament was at once dissolved, and the general election resulted in an overwhelming defeat of Mr Lang and his Ministers. But it misapprehends the situation to say, as some commentators did, that the issue before the electors was whether the Governor was justified in his dismissal of Ministers. An adverse vote would have meant merely that the electors were prepared to condone defiance of the law by the Ministry. The action of the Crown cannot be determined by any presumption that the people will condone such defiance.

The special circumstances of the case belong to the relations of a federal system, though this does not impair their illustrative value. If Mr Lang had remained in office or been returned to office, constitutional government would have been in abeyance; the conflict between the Governments would have been a conflict between law and revolt, and social chaos, narrowly averted as it was, would have been immediate in New South Wales. That is one phase of the situation. Another is that under a Financial Agreement, which legally is superior to the law of either Commonwealth or State Parliament, there is an inter-dependence of the public credit and therefore of the financial policy of the Commonwealth and each of the States. In desperate conditions, they were engaged in concerted efforts to maintain financial stability. The defaults of Mr Lang threw upon the Commonwealth and

the other States the burden of providing the means for saving the credit of New South Wales with their own. The economies and the taxation of the Commonwealth and the other States, their plans for balancing Budgets, were deranged and made futile by the incalculable demands upon them through what had become the settled policy of the New South Wales Government. It is the essence of responsible government that a community pays for its own policy; the policy of the New South Wales Government was the negation of responsible government for the State itself, the Commonwealth, and all the other States. The continuance of such a condition of things was impossible; no union could stand the strain. If the people of New South Wales could be identified with the policy of their government, dissociation from New South Wales—the rupture of the federal union—would have been an inevitable measure of self-preservation for the rest of the Commonwealth, unless it was prepared to make the New South Wales policy its own. At the general election for the Commonwealth in December 1931, the people rejected this policy, in New South Wales as decisively as elsewhere. The ordinary presumption, powerful in a unitary constitution because there is no other certain gauge of opinion, that the Ministry and Parliament represent the opinion of the people, became in the circumstances a mere fiction. Where the State Ministry persists in such a policy, and the policy precipitates irretrievable results which involve the other members of the Commonwealth as well as itself, a situation arises which peculiarly concerns the Governor, not as in any way the agent or instrument of the Commonwealth Government, but as the representative of the Crown in a political community which is part of a federal system established under the Crown. In other words, the functions of the King's representative in Australia, whether Governor-General of the Commonwealth or Governor of a State, must, it is conceived, be exercised, not as if the government were a unitary government and the federal system did not exist, but in the light of the responsibilities of the Crown in the maintenance of the federal union itself.

An earlier but continuous phase of Mr Lang's ministerial career involved the relations of the Crown's

representative and its Ministers, both in general and in the special matter of 'swamping' a nominee Legislative Council. Mr Lang first became Premier of New South Wales in 1925, with a precarious majority of four in the Legislative Assembly. In the Legislative Council more than half the members had been appointed on the advice of Labour Ministries; but they were notoriously less amenable to Party control than the members of the Assembly. Mr Lang at once sought a large number of additional nominations; and although the Governor, Sir Dudley de Chair, after some months, agreed 'under protest' to the appointment of twenty-five, the Ministry was not satisfied, and demanded a free hand in making appointments. The Governor demurred, and an appeal to the Secretary of State drew the reply that 'established constituent principles required that the question should be settled between the Governor and Ministers'; that is, the Secretary of State declined to interfere. Ministers contended that this abdication of the Secretary of State in effect applied to State Governors the rule that the Imperial Conference in 1926 had enunciated for the Governor-General of a Dominion, that his office was assimilated to the position of the Crown in the administration of affairs in Great Britain. The rule that he must have advisers responsible for every act of policy, they interpreted as meaning that he must in all cases accept the advice offered by a Ministry which had a majority in the elected House. Neither the foundation, nor the conclusion of this contention, can be accepted. The Secretary of State never was the constitutional adviser of a Governor; and the refusal to instruct him conferred no succession on Ministers. Even if the principle of the 1926 Conference were extended to State Governors, there was no reason to suppose that the King, even before the Parliament Act of 1911, or apart from that Act to-day, would or should assent to successive swampings of the House of Lords on the advice of a Ministry with a slender and precarious majority in the House of Commons, without an appeal to the country.

While these questions were still in abeyance, Mr Lang's first Ministry came to an end in 1927. When the general election of 1930 again brought him to office, the position had changed in three important respects. On

the one hand, the abolition of the Legislative Council—which was supposed to be aimed at in the preceding Parliament—had been made part of the Labour programme at the election, so that the Labour victory might be regarded as a mandate from the country; moreover, the Labour majority in the new Parliament was substantial. On the other hand, the Parliament of 1927-1930 had passed an Act requiring that no measure for the abolition of the Council should be presented to the Governor for his assent unless it had been accepted on a referendum by the electors. On assuming office, Mr Lang resumed with Sir Philip Game the contest he had had with Sir Dudley de Chair; the Governor refused to nominate the great batch of Councillors recommended to him, though he was willing to appoint fifteen and to consider further appointments later if the occasion should arise. In fact, the Council made no difficulty in passing the Bill for its abolition, trusting to the new Act. The Courts in Australia, and finally the Privy Council, held, against the Ministry, that the Act was effective and that the Bill abolishing the Legislative Council could not receive the Royal Assent except after a referendum. But in the course of the discussions with the Governor, Ministers, including the Premier, publicly attacked the Governor, and organised and took part in demonstrations against him. In this there was a plain violation of constitutional principle. If the Crown, rightly or wrongly, refuses to act on the advice of Ministers, they may either acquiesce, and thus adopt and become responsible for what has been done, or they may resign as declining responsibility for what they cannot control, and leave the Crown to find other Ministers who will explain and justify and take responsibility. Out of office, they gain complete liberty to criticise or attack. But if Ministers, retaining office, attack measures of government, the Crown is without Ministers to perform what is an essential part of the office of Ministers; Ministers are abdicating their functions and assuming the character of an Opposition. Not merely Ministers but the Crown itself is in an unconstitutional position if this is allowed to continue. There were many who thought that the Governor showed political wisdom in not dismissing Mr Lang at this stage; but it is a question whether the Crown should engage in

a battle of tactics with Ministers when a vital constitutional principle is concerned.

The unquestioned doctrine of Cabinet unity and collective responsibility has made it appear hardly possible that in the affairs of a single government, whether in Great Britain or in a Dominion, there could be any doubt as to who were the proper constitutional advisers of the King or his representatives. But the announcement early in 1932 that the tariff measures to be submitted to the United Kingdom House of Commons in the name of the Government of Great Britain would be the proposals of only the majority of the Cabinet, and that there was an 'agreement to differ' which would leave the other members of the Cabinet unfettered in their action, at once suggested such a doubt. There were indeed constitutional students who considered that there was not merely no anomaly, but a return to an earlier and sounder relation. The distinction was drawn between the Ministry as constitutional advisers of the Crown and executive officers, and Ministers in Parliament and before the country as the authors of measures of legislative policy. In respect of the first, unity and collective responsibility were unimpaired; in respect of the second, the freedom of Ministers would relieve Parliament from Cabinet domination and aid in restoring the authority and reputation of the Commons.\* Formally, the distinction may be tenable, though even thus it must be remembered that both assent to legislation and the initiation of fiscal measures involve the Crown, and therefore involve the presentation of advice to the Crown. But the integration of policy in legislation and administration which in modern times has extended the collective responsibility of Ministers to the initiation of legislation and the management of Parliament to enact it, is greatest in times of emergency; and the need for national unity which calls for a National Ministry, is peculiarly intolerant of disunion of the Ministry itself in Council, in Parliament, and in the country. The resignation of the dissident Ministers on the announcement of the Ottawa agreements was a recognition that the collective responsibility of Ministers is real politics and not a mere artificial refinement.

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\* 'The Times,' Professor Pollard, Feb. 5, 1932. Professor J. H. Morgan, Feb. 28, 1932.



In Australia the dissensions of Ministers have more than once invaded the sphere of executive action and the function of advising the King's representative. In 1916, the Commonwealth Ministry was divided on the conscription issue; but there was agreement in submitting it to a referendum. Before the vote was taken, however, the Ministerial differences became acute, and an Executive Council consisting of four members of the Cabinet rejected a proposed regulation sent to it by the Prime Minister (Mr Hughes). It was promptly followed by another Executive Council consisting of Mr Hughes and his three supporters in the Cabinet, which passed it. The resignation of three members of the Cabinet who were thus rebuffed still left the Prime Minister in a minority in the Cabinet, and when the caucus of the Labour Party by a two-thirds majority deposed Mr Hughes from the chairmanship, he resigned office and formed a new Ministry from among his remaining supporters. In 1932 the dissensions of the Labour Ministry in Victoria might have led to an awkward situation in which the Lieutenant-Governor would have had to decide whether he must treat the Acting Premier, or the Premier, who was abroad, as the head of the Ministry. There was no difference on the matter of dissolution, and the constitutional difficulty was avoided, though the general election proceeded with the members of the Ministry fundamentally at issue on policy.

In 1926 and 1927 the dissensions of the Labour Party in New South Wales had permeated the Cabinet and Parliament, and in 1927 the Premier desired a dissolution, a course to which the Governor entirely assented. But the matter was treated as a Cabinet question, and the Governor was made formally aware that Cabinet differences extended to this question also, through the curious practice in New South Wales, whereby certain matters in which advice is to be presented to the Governor have been dealt with not merely in Cabinet but in the Executive Council, in the presence and under the presidency of the Governor. If a dissolution had been granted the majority of Ministers would have refused to take responsibility for it. In the circumstances, the first thing necessary was to restore Cabinet unity. Mr Lang resigned, and received a commission to form a new Ministry, with the condition that a dissolution should take place as soon as the new

electoral rolls were ready.\* The new Cabinet was formed from among Mr Lang's remaining supporters. The course actually taken was probably determined by the Governor's own strong opinion that a dissolution was essential to clear up a situation which was discrediting government itself, and the necessity for getting a Ministry which would take responsibility for the dissolution.

The Australian incidents of 1916 and 1927 resemble in some respects what happened in Great Britain in 1931. In the three cases the Premier, being in a minority in the Cabinet, ended the administration by resignation, and formed a new Ministry; in each of them, the major part of the Premier's party left him and went into Opposition. Mr Ramsay MacDonald's new Ministry was formed of representatives of all parties and commanded a majority in the House of Commons; Mr Hughes formed a Ministry exclusively of Labour members, and, with his own adherents and the support of the Opposition, had no difficulty in carrying on in the House of Representatives, though he had an adverse Senate. Mr Lang's second Ministry was exclusively Labour, and had against it not merely the Opposition but also the majority of Labour members; it was essentially a stop-gap Ministry to carry on the routine of government pending a general election, which when held brought the Opposition into office.

The dominant feature of modern constitutional development has been the more direct reliance of the Cabinet on the electorate and the augmentation of both at the expense of Parliament. This has been facilitated, if not occasioned, by the extension of Party organisation through the country and by the power of dissolution.

Party has been so characteristic of the Cabinet that 'Cabinet,' 'Parliamentary,' and 'Party' Government have been synonyms equally expressive of a system by what was deemed an essential feature.† Whether Party

\* The imposition of a condition as to the advice which Ministers will tender was condemned by the Secretary of State in a Tasmanian case in 1914, when the Premier, having accepted office with such a condition, addressed to the Governor a remonstrance against his unconstitutional action, and joined in resolutions of the House protesting against it.

† Cf. 'Disraeli': 'You can have no parliamentary government if you have no party government' (Monypenny and Buckle, vol. III, p. 108). 'An essential element in the wholesome working of parliamentary government' (Morley's 'Walpole,' VII, and Gardiner's 'Harcourt,' vol. II, p. 144, and Appendix 2).

is a part of the Constitution, or one of the underlying conditions of fact, the abeyance, the disruption, or the multiplication of parties is a disturbance in the working of the Constitution, which tends to present new situations for which experience may not have indicated a sure guide. The action of Mr Ramsay MacDonald in 1931 has prompted a challenge to the existing practice whereby the resignation of the Prime Minister terminates the life of the Ministry. Professor Laski \* considers that the rule is inconsistent both with the solidarity of the Cabinet and the foundation of the Cabinet in Party. As it is the *party* which is called to administer the affairs of the country, and as the Premier owes his position to the leadership conferred on him by the party, it is the Cabinet as a whole and not the Premier that should determine resignation ; the leader should not be the dictator of his party's fortunes or in a position where, in conjunction with the Crown, he might effect a 'Palace revolution.' The question raised by Professor Laski is one of a kind which is bound to emerge from the growth of a formal and definite organisation of parties. It is improbable, however, that the claims of Party would be satisfied with the determination of resignation by the 'Cabinet as a whole' even if it were clear how, consistently with Cabinet unity and solidarity, that determination was to be ascertained from conflicting opinions. In Australia, where the Labour members of Parliament not merely elect their leader but also designate the members of a Labour Ministry, the crisis of 1916 led to the claim that, the Parliamentary Caucus being the source from which all Ministers alike derived their title, that authority alone could withdraw their mandate : that the Premier had no personal prerogatives apart from his position as elected leader, and that all differences should be submitted to and determined by Caucus. But members of Parliament are themselves under pledge and subject to the discipline of organisations which give or withhold their nominations and exercise by various organs and in various ways continuous authority over them. The responsibility of Ministers to these organisations is real ; so long as solidarity holds, responsibility to Parliament may be treated with contempt. Recently,

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\* 'The Crisis and the Constitution,' pp. 33-35.

the public in the State of Victoria witnessed the appearance of the Labour Premier before a party tribunal presided over by a subordinate officer of his own department. The struggle for mastery within the party is attended by constant 'constitutional' battles, regarding the relations of Premier and Cabinet *inter se*, their relations to the Parliamentary Caucus, the relation of all to the Labour Conference and Executive, and of the last two to each other; the whole complicated by the existence of separate Federal and State organs of the party, which contend with each other. These contests are fierce and their mutual recriminations often extend to allegations of malpractice or sinister influences; from time to time schisms and rebellions lead to rival groups each claiming to be the Party and emitting decrees of expulsion against members of the other. Party has then to solve the questions: wherein does the unity of Party consist, and where does its authority lie? But where solidarity is maintained the tendency is to make Ministers and Parliamentary Caucus the instruments of government directed by some Party organ outside both; and, during the Lang régime in New South Wales, there was a 'dictatorship' of the Premier, supreme over Cabinet and Caucus alike, conferred upon him by the Labour Conference, and itself directed and controlled by a small extra-parliamentary group. With the elimination of the Governor or the appointment of a Party nominee, and the suppression of a Second Chamber, it is but a short step to the elimination of the elector. Governments with a 'plan' require freedom from the disturbance of general elections; and it is significant that Labour organisations in New South Wales were beginning to demand that if the attempt to abolish the Legislative Council were successful, the Legislative Assembly should pass an Act extending its own duration. The Lang party in New South Wales was looking beyond parliamentary constitutions, and was assuming the relation towards national government of the Communist Party in Russia, the Kuomintang in China, or the Fascisti in Italy.

The prerogative of dissolution was the practical application most present to the minds of Dominion Ministers when, in 1926, the Imperial Conference declared that the King's representative in the Dominions had the

same relation to the administration of affairs in the Dominion as has the King in the affairs of Great Britain. Recent events in Canada had drawn attention to a divergence in British and Dominion practice; and practice in the Dominions was not uniform. In Australia a dissolution was frequently refused to Ministers, Commonwealth or State, in full acceptance of the view that the duty of the King's representative required him to take the matter into his personal consideration. There was even a notion, derived from the beginnings of responsible government and encouraged by the short legal duration of Australian parliaments, that a dissolution should not be granted unless the Governor was satisfied that no Ministry could be formed to carry on the government in the same parliament. This rigorous view was not in accord with Canadian practice, while practice in Great Britain had led to a common opinion that the King had no other constitutional course than to accept the advice of Ministers in whatever circumstances. Divergence from British practice was readily imputed to inequality of status; and equality, uniformity and simplicity would be attained by His Majesty's representative conforming to the constitutional practice in Great Britain.

It is perhaps ironical that the relation of the King and his Ministers in the exercise of the prerogative of dissolution in Great Britain had just become the subject of lively discussion when those relations were adopted by the Imperial Conference as the solvent of all difficulties in the Dominions. Mr Asquith started it in December 1923; and there was a flood of commentary and much diversity of opinion. That there has been no case for a century in which the Crown has refused dissolution when it has been advised by Ministers is no complete test of the constitutional position. The relations between the Crown and its Ministers in Great Britain were well enough understood to prevent Ministers from formally tendering advice which it would be improper and unconstitutional for them to offer, and thus presenting the Crown with the question whether their unconstitutional advice should be checked by a refusal to act upon it. It is clear that Queen Victoria's Ministers recognised that the Queen must be persuaded and convinced by sufficient reasons; and this recognition supplemented their own sense of

responsibility as public men as to the reasons and the time for a dissolution. Conjectures as to what the Crown would do if Ministers did unconstitutionally advise a dissolution, invite conjecture as to whether in case such advice were refused Ministers would venture upon resignation and face the censure their conduct would provoke.

The more direct responsibility of the Ministry to the electorate has no doubt strengthened the hands of the Ministry in advising an appeal to the country. If Mr Asquith's much-discussed pronouncement in 1923 meant that the King could or should constitutionally refuse a dissolution whenever he could find Ministers who were prepared to give a trial to governing with the existing House of Commons, it was open to the dissent it met with. But he laid down no such general proposition. He was dealing with a particular combination of facts—a general election, a Ministry called to office from a party which, though the largest in the House, did not itself constitute a majority of the House, and that Ministry seeking immediately or at an early date a further dissolution. The question that would then arise remains and is not lightly to be answered. But the probable answer is: 'It must depend on the circumstances'; in other words, the King must come to a decision on the whole facts of the case. Even in 1923 Mr Ramsay MacDonald agreed that 'the idea that a Prime Minister can go to the King just when it pleases himself and, within a short time after an election, ask for a dissolution, is absurd.' The assimilation of the King's representative to the King does not mean that in the dissolution of Parliament the King is a 'dignified hieroglyphic' and his representative a 'rubber stamp.' It does, however, mean that a system in which advice of Ministers was no more than a condition precedent and one of the several factors which the Governor-General must take into his personal consideration before taking a decision which was essentially his own, gives way to one in which that advice is not merely the condition precedent but the conclusive factor in the absence of special but not impossible circumstances, in which of course the King's representative, like the King himself, would have to consider all the possible consequences. When, in November 1931, the Commonwealth Government, defeated in the House of Representatives on an

occasion which they had made vital, advised a dissolution, the Governor-General, in granting it, adverted to the resolution of the Imperial Conference and explicitly based his action on the advice of Ministers and his duty to take such course as would have been taken by His Majesty in Great Britain in the like circumstance. He added that, apart from the position so laid down, the known circumstances of the case supported the advice of Ministers.

The possibility of the refusal of a dissolution is, however, only one, and perhaps not the most important, aspect of the matter. If the acknowledged responsibility of Ministers to the country limits the representative authority of the elected Chamber and justifies an appeal by Ministers to the country from that Chamber, that responsibility cannot be considered in terms only of a right of Ministers to consult the electors; it involves the right of the electorate to be consulted. The New South Wales case illustrates some at least of the circumstances that may arise from the *intransigence* of Party, or the introduction of responsibility to extra-constitutional organs in supersession of Parliament and the electorate alike. Other circumstances may be imagined without difficulty, or may be supplied as investigation discloses the operations of the Lang Ministry and the conditions surrounding it. The Crown is the custodian of this right of the electorate. That the dismissal of a Ministry and the consequent dissolution might bring the Crown into the arena of Party conflict is true; and that in itself is a reasonable assurance that the power would not be exercised save in the gravest circumstances. But even if that risk were greater than it is, so long as the Crown makes no higher claim than to be assured that its Ministry is not imposing itself upon an electorate whose support it has lost, or which it repudiates, it would not affect the duty or the responsibility of the Crown. For the Crown is not an end in itself; like every other institution of government it exists for the sake of the country.

HARRISON MOORE.



Art. 3.—THE FUTURE OF THE THEATRE.

WHENEVER two or three are gathered together to discuss the state of the drama, one question, like King Charles's head to Mr Dick, invariably intrudes: 'Will the cinema kill the theatre?' That this point is inevitably debated by those who regard the present depression in stage affairs as at any rate a transitory phase, is sufficient of itself to indicate uneasiness. For, almost of a sudden, an absolute change came. Until a very few years ago the dramatic impulse was conveyed directly from the actor to the audience. It had seemed, indeed, the only and the immutable way. The auditorium, with gallery, pit, and boxes, might melt into thin air and leave not a rack behind, but the actor of flesh and blood, delivering from the stage his tale of tears and laughter, love and hatred, seemed fated to survive as an institution until the curtain should fall upon the last scene that ends this strange, eventful history. But that system, rooted in the ages, has at last been too effectually challenged. Machines now record that which once was evanescent, repeating the form, gesture, look, and voice of the player, backed by a variety of scenery and sometimes by crowds of supernumeraries beyond the resources and untrammelled by the economic and human conditions of the venerable play-house. These shadows have struck more terror into the souls of the many dependent on the theatre than all the attacks which in the past so frequently menaced the institution through which they have expressed their art and earned a precarious livelihood.

Is it possible for the theatre to survive, except in sporadic fashion? Can she healthily exist side by side with this redoubtable adversary? Are there lessons to be learnt from the past by which she may re-gather strength, renew her efforts, and in the words of Milton, 'mewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam,' recover supremacy in her art? To estimate the possibilities it is necessary to take a brief but extensive view of the conditions which in the past have governed the associated relations of manager, actor, and audience. Although it is very important, I do not propose to treat of the author's share in this co-operation. He is dependent upon the harmonious working of the

Theatre-in-being, and it is only to the ascertainment of the facts relating to that working that I now address myself. Those who in the daily or weekly press write upon stage topics, pronouncing on the comparative health or sickness of the drama, rarely base their judgments upon happenings beyond the four-mile metropolitan radius. Yet the provinces contain very many more millions than London and its outstretched suburbs. It also must be remembered that the suburban London theatres have been, and are, administered in much the same manner as those in the country. They cannot, therefore, be disregarded in this examination.

Until about fifty years ago the theatres had been generally managed by men who had been actors, or had grown up in the atmosphere of the stage. Their company was engaged for a season, varying in length with the importance of the theatre or the circuit to which it belonged. They played in rapid succession dramatic fare of all kinds; Shakespeare, the elder dramatists and old comedy, farces, musical interludes, modern drama, comedy, and pantomime. The manager either acted and himself supervised the stage, or undertook the general control. The actor, by the constant exercise of memory, voice, gesture, and dramatic instinct, well-tried in many diverse parts, became a craftsman of a quality in measure with his, or her, personal ability and industry. The audience, drawn from a relatively small portion of the population—the prejudice against the stage not yet having become extinct—were regular in attendance, while their criticism of the players was informed and generous. They may be said to have acquired the 'theatre habit.'

These conditions underwent a change from about 1876. It was then that the first complete companies went on tour, and their general success led to the speedy disintegration of the earlier stock seasons. By the new system there was a weekly change of company and plays, and for the first time the provinces enjoyed such operas as 'Les Cloches de Corneville,' and 'Dorothy.' Melodramas, mounted superbly and admirably performed, from Drury Lane, the Adelphi, and the Princess's, the Robertsonian and Criterion comedies; the Savoy operas, the Carl Rosa Company in its glorious prime; the Benson,

Osmond Tearle, and Compton Shakespearean and old English comedy companies; the Gaiety burlesques; the Daly successes, beginning with 'The Geisha'; Irving, Wilson Barrett, the Kendals, Alexander, Tree, Cyril Maude, and Winifred Emery; the new plays of Sir Arthur Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, Oscar Wilde, and a host of others, visited the greater towns and trickled occasionally into the smaller; the gaps between the more important visitors being filled by minor stars with smaller musical and dramatic enterprises. These formed the staple attractions of the lesser towns. At Christmas, pantomimes were everywhere the usual bill of fare.

It can readily be understood, from that brief survey of the attractions offered, what a tremendous impulse was given by the new system to the provincial theatres. The charms of new forms of entertainment, such as the Gilbert and Sullivan and the Daly series of operas, the striking quality of the greater productions, and the combination of old and new forces presented by the various companies concealed for long its inherent defects. Briefly, however, it led to a general incompetence in the essential services of the theatre. The management, from being in the hands of men trained in stage-work and active in its supervision, passed to those whose interest was merely commercial, or, if any of the first class yet remained, they adapted themselves to the altered conditions. The manager was now only concerned to provide the theatre and its staff, orchestra, and advertising—the three latter, like King Lear's retainers, being subject to continual shrinkage—for an agreed percentage of the takings. Throughout the year he retained profits from the bars, the sale of programmes, and that unpardonable atrocity the advertising curtain, and at Christmas produced his own pantomime, relying principally for the leading parts on artists obtained from the music-halls.

The years following 1880 saw the establishment throughout the country of the new Empire Music-Halls by Mr H. E. Moss, Mr Oswald Stoll (as then he was), and their partners. The spacious auditoriums, brilliant lighting, excellent seating, and the liberty to smoke, combined with a succession of clever artists and extensive advertising, fostered the growing demand by the public for entertainment. Alertness and enterprise were shown

by the new men in catering for its wants and comfort. The music-hall proved a formidable rival to the theatre; but in the increase of amusement-seekers, the playhouse, secure in its own traditions and special form of attractions, was not yet seriously affected. It continued in its own conservative way. In contrast to the exterior illumination of the music-hall, it was meagrely lit outside. The auditorium was generally dingy, the lighting of the stage inadequate, reinforced upon special occasions by the aid of a contribution from the travelling manager, who was also called upon to assist financially if any display was made in the newspapers. There was a sense of parsimony about the theatre, strongly opposed to the show of opulence in the music-halls. Prosperous in the possession of first-class dramatic and musical companies, with their London stars, and the annual pantomime, its manager took little note of the growing demand for better accommodation in front. The belief that patrons in the pit and gallery should do penance on hard benches when they visited the theatre soon had the quality of a cherished principle. Though it is out of place, I may illustrate how persistently the alien spirit of progress can still be resisted. Standing outside a principal country theatre some two years ago, I pointed out to its manager the brilliant illumination of the cinema opposite, contrasting it with the gloom that enshrouded the playhouse, and suggesting, as we also plied for custom, that a little more light would emphasise the fact. 'Why should we spend money?' said he. 'We get the reflection from over the way.'

The travelling system provided but a limited number of first-class, good, or even tolerable attractions. Being unwilling to combine and, by their own exertions, to supplement the better and dispense with the worse companies, the managers of provincial theatres had frequently to submit to exorbitant terms demanded for the more important attractions. Human nature being what it is, they made amends by cutting down the terms granted to the lesser travelling managements, and this was accompanied by a gradual encroachment in the shape of extra charges upon all visiting companies. The expenses of the resident managers remained practically the same, and it was not easy to discriminate between the small company and a large one with a London star. The

date might be good, or extremely bad, for business; while the travelling manager sometimes was in a corner and forced to accept any terms and conditions offered in order to complete the arrangements of his tour. Adjustment of terms was, therefore, often a difficult matter, and there was always the temptation to 'take it out of' the smaller man. The theatre manager at the same time seized every opportunity to restrict his contributions in lights, advertising, and orchestra, giving way when compelled to do so by the more important visitors. It was a natural outcome of slovenly methods of catering for the public, and harmful to the whole industry.

During that period, the actor, engaged for a tour from twelve to twenty weeks, and frequently re-engaged for periods as long, contrived, if dependable, to make a reasonable living, especially if he were suitable for pantomime. But from the beginning of the travelling system, the provincial actor, except in Robertsonian, Shakespearean, and old comedy companies, that were blessed with a repertoire, was condemned to play one and the same part continuously for months, and in many cases for one, or two or even more years on end.

The disastrous effects of this new condition at first were not manifest, for there was a strong leavening of experienced actors from the stock season, and they gave, in many instances, brilliant performances, setting a standard and example to their younger companions, and above all, providing experienced stage managers who were competent to train and direct. But as time went on that type of actor disappeared, and his place was taken by one whose principal recommendations for parts were appearance and 'personality.' He was no longer the craftsman, whose work, although at times it betrayed the boredom inseparable from long repetition, yet bore the marks of competency, and at vital moments gave flashes of inspiration. When, however, the half-fledged newcomers were entrusted with a task that required skilful handling to convey with conviction pathos, wit, passion, or humour; when they attempted—and there were many examples—plays worn threadbare by better artists, or were called upon to address themselves to the bolder dramatic flights, their incapacity was lamentably displayed. The provincial actor and actress, through lack of training

and all-round practice in their art, had deteriorated, and although individual incompetence sometimes may be concealed by youth and good looks, by drilling, and even by a slavish imitation of an original, the fault must soon be evident. All who understand that proficiency in an art can only be compassed by a thorough grounding in the rudiments, with continuous experiment and practice, will agree that the view I have most regretfully expressed as to this is not to be lightly dismissed. With travelling companies everywhere repeating the one play, how could the average actor obtain a real training? It was less his fault than that of the system into which he was caught.

Towards the end of the century, after some twenty-five years of the travelling system, there was no longer any novelty in a complete touring company, no matter how imposing it appeared through its association with great names, or through its numbers. The proportion of these that were really first class might on a liberal estimate be fifty per cent. of the whole number. The remainder was composed of the indifferent and the deplorable; attractions intrinsically contemptible, or doddering with age; those that, even in London, appealed only to a limited audience, with others that were execrable in spirit or performance or impertinent in their brevity. The prices of admission to the better seats, framed certainly with some regard to the differing circumstances in every town, were still generally too high, if it is a sound maxim to encourage the habit of playgoing, instead of considering it as an occasional relaxation. The prices were also raised whenever an exceptional attraction was announced. An analogous situation would be for fish-mongers or butchers to offer their wares, of widely differing quality, including offal, at the same price, frequently with short weight, and always reserving their prime articles for a higher rate. In much this fashion the provincial theatre was conducted and the playgoer thereby discouraged. It is a bad and indeed an impracticable policy to be constantly changing the prices of admission; but as a guiding principle, the attractions should never fall below a reasonable standard. In other words, no matter of what the programme may be composed, whether comedy, melodrama, Shakespeare, or

opera, it should at all times be worthy of the theatre that presents it and the money asked for it.

When, from 1895 to 1903, I was the Managing Director of both the Theatre Royal and the Prince's Theatre in Manchester, I gave thought to this question and suggested to my fellow directors a means of remedying the evils. I proposed a Shakespearean production every year at one of those theatres, with, at the other house, a stock company, well organised, to play in a selected repertory, for which I hoped to obtain original plays by the best authors. For the season, I purposed to introduce a subscription for the series of plays at a reduced figure. Even if we lost by this policy I did not consider the amount would exceed what the worst companies cost us; while anyhow, with creditable performances, we should be encouraging the playgoer and, with perseverance, might hope to achieve better results in succeeding years. It was a part of my plan to combine with the managers of other theatres, and I suggested building a large store in some central town, such as Preston, where scenery, properties, and dresses could be made, sent out, returned at the end of tour or season, and warehoused, so that the stock could be drawn upon as required and the initial expenses of productions minimised. I further proposed to form companies to play drama, comedies, and musical plays, supplementing such travelling companies as we wished to secure, and visualised the possibility that in this fashion we should educate our young actors, stimulate the public interest, and be ready to meet any competition that might arise in future from the music-halls. My fellow directors, however, did not agree with me, except by permitting me to produce two Shakespearean plays at the Prince's Theatre, both of which were successful artistically, and in achieving my aim of eliminating for two years visiting companies not worthy of the theatre. Incidentally, they also were profitable.

The situation at the end of the last century may be summed up as follows: There were managers who controlled only one theatre, and individuals, partnerships, or syndicates who owned or rented groups of two, three, half a dozen, or even more of such houses, directing and booking the attractions from a head office. A resident manager was appointed, who administered the internal



and external economy of the theatre, usually at a salary that placed a strict limit both to his social circle and to his influence in the town. The central managers lacked foresight and imagination; the local managers at the best were merely efficient clerks. The travelling manager at the beginning of the touring system was generally in control only of his own company. But he soon expanded his activities or was supplanted by others, and companies, frequently representing totally distinct forms of the drama, were controlled in a like manner to the theatres, the same firm sending out any number up to half a dozen, and frequently more of these combinations. The companies were recruited in a haphazard fashion, the responsible head of the firm devoting little time to their supervision when once they had started, and, indeed, seldom had ability enough to direct upon the stage. His representative on tour was almost invariably badly paid, frequently being a minor actor in the company. The result may be easily imagined. Meanwhile, the music-halls, being managed more alertly, were prosperous. For years they had suffered through their leading artists being engaged and taken away for pantomimes at Christmas, until they retaliated by producing their own pantomimes, retaining many of their stars, and incidentally increasing the competition for their services.

In 1907 Miss Horniman established the Repertory Theatre in Manchester, founding in brilliant fashion a movement that has grown steadily until to-day; when besides giving intellectual and spiritual enjoyment to increasing audiences, it provides employment and training to a large body of workers. It is an admirable institution, although in its infancy, beneficial alike to the earnest actor and actress, and to the author. It has re-established the zest for work in the theatre and the habit of regular attendance in the audience, and is the one shining light in the theatrical darkness of the provinces. The last phase of this story came during the War when, from 1915, theatres and music-halls alike were extraordinarily prosperous. But so was the cinema, which, founded in 1909, was by this time coming up rapidly in the race for popularity. By 1920 there were estimated to be five thousand cinemas in Great Britain. Then the booming times of the War ceased; the theatre began to

feel the pinch, the music-halls as well. The dearth of fresh talent, the offering of stale plays and performances, and the falling-off of patronage urged the music-hall managers to bid for some of the more important theatre stars as attractions. They succeeded in their quest. Before long many first-class houses had become theatres in all but the name. A fierce fight for attractions ensued. In the smaller towns the competition of the cinemas was now felt more keenly.

Although troublous, the situation was, however, not yet desperate. The custom of first producing in the country plays, especially of the musical type, was growing, and there was a tolerable supply of companies on the road. The respective managements of the theatres and music-halls triumphed alternately. The traveller could view with complacency the competition to secure his services. The opposing success of the cinema was, however, the cloud growing on the horizon, but as yet the theatre and music-hall, secure in their possession of the spoken word, seemed impregnable. Somewhat uneasily perhaps, but with an outward show of confidence, those interested in these enterprises said: 'People will soon get tired of the pictures.' Then came the talking machine to change the situation at once. Rapidly divested of its crudities, the new invention was, from 1928, adapted to plays shown in buildings more magnificent even than the music-halls. The prices were low, the orchestras large, the programmes of plays and musical pieces interpreted by stars whose names through a colossal newspaper publicity were familiar to every one.

What has been done in the provinces to meet this rivalry? The principal managements have extended the visits of the larger productions and in many instances been compelled to take a share in the speculation with their proprietors. They have filled the gaps between the ordinary travelling companies with repertory, scratch combinations, and trial performances of plays destined for London. So far the only policy is that of hand to mouth. In the smaller centres and what are termed the 'No. 3 towns,' it is, generally speaking, only with difficulty that the theatre continues to exist, and many that formerly yielded good returns have been converted into cinemas. Amateur dramatic clubs have, however,

spread with amazing rapidity throughout the country, and their competition with the regular theatre is by no means negligible. The day is approaching when the amateur theatre will dispute supremacy with the professional. The only hope for the latter is in the training given to the actor in repertory, but at present their programmes need variety. They follow London too closely and appear to lack breadth and adventure. They cater too exclusively for a class. There are signs that their public is waning. There is but one remedy for that—broaden the appeal.

In the suburbs the appetite for the drama and the interest in the player have grown immeasurably, but the increase has not been to the theatre. As in the provinces, new playgoers, and numbers of the old, have deserted the theatre and become regular attendants at the cinema. The habit will be still more firmly riveted by the Sunday performances in these establishments. How to get them back to the legitimate stage? If we omit the activities in Birmingham, Liverpool, at the 'Old Vic,' Sadler's Wells, and in the Scottish National Theatres, the creative force of the drama is practically limited to the West End of London, where the exceptional fortune of its theatres from 1915, and for some years afterwards, led to an outburst in speculation. Rents were increased to preposterous figures. To build a new theatre seemed one of the soundest and most profitable investments; to recondition an old one and give it added luxury appeared equally shrewd. These schemes took time to materialise, but within the last few years over ten theatres have been built or modernised. The heavy cost of sites and building materials, the increase in salaries, and the expenses of production have made a large holding capacity essential. The aim in every case has been to arrange the auditorium so that it should hold as much money as possible, while at the same time the portion allotted to 'the gods' has been made smaller. In some theatres the gallery is abolished altogether, while pit patrons have been ejected from their time-honoured seats and the floor of the auditorium entirely devoted to the stalls.

The invention of the talking machine intensified the competition with the cinemas. The limited capacity and heavy expenses of the theatre made it impossible

to meet this new rival by reducing prices to any great extent. And then, at the most critical time, the contrary course seems to have been pursued. The abolition, or severe restriction, of the pit and gallery may be defended economically, but it is harmful to the theatre generally, and in the long run I question if it is profitable. If the occupants of the pit are not completely tucked away under an overhanging circle, their laughter and applause radiate an atmosphere of enjoyment throughout the house, invigorating the actor and stimulating the tepid approval of the stalls and circle. A good pit and gallery warm the show. Their absence or over-restriction is, therefore, to be deplored. A contributory cause of the public indifference to the theatre is the shortness of many of the plays. A comedy, or farce, that only lasts about two hours and a quarter, with lengthy intervals, is, to put it plainly, not enough for the money charged.

And yet the theatre with its actors of flesh and blood has a great natural advantage over the films. Humanity appeals directly to humanity. There is no loss in the transmission. It is there in person, not by deputy, or not as a shadow flickering on a screen. In the playhouse the actor has a modified free will that permits the spontaneous gesture, look, tone. These constitute the soul of acting and, like the varying shades of nature's colouring, cannot be fixed by any camera. On the other hand, the film can, in the twinkling of an eye, transport actors and the story from squalor to magnificence, accompanied by vast crowds in imposing spectacles. If the tale demands a shipwreck, a battle, an earthquake, if it is unfolded amidst ice or in the torrid zone, the appropriate scenes and incidents can be supplied upon a scale and with a variety impossible to the stage. In addition the story is capable of being embroidered by pictorial excursions from the main theme, gilding the luxury, supplying the sense of crowded streets, of waving trees, of nature peaceful or disturbed. Every incident or property that can emphasise a crime, or wring a tear from sorrow, is enlisted in the cause of the drama presented.

It is true that in the swift transference and multiplicity of scenes we of the stage proper are hopelessly outdistanced. But the assertion so often made by the outside world, and so frequently conceded by ourselves, that in

scenes where numbers or magnitude are presented we are inferior in conviction and in reality to the screen, is contrary to the fact. A small portion of a coronation, pageant, battle, or shipwreck upon the stage can be infinitely more real, more satisfying to the imagination than miles of film. The part can be greater than the whole. Each may say in Shakespeare's words: 'Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts,' and the result, in the majority of cases, need not be feared by those in the theatre, if they exercise energy and an invention equal to that displayed by their rivals. We have resigned to the cinema too easily the sweep and breadth of romantic and historical drama. 'The hair-breadth 'scapes,' the heart-throbs and native humours of our English melodrama have vanished, and in their place, the essential struggle of vice and virtue, more often than not seen through American eyes, and accompanied by 'wise-cracks,' draws crowded houses to the films. Dignified productions such as those staged by Irving, Tree, Wilson Barrett, Lewis Waller, Alexander, and Mr Fred Terry seem almost extinct, and the traffic of the West End stage has shrunk mainly to small domestic dramas, comedies, and tragedies.

Actors and actresses have obtained a growing measure of work in the film studios, otherwise the unemployment in their ranks would be appalling. As it is there are more out of work than ever have been before. The screen rewards well-known artists extravagantly, while those of lesser name obtain a welcome addition to their theatrical earnings. Many are able to combine this vocation with stage engagements. The extra experience is beneficial, but if the actor is working all day, except at matinees, in the studio, he must give the theatre only perfunctory service. Some of the most admired artists in the play-house are absent filming for long periods. The casting of a new play is thereby made more difficult. The actor gets additional practice in the studios, greater publicity, a larger salary. It is impossible to forbid these advantages. The best servants are wholly, or in part, in the pay of the rival organisation. Those neither eminent, nor particularly desirable, will therefore be left to the theatre. It is a pitiful provision in the view of the vigour and greatness of the past.

No real improvement can take place, no widening of the theatre's influence be possible, without a drastic lowering of its working costs. Rents, fees, salaries, and 'overhead' expenses must be reduced. Economies there at once would encourage the production of new plays, the lowering of prices, without affecting the quality of the performances, and the sweeping away of the petty charges that increase the cost of playgoing. More attention must be given to the comfort of the cheaper seats, and experiments made with longer programmes. If a comedy is short, it might be played twice nightly, as is done in many theatres in the country. All these and other questions call for attention.

Contrasting the range of subjects treated by the cinema, we see the comparative stagnation in enterprise and variety presented by the theatre. How can this be combated? Only by a wave of enthusiasm amongst all concerned, an enthusiasm that disregards the monetary inducements of the films and consecrates all talents to the playhouse alone. It must lead to hard work: it must destroy the pernicious idea that an actor may play one part for six months, or be unemployed even longer than that, and not deteriorate in his art. It must lead to training the young and giving practice and some approach to a livelihood to the ordinary player. The actor must have a greater variety of work if he is to remain attached to the theatre. Otherwise, if the screen is to select the best, giving it whole or part employment, the theatre must sink as an institution in public estimation. The dramatic calling in the theatre is disorganised. Without united counsel and endeavour it is surely doomed to survive only in sheltered spots or as an appendage of the cinema. Those who control the funds collected and bequeathed for a National Theatre might be well advised to help worthy efforts in the theatre now. Theatres could be obtained cheaply. Why not rent, or purchase one, and begin the National Theatre in a humble fashion? The example would be stimulating; the practice to a number of actors invaluable. Better a live theatre now than a monument, perhaps a tomb, in the future.

ROBERT COURTNEIDGE.

#### Art. 4.—THE SITUATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

It is difficult for people in Britain who have not made a special study of imperial history to follow the course of politics in South Africa, because the information they receive is spasmodic and occasional; and, therefore, they could not appraise the significance of the announcement on Dec. 21 that Mr Tielman Roos had resigned his position as judge to return to political life. To many indeed this seemed of slight importance compared with the news that South Africa had been driven from the gold standard. Few realised that these two events were intimately related. The first was the cause of the second and may be regarded as the most important fact in the history of the Union since the death of General Louis Botha. There exists no precedent, so far as the writer knows, of any one resigning the security of the judicial bench to return to the turmoil of political life, and it may be accepted that only an overwhelmingly impelling motive would have induced Mr Roos to take this course. This is clear from his statement, which was to the effect that he was coming back into politics to form a coalition between the moderate section of the Nationalist Party and the South African Party with a view to driving out the Hertzog ministry and installing a government based upon the elimination of racialism. The essence of the statement is the implied charge that the Hertzog ministry has been guilty of racial discrimination. This has long been the opinion of the British community in the Union, and that it is something more than a mere partisan view is evident when it is now openly supported by a man who was one of the most prominent Nationalist ministers in General Hertzog's first cabinet.

Since the British occupation of the Cape the history of South Africa has been a record of racial strife. The inevitable clash between Europeans and non-Europeans has been complicated by the struggle between British and Dutch. The influence of this was shown in the establishment of separate Dutch states, the Orange Free State and the South African Republic, within South Africa. Then came the first Boer war; but after 1881 the influence of common interests, chiefly economic and commercial, tended to draw the two white races together



except in the South African Republic which, under the guidance of President Kruger, was beginning to aim at a union of all the states under Dutch control. This policy was too extreme to gain the support of the moderate Dutch, of whom there were many within the Transvaal itself, and the pressure of common economic and commercial interests seemed likely to bring about more cordial and friendly relations between Dutch and British. Unfortunately the process of natural fusion was abruptly destroyed by the Jameson raid. Its results were calamitous for South Africa in every way. All that had been accomplished during the previous ten years to bring the white peoples together was undone at a stroke. Not only was the animosity between them rekindled, but the suspicion that the Imperial government had in some underhand way been responsible for inspiring the unprovoked attack on a peaceful state threw the Dutch, even in the British colonies, into the arms of Kruger, who was thus encouraged to persevere in his grand scheme of uniting South Africa under the leadership of the Transvaal. The natural outcome was the second Anglo-Boer War, but the conclusion of peace opened a prospect of better things. The generosity of the terms offered by Britain at Vereeniging and the readiness with which responsible government was granted to the Orange Free State and the Transvaal were not without effect on the leaders of the Dutch. The war itself had convinced men like General Louis Botha and General Smuts, who had proved themselves to be capable and gallant enemies, that the Kruger policy was impracticable and that there could be no lasting peace in South Africa which was not based upon the co-operation of British and Dutch. Thus, despite the hostility aroused by war, the conciliatory policy of the Imperial government and the moderation of the chief Dutch leaders paved the way for a friendlier understanding between the recent enemies than had seemed possible in 1902.

Accordingly the project of union was revived, but it was to be a union based on co-operation such as was projected in the 'fifties by Governor Sir George Grey. British and Dutch were to have equal rights and opportunities. Such a union was readily accepted by the British colonies, even Natal, because it was thought that the

sentiments of the two great Boer leaders, General Botha and General Smuts, were those of the majority of the Dutch race. The point is worth emphasizing that Union was only possible because these two Dutchmen expressed so clearly the wishes of the British community. In this atmosphere of general goodwill all difficulties melted away, and the result was that the various states of South Africa were in 1910 formed into a single government by the Act of Union of South Africa. This was rightly regarded as a momentous event in the history of the country. Now, it was thought, all friction arising from race was at an end. South Africa, it seemed, had solved one of its most urgent problems, and the way was at last clear for Dutch and British, acting together, to deal with the other great problem, the native question. Unfortunately, as subsequent events have shown, the rejoicings were premature, and within recent months the demand of Natal for secession or at least devolution is an indication that the Act of Union has not been an unqualified success. Racialism is stronger than ever, and till this is ended South Africa can never make satisfactory progress.

The power of racialism is largely explained by the racial character of South African history. South Africa is a country where ancient feuds are not easily forgotten, and something more was needed than a legislative measure to create real harmony between British and Dutch. The situation in some ways is not unlike that which prevailed in England between 1689 and 1714. During the Revolution and for several years after it the possibility of civil war was never very far distant from the minds of English politicians. The party system was only in the making, and neither Whigs nor Tories were as yet conscious of principles within the Constitution that both parties could accept as their common heritage. In the struggle for power the one party was tempted to proscribe the other as traitors to the Constitution or country. Civil war would probably have broken out had the government fallen under the control of the extremists or 'wild men' on the one side or the other. England was saved from this by the political sagacity of 'middlemen,' like Somers, Nottingham, Marlborough, Godolphin, and even Oxford, who, whatever party label might be attached to them, were dominated by the desire to prevent civil war

and so give the Constitution of 1689 a fair chance to become securely established. Accordingly they steered a mean between the extremists of both parties. There is an obvious danger of pressing the analogy too far, and it would be unfair to say that party opposition in South Africa involves the risk of proscription, but there is some justification for the claim that in South Africa there is at least a close approximation to conditions in England near the end of the seventeenth century.

Then there is a close parallel between the two countries in the growing uneasiness among a large section of the population as to the future of South Africa, and the situation in the Union is even more alarming than it was in England, because it is aggravated by racial antipathies as well as political divisions. It is in these days that one can appreciate more clearly the greatness of General Louis Botha. He was respected by British and Dutch alike, and proved himself to be during nine difficult years of office as Prime Minister the great 'middleman' that the situation in South Africa required. It was the trust reposed in him by the British in Cape Colony and Natal that rendered possible the establishment of the Union. It was felt that if his aims represented the wishes of the Dutch as a whole, a union was more desirable than a federation. But there was a tenacious minority among the Dutch, the spokesman of which was General Hertzog, who had opposed peace with Britain; and though the war was over, these irreconcilables still cherished the aims of Kruger's policy and, on the principle that everything is as fair in peace as in war, sought to use for their own ends the political machinery which British generosity and experience had provided for the country. The establishment of the Union might even give them an ultimate advantage should circumstances arise which would enable them to control the machinery of government, and many believe it was considerations such as these that induced Hertzog to accept office in Botha's first Cabinet.

General Botha was aware of the temper of the irreconcilables, and like the 'middlemen' of seventeenth century England he sought to rally round him the moderate men of all parties. He studiously avoided the extremes of aggressive imperialism on the one hand and a narrow Dutch nationalism on the other, and his tactful rule might

well have had a permanent healing effect on South Africa had it not been for the outbreak of the Great War. The effect of the war on South Africa was not generally understood in Great Britain. It was known, of course, that the irreconcilables seized the opportunity to rise in rebellion and that they were put down by the loyalist forces of the Union. But after the suppression of the rebellion it was assumed that the conduct of the war with British and Dutch fighting on the same side would strengthen the sense of unity in South Africa and consolidate the principles of 1910. These expectations were possibly justified by the voice of history, but in truth the reverse was the case. The racial and political divisions within the country were not diminished but intensified by the war, while the support which General Hertzog, the leader of the opposition, received was proof that large numbers of the Dutch were far from being in sympathy with the principles of 1910.

Under most trying conditions Botha acted with the greatest circumspection. He so planned his campaign for putting down the rising that collision between the rebels and British troops was avoided, and when it was at an end the rebels were treated with unusual clemency. What any man could do Botha did to prevent the recrudescence of racial feud. But his efforts did not meet the success that they merited, and it was quite contrary to what one would have expected from the sentiments expressed in 1910 that General Hertzog, instead of suffering discredit, actually derived a political advantage from the rebellion. This can only be explained on the assumption that the policy of Kruger had still a strong attraction for many of the Dutch, especially in the Orange Free State. General Hertzog himself had played a very dubious part in the proceedings that led up to the rising. It is true that he never openly supported the rebellion, but he never used his voice or influence to prevent it from taking place, and his very silence was regarded by General Smuts and others as an incitement to rise. No man, in view of his acknowledged position as leader of the opposition, could have done more to stop the rising, but no man did less, and it was not surprising that General Smuts was provoked into accusing Hertzog of being the chief cause of the rebellion. This intensified a personal

rivalry between the two men which has in recent years exercised a most baneful effect on South African politics. Not only did Hertzog fail to do anything to stop the rising, but he made himself the advocate of the rebels after their suppression. He virtually contended that the rebellion was not a rebellion, since it was due to the Government's action in conducting the campaign against German South-West Africa, which he held was against the wishes of the country and was, therefore, unconstitutional. These considerations were in keeping with his attitude towards the government ever since the foundation of the Union, and that they were not entirely baseless was shown by the increased support which he received in Parliament. All this made Botha's position very difficult, and it behoved him to take every precaution to avoid the charge of being the puppet of British imperialism; for memories of racial feud were still too recent to permit the Dutch as a race to associate themselves wholeheartedly with the British Empire. Of this Hertzog took full advantage. He formulated a policy of secession from the Empire, with the natural result that he came to be regarded by the British community as hostile to the principles which led to the Union of 1910.

As long as Botha lived there was a chance that the rift within the Union might be closed, and his death in 1919 was a serious loss to South Africa and to the Empire. His successor as Prime Minister was General Smuts, who through his work in the peace negotiations had achieved an international reputation as a great world statesman. But in the eyes of many Dutch South Africans this was a disability rather than a qualification, and, though he expressed the same principles as General Botha, he never had from the Dutch the devotion they felt for his predecessor. Further, his career had been so identified with antagonism to General Hertzog that it was impossible for him to maintain the role of 'middleman' which had tested the skill and tact of Botha. He had also to bear the brunt of the depression which followed the conclusion of peace. Commercially the Union had profited from the war; but with the termination of hostilities the demand for South African wool and other commodities dropped. This was followed by labour troubles culminating in a

dangerous outbreak at the Rand which had to be quelled by military force. Labour was organising itself as a political power and, though predominantly British in composition, tended to regard Smuts as hostile to its interests. These circumstances worked out to the gain of Hertzog, and in the general election of 1924 the Nationalists, as Hertzog's party was termed, and Labour had a majority over Smuts. They formed a pact to defeat Smuts, and Hertzog became the third Prime Minister of the Union with the support of Labour, led by Colonel Cresswell.

In his first five years of office Hertzog was as fortunate as Smuts had been the reverse. They were years of prosperity, and at first nothing was done to alarm the moderate Dutch and British South Africans; for Hertzog, dependent on Labour votes, could not venture to embark on a line of policy that might be regarded as hostile to the imperial connection. It seemed that experience of responsibility was weaning the Prime Minister from his earlier crudities, but the complaisance of the country suffered a rude shock when the Flag Bill came up for discussion in 1926. It was not the fact that the Government desired to have a separate flag for South Africa but the speeches and tone of the leading Nationalist ministers that excited uneasiness among the British community. It was not what was said but the way in which it was said that caused British South Africans to feel that the Hertzog Cabinet was vehemently opposed to any connection with Britain. The discussions left a sore which has not yet been healed.

Other things emphasised the fears that the Prime Minister had not abandoned his anti-British attitude. Some at first pretended to believe that in his frequent denunciations of the British 'Jingoes' in South Africa he was merely trying to satisfy his followers, especially in the backveld, that he had not forgotten his early professions, and that he really did not mean what he said; but those who had heard him speaking in Parliament are convinced that in his attacks on the British in South Africa he was speaking from the heart. He had always been the protagonist of South African independence and refused to admit what every student of British imperial policy knows to be the case, that as one of the results of the

war the independence of all the Dominions had been placed beyond challenge. Apparently jealous of the achievements of his rival, he wished to go one better, and was so far successful that it was largely due to the insistence of the South African Government that the question of Dominion status figured so prominently in the Imperial Conference of 1926. All this was merely underlining what had been achieved for the Dominions before Hertzog came into office; but it availed to satisfy the backveld Dutch Nationalists that Hertzog had gained for South Africa a degree of independence that Smuts never could or would have won for it.

Other Dominions had been as keen as South Africa to secure the management of their own affairs, but they felt that their independence was complete long before 1926. What occasioned misgivings in South Africa and among the advocates of imperial unity was not the raising of the question of independence by the Union Government but the declarations of General Hertzog which led to the raising of the question. It was he who first claimed the 'right of secession' (as if, constitutionally, it would ever be possible to admit such a right!) and even though there might be disclaimers of any intention to recede, it was perfectly obvious that the idea of secession was in the minds of Hertzog and his colleagues. In this respect South Africa stood apart from the other Dominions, which had never expressed any hint of a desire for separation from the Empire. In their case the sentiment of loyalty based on gratitude for all that the imperial authorities had done to meet their needs was the strongest factor making for imperial unity. South Africa had no less reason for gratitude, but in its case, as was clear from words uttered by General Hertzog to the effect that with the Union's independence definitely established it would not profit it to break its connection with the British Commonwealth of Nations, it was expediency rather than loyalty that kept it within the Empire; and the natural conclusion was that when it paid it to do so South Africa would secede. There was nothing reciprocal in the attitude of the Union as expressed by the Nationalist ministry; its policy was narrowly national.

These developments justify the opinion shared by many Dutch and British South Africans that the policy



of the Union since 1924 has moved away from the principles of 1910. It should be noted that these principles were and are cherished not only by the British community but by a large and influential section of the Dutch, and though it has been customary to refer to the policy of the Government as racial, possibly it would be more accurate to describe it as anti-imperial. Nevertheless, there is an element of racialism ; for though the South African Party, consisting of the old British Unionist party and Botha's followers, contains as many Dutch as British South Africans, yet the desire to remain within the Empire is naturally more definitely associated with the British than with the Dutch community. So the former have felt that the ministry is using its control of the machinery of government to make the character of the country predominantly Dutch and to disparage as far as possible everything that savours of British culture. It was also felt that by their acquiescence in the Government's policy the British members of the Labour party were unfaithful to the traditions of the country of their origin, and it was largely owing to this that Labour lost so much ground at the 1929 elections, which gave the Nationalists a clear though narrow majority over all other parties.

The ill feeling stirred up by the Flag Bill controversy and General Hertzog's attitude on the question of secession has steadily grown during the Nationalist ministry's second period of office, till a very ominous state of tension has arisen. And the irony is that the Government in its anti-British policy has exploited for its own ends the machinery of parliamentary control which was the gift of British rule to South Africa. This has led to the complaint voiced in the smoking-rooms of clubs that the Dutch have neglected to use parliamentary institutions in accordance with British practice. In so far as this is true it is partly because the Dutch have not behind them the same training in the use of parliamentary institutions as their British fellow-countrymen. No doubt they observe all the forms of parliamentary procedure and never do anything which is not technically justified, but they have never risen to the conception that parliament is primarily an instrument for the government of the country. This is what distinguishes the conduct of parliamentary government in countries of British origin.

However bitter may be the feeling between parties, differences are as a rule dropped when issues of what are felt to be of national importance are raised. A recent instance of this is the establishment of a National Government in Britain to cope with the great problems created by the general depression. This is not due to any inherent virtue on the part of the British race, but to its long experience in the art of parliamentary government. Then by general agreement certain matters, for example, questions of foreign relations, are kept out of the direction of the party caucus, whereas in South Africa it is felt that Parliament is dominated by the caucus.

To this possibly the Nationalists might reply that their practice is in no way different from that of their predecessors; but it is a bad thing for a country when Parliament is regarded as merely a pawn in the party game. A good deal of uneasiness has sprung up because the Government has employed Parliament to gain a very dangerous control over higher education, and especially over the universities. This was done by a measure in 1931 which gave the Minister of the Interior practically unchecked control over the finances of university institutions. All suggestions to discuss the measure on a non-party basis were brushed aside, though Dr Malan, who guided the Bill through Parliament, declared that his proposals had the support of the country as a whole. The outcome was that complete control of the universities has been vested in one man, and the situation is the more serious because the minister has strong powers of regulation regardless of parliamentary sanction. In most countries some degree of State control is exercised over the universities, but nowhere except in South Africa has that control been entrusted to one man. Moreover, recent developments in connection with the University of Pretoria seem to threaten a disposition on the part of Dr Malan to interfere with the appointments and internal management of university institutions. Particularly odious is the method by which financial control over the universities is exercised. Dr Malan has the power to determine the amount to be given to each institution, and the danger of this was shown when through financial stringency it became necessary to reduce the grants to university institutions. Dr Malan fixed the reductions

in accordance with what were professed to be principles of equity and justice, but he adopted no system which could be defended as applying fairly to all institutions, and when the estimates for 1932 were available for scrutiny the capital fact emerged that compared with the corresponding figures for 1931 the lowest 'cut' in the case of the British institutions was proportionally higher than the highest 'cut' in the case of the Dutch institutions. This is perhaps the clearest instance of the racial bias of the Nationalist ministry, and it is a matter of considerable importance, since control of education is recognised as the most effective instrument for striking at an undesired culture.

Club gossip also shows that there are similar misgivings with regard to the civil service. It is almost invariably Dutchmen who are to be promoted. The Government are gradually making the civil service Dutch. So runs the talk, and to the ordinary observer it does not seem unjustified, since even in predominantly British centres a surprising proportion of Government employes is Dutch. This, no doubt, is partly due to the system of appointment in the Union. There is no competitive examination for civil service posts as in Britain, hence there is abundant scope for wire-pulling. Thus the general record of the Nationalist administration does justify the charge that its policy is racial. Visitors to South Africa soon become aware of it. Through the narrowness of its policy, the Union has lost much of the prestige which it enjoyed under General Botha. Many Dutchmen dislike this racialism intensely. One Dutchman, who has made his home in the United States, after paying a visit to the Union wrote a letter to the Press in which he criticised the Government as the main cause of racialism in South Africa. This is all the more deplorable because, apart from politics, British and Dutch work together harmoniously. In many cases the two races have formed close and valued friendships, and the future would be quite promising, since the younger generation of British South Africans are earnestly acquiring a knowledge of Afrikaans in addition to their native language. But the pronounced anti-British tendency of the Government sows a suspicion and distrust which would otherwise not have arisen between the two races, and for this no

one is more responsible than the Prime Minister himself. In speech after speech General Hertzog has wantonly raised the racial issue and attacked British South Africans for intriguing against the independence of the Union. What evidence he has for this wild charge he has never attempted to produce. The charge in fact is ridiculous, and no one should know better than General Hertzog that the independence of the Union is assured. It is one of his chief defects that he forgets that he is the Prime Minister of the Union and constantly speaks as the leader of a party playing on the fears and prejudices of his most ignorant supporters. In point of fact, ever since the Flag Bill discussions the attitude of the British community has been conspicuous for its moderation and restraint. A scrutiny of the speeches in Parliament and of the letters to the Press will convince any one who is not hopelessly biased that most of the aggression has been on the side of the Dutch. No one of any standing on the British side has written or said anything to which reasonable objection could be taken. On the other hand, many things have been said by General Hertzog which were unworthy of his position, and for one speech delivered at Smithfield, in December 1931, in which he accused the British community of being disloyal to the Union, he was taken to task in Parliament by Mr J. H. Hofmeyr. The Prime Minister virtually recanted what he had said, but he might never have done so had the matter not been brought up in Parliament.

Gradually the British community in South Africa was driven to feel that all its moderation was in vain. It appeared that the Government, regardless of criticism, was bent on suppressing British culture so far as possible. Owing to this a feeling of something like desperation was aroused, and many have said that racialism was never so rampant in South Africa, even after the Jameson Raid, as it was at the end of 1932. The movement in Natal for secession, a movement to which General Hertzog could hardly object in theory, which has now become one for devolution, was the direct consequence of the Government's policy. This movement was Natal's protest against the violation of the principles of 1910. The South African Party, in its opposition to the Government, might have made more effective use of this protest than it did. After all,

the Union would never have been formed had the leading Dutch of 1910 expressed the same sentiments about the Empire as General Hertzog and his colleagues. The conduct of the Nationalist Government has caused Natal to regret that it did not use its influence in favour of a federal union, and the devolution movement at least serves to remind us that all previous unions where more than one race has been concerned have been of the federal type.

But it was not clear how improvement was to be effected. In the circumstances the ordinary parliamentary means of redress seemed hopeless, and no general confidence was placed in the ability of General Smuts to bring the Union back to the principles of 1910. Some even believed that the friction was bound to lead to civil war. The tension increased when, after Britain abandoned the gold standard, the Union Government decided to maintain it, because it was believed that this decision was dictated by racial rather than by economic motives. What the country needed, it seemed, was the emergence of a really big 'middleman' who by virtue of his position could convince the country of the injurious effects of the Government's racial policy and so prepare the way for a revival of that unity of feeling which had prevailed at the establishment of the Union. General Smuts could not do this; he was handicapped by his personal rivalry with General Hertzog. Probably no South African of British birth could have commanded general attention. Hence the significance of the return to politics of Mr Tielman Roos, who had served as Minister of Justice in Hertzog's first cabinet, and of his appeal for the establishment of a Government based upon racial co-operation. How events will work out it would be rash to predict, but a heavy responsibility will rest upon any leader who for party or personal reasons may cause South Africa to lose the best opportunity it has had for years of getting away from the narrow and racial considerations that have kept it from becoming a nation except in name.

A SOUTH AFRICAN CORRESPONDENT.

February 1933.

## Art. 5.—PAINTERS OF YESTERDAY.

‘Mais où sont les neiges d’antan ?’

IN a room of a country house of which I have many happy memories a bookcase contained a considerable number of Victorian novels, in three volumes for the most part. They had been copies sent for review, preserved from all mischances, looking still so clean and neat that on taking out any of them you might almost fancy that the hand of Time had stood still and they were really new, that Charles Reade’s pen was still potent as a flail for wrongdoers, that Black and Blackmore still wield their enchanters’ wands over their readers as of old,

‘taking tired people to the Islands of the Blest,’

that Ouida’s guardsmen still fascinate, and her ‘Blues’ still on occasions bare their ‘god-like biceps,’ as a preliminary to taking an oar. *Mutatis mutandis*, I find myself filled with something of the same sense of remoteness when I contemplate a list of dead Academicians. They were like Saul and Jonathan ‘lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.’ ‘Rich in the simple worship of a day,’ without thought of a hereafter. With them has died most, if not all, of that lovable spacious self-complacency which made the Victorian age what it was. The world certainly went very well then for those who made anything of a success in art or letters. They had a public comparatively eager and docile.

The Victorian Age cannot be said to have ended with the passing of the Queen. The South African War disturbed its equanimity not a little, but it rallied and took a long time in dying; the process was not completed until the outbreak of the Great War. What, however, had been a storm in the political world had produced scarcely a ripple on the placid sea of Art and Letters. Such names as Whistler, Ibsen, Shaw serve to indicate the existence of cross currents, but the barometer stood at ‘set fair.’ In Letters, Andrew Lang continued to be editor-in-chief to the *British Nation*, and under his régime nothing ugly was likely to rear its head. In the field of art criticism Ruskin had abdicated his dictatorship to become teacher of a new social order, Morelli had

led the way to an exacter method of identification based on scientific analysis, Mr Berenson's enunciation of the theory of tactile values had entailed new responsibilities, and Roger Fry was still mainly preoccupied with certain masters of the Italian Renaissance. Meanwhile, the Royal Academy, scorning the foreign yoke and all that subservience to it might imply or entail, continued to open and shut its doors with punctilious regularity. I remember in Sir Edward Poynter's speech at the Academy banquet in the year following Whistler's death there was an expression of regret that the latter had persistently wasted his undoubted gifts and had effected very little in art. The words serve to recall how Constable, tardily admitted at the age of fifty-three to the circle of the elect, was bluntly informed by the President Lawrence that he was fortunate in being chosen an Academician at a time when there were historical painters of great merit on the list of Associates.

Where, it may be asked, are the works of the said historical painters now? And the works of Poynter, despite the undoubted perfection of their technique, have already begun to follow them along the road to oblivion. This does not of necessity presuppose any reversal of standards of judgment. It is merely an illustration of the fact that diuturnity is of necessity the lot of the very few. How should it be otherwise? Each age has enough to do with itself. If a man's work attract the notice of his contemporaries this surely is laurel wreath enough without his expecting any posthumous plaudits! After all, he has had his innings. Standards, however, are always changing and no judgments are final even in the exact sciences. How should they be so in art criticism? Nearly two hundred years ago Oliver Goldsmith satirised its prevailing tendencies by the statement that it consisted first in saying that a picture would be better if the artist had taken more pains, and second in praising the works of Pietro Perugino. The modern art critic would be rather more likely to find fault with the artist for taking too much pains than for taking too little, and there is probably no painter whatsoever whose work is now less 'popular with the examiners' than Pietro Perugino, who painted an interminable number of saints all in conventionally pietistic attitudes.



To turn from art criticism to Art is to reach a condition of comparative stability. As by natural process of time the Academy freed itself from the service of the Grand Style which the tenets of its first president's teaching sought to impose, it found a more natural and quiet heritage in the realms of portraiture and landscape. The Claudes in the Beaumont Collection exercised a direct influence on Constable, as his letters testify; and the debt that English art thereby owed to French was repaid with interest when some of Constable's pictures were shown in the French Salon in 1824, thus giving the initial impulse to that closer, more direct interpretation of Nature which has culminated in the work of the French Impressionists. The brushwork of certain of Monet's pictures almost seems to derive in direct descent from that of Constable. With this one noteworthy exception, the record of the Academy shows that its members have been content to till the home field, and that their influence has been a continuing tradition among their own ranks. That they are good companions one of another is shown by the fact that it is their custom from time to time to hold a commemorative exhibition of the works of such of their number as have died, to recall of their best, and plead against oblivion for their names.

The advent of such an assize affords the opportunity of revising or confirming impressions formed of the work of a round dozen of its members, all of some importance in their day. The retrospect presents so long a vista that round the work of some the mists of time have already begun to gather, and this of itself brings some reversal in order of precedence. Sir Frank Dicksee, who figured in the ranks of the exhibitors for half a century, and attained to the highest honour that the Academy can confer, died in the same year in which David Muirhead, at the age of sixty-one, was admitted somewhat tardily to the ranks of the Associates. The contrast which the work of the two present goes to show that already times have changed, and we with time, for it is the younger, less regarded painter, undoubtedly, who fronts the future more confidently. Alike in landscape and in portraiture his work has quietude and distinction. One may instance 'The Thames at Rotherhithe,' 'The Bridge at St Ives.' his 'Portrait of a Lady' lent by the National Gallery of

Scotland, and 'A Girl in Blue and Grey.' The two last serve to put me in mind of Leonardo's dictum as to the choice of the light which gives a grace to faces, that you should make your portrait at the hour of the fall of the evening when it is cloudy or misty, for the light then is perfect, and I can hardly feel that art which evokes the memory of this precept has no continuing power. As regards Dicksee, however, I doubt whether I could again recapture the intense sensation of pleasure which came over me when I first saw in the Academy his picture of King Arthur in the Barge attended by the Three Queens. Perhaps, although I did not then know it, the impression was only in part derived from the picture, in part from memories of Malory and Tennyson which the picture, almost a monochrome in greyish-green, seemed to embody. Time was, in the old spacious days before Sargent set a new standard, when well-nigh every Academician did a few portraits, taking them in his stride as opportunity offered. Dicksee did, and also Tuke.

It is, however, where his individuality found more spontaneous expression that the artist's work has the longer tenure. This is the case with Tuke. His powers gradually unfolded as a flower opens with the sun as he devoted himself to the one subject which he made peculiarly his own. I love the shimmering haze of the sun-heat, the opalescent blue of the water, and the play of light on supple limbs of his boys. Leonardo says that a painter is worthy of censure who only does one thing well, 'for there is no one so dull of understanding that after devoting himself to one subject only and continually practising at this, he will fail to do it well.' But isn't this just a trifle hard when there are so many who lack the power to devote themselves necessary to do even what he condemns? Tuke's boys bathing were surely done well, but so, as it seemed in time past, were Peter Graham's highland cattle, MacWhirter's silver birches, and Leader's still waters. The linnet is said to have one note only in its song, yet it has been called a stylist. So La Thangue only fully found himself among the orchards and flowers of Provence, as did John Philip, in an earlier generation, amid the colour of Spain, but with hardly a like prospect of remaining; and Wylie, as his great canvases show, found himself in devotion to the sea as the great highway

of our history, and a glorious pageant he makes of it until our joy is interrupted by the voice of the Devil as he whispers behind the leaves, 'It's pretty, but is it art?' And try to banish the thought as we may, a horrid doubt assails us as to whether what we have been admiring is not at bottom the doings of our own sailors just as much as the art of the painter. If Greiffenhagen and Lambert have a rather more general outlook the result is in either case somewhat less satisfying. Their strength, rugged and sinuous to the verge of mannerism, is not so fully charged with vitality as to keep the field after sundown. Ricketts is in a different category to the rest in that he was primarily a literary artist, and as such by his singleness of purpose he made the union of Art and Letters a living reality in every form of Art in which he laboured. As an interpreter of those figures of the past with which his spirit dwelt his future is secure, but his art is, and will be, somewhat caviare to the general who have no such heritage.

Sims possessed the imaginative spirit to a rare degree. It shows itself on occasions even in the titles of his works, which have a way of ringing with melody. He is given two rooms at Burlington House. In the one idyllic forms are seen revelling in clear, sun-filled spaces, old myths are touched to new meanings or the same spirit transforms the actual, as in 'A Ward Balcony, St Thomas' Hospital.' The other contains for the most part those cloudy fantasies of his later years in which his spirit seemed to be striving to express the inexpressible. He had visited the scene of the War and painted its desolation in a large landscape. 'The Old German Front Line, Arras, 1916.' One may almost suppose that the phantasmagoria of memories brought something tantamount to shell-shock upon his creative powers. In the other room—among much that dates from the period when his powers were at their freshest and most natural, much that one would wish to linger over and remember—is 'The Little Archer' from Lord Blanesburgh's Collection—a sturdy Cupid taking aim as he sits astride on a branch of an oak-tree, a figure altogether captivating in its naturalism—and a small picture which bears the title 'The Faun: an Epilogue,' in which the player has hung up his pipes and sits on the branch of a tree on which, and

on the other branches, birds are sitting, spread about somewhat after the fashion of the listeners to St Francis in the fresco at Assisi, waiting apparently for the music to begin again. I like fantasies such as these treated in the way that Sims treats them. But when the mists of time have descended, and art responsive in some mysterious way to the changing environments of the human spirit has found new forms of expression, will they still satisfy without reservation any more than, let us say, the work of Sir Noel Paton does at present?

But the Exhibition round which these reflections centre is pre-eminently an Orpen Show. This by mere test of wall space. A room suffices for each of the others except Sims. Orpen fronts it bravely in three, including the great one. And this with a splendid bravura and surface glitter that is almost worthy of Franz Hals. His rooms seem like a Private View of the Academy at which, however, all the visitors have somehow by some stroke of a magician's wand become transferred to the canvases. The usual crowd are all there, or rather a selection so far as space will allow, and with them are various mementoes of the War which so many of them helped, in one way or another, to conduct. There are lords, spiritual and temporal, ladies of distinction and society leaders, an ambassador or two, Heads of Colleges, men of affairs, painters, men of letters, great surgeons, an Admiral of the Fleet, and, of course, Generals not a few, because the War and the Peace Conference gave Orpen a wide opportunity of sitters and he took splendid advantage of it. He laments in a note on one of the drawings shown in the Exhibition that he could not get Clemenceau to sit to him in Paris and could only make furtive sketches of 'The Tiger,' but he got Foch and various plenipotentiaries. Many of these portraits and his Peace Conference groups make the same impression as the work of the journalist which 'to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven.' It is hardly too much to say of some of the serried rows of Generals and staff-officers entrenched in the Imperial War Museum that they add a new terror to warfare. Orpen's work, however, was of the best, but only now and again in the War portraits do his great powers of characterisation come fully into play, as in his sketch of Lawrence of Arabia, whom

he shows with a quizzical far-away expression such as he may have had when he first evolved the idea of Aircraftsman Shaw.

The War and the making of the Peace gave full scope to Orpen's splendid vigour, but the artist's greatest triumphs in portraiture were won in a simpler venue in which his sensibilities are more fully in evidence. Notably, perhaps, in the 'Miss Penelope Lawrence' and 'Dame Madge Kendal.' The latter shows his mastery of colour, as do also two of the best of the long series of self-portraits, 'The Man from Arran,' and 'The Dead Ptarmigan.' This series he had notable opportunities of adding to in the War, and used them joyously. I like also his portraits of Dame Louisa Aldrich-Blake and of James Law of 'The Scotsman' for their splendid forceful directness and simplicity; and these qualities are inspired by feeling to deeper issues in such an achievement as 'The Artist's Father and Mother,' which, I think, when painted, must have made two people very happy, as it does others who approach it from a more purely critical and artistic standpoint. These are the real Orpen which remains after

'the captains and the kings depart.'

But for how long will he remain? That is a riddle to which Time alone can give the answer.

But looking back on the Commemorative Exhibition we must all be in agreement that it is an Orpen Show. Possibly, however, Time is as likely to load his wallet with a few Muirheads as with anything else that is there. 'Times change and we with time.' What then of art? 'Cosa bella mortale passa e non d'arte' (Beauty in life perishes, not in art). But Leonardo never wrote that sentence, although no utterance is more frequently attributed to him, thanks to d'Annunzio and others. It is just the error of a copyist who has thus stumbled into the utterance of a great thought. What Leonardo really wrote was a line of Petrarch which presumably he wished to remember. 'Cosa bella mortale passa e non dura' (Beauty in life passes and does not endure). But beauty is eternal and each age creates for itself in art fresh images of it. May the Academy long be at the making!

EDWARD McCURDY.

## Art. 6.—JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

*Life of Joseph Chamberlain.* By J. L. Garvin. Vol. I. Macmillan, 1932.

LEAVES in Vallombrosa are not thicker than the political biographies of the statesmen of the last half of the nineteenth century. With so much first-hand material to instruct us, we have no excuse for ignorance of the happenings, the personalities, the motives, the successes and the failures of that eventful period; for most of them have already been described in published 'Lives' times without number. So ample, indeed, and so accessible is the general information about the second half of the Victorian era that there was solid ground for the belief that the last word had been written on the subject. And in the minds of some there was impatience and even regret that the biographer of Mr Chamberlain tarried so long: for men said with some truth that, in the present age of hurried action and perplexity of mind and anxiety concerning the future, there is neither the will nor the time to devote to the proper study of yet another biography of the past. But those who thus argued 'spoke without the book,' the first volume of which now lies upon our tables to confound us with an amount of new information of the highest order of political interest which Mr Garvin has amassed and arranged in his masterly and minute survey of the life of a great personality in the later Victorian history of England and the Empire. He has taken his time, and he has given us of his best. The 'Life,' thus far completed, shows the inspiration and the technique of a great artist. It is a new picture which he presents to us; a new conception of the oft-painted easy and prosperous period between 1850-1900. He depicts another landscape altogether: with one or two sunlit peaks, but mainly of sombre mountains, tearing torrents, glowering shadows, frightful chasms; and, in the foreground, forked lightning playing round the head of a brave solitary figure wholly unmoved by the dangers that surround him. Here and there on the canvas we detect the outline of a disciple or a friend; and, deep in the gloom near the abyss, the faint indication of crowds of school-less children, slum dwellers, and helpless mariners

praying for protection. Such is my vivid impression of the first volume of this arresting book.

Full space is given at the outset to a description of Joseph Chamberlain's family antecedents, and to his careful bringing-up in the ancient and honourable traditions of the calling of a cordwainer and of the Unitarian faith, whence he derived a deep and lasting sense of the dignity of labour, of personal discipline, and of self-reliance. From Mr Garvin's account of his school-days we may take one or two interesting notes worth remembering as we follow the fortunes of this remarkable man. At the age of eight we find him at his first private school, a very solemn and conscientious boy who did not care much for games ; a boy who founded a Peace Society and *fought* for the leadership of it. ' When he did fight he was in earnest about it,' remarks his school-dame ; and Mr Garvin adds truly that ' this trait remains with him at every phase.' In 1850, after attending an intermediate seminary, we find him at the age of fourteen in University College School, the leading public school for Dissenters. There again his zeal for study exhausted all his energies and left none for the companionship and relaxation that every ordinary boy derives from games. But his concentration upon the things of the mind had its reward and, two years later, he left the school with the highest prizes for French, mathematics, mechanics, and hydrostatics. We may, perhaps, observe in passing that neither at this stage nor later do we find that young Chamberlain was a serious student of history. From college to business at the age of sixteen : to the same family shop in the same street where three generations of Chamberlain cordwainers before him had plied their trade. There he put on his apron and received his practical lessons in shoe-making ; there he rubbed shoulders with Radical and Chartist comrades ; there he learned, and never forgot, the habit of one type of the working-class mind ; there, in the leisure hours of the Sabbath, he taught Sunday school to slum children and became inoculated with the duty of personal social service. And so to Birmingham ; with which city, from 1854 until the end of his life, and perhaps for ever, his name will be inseparably connected. There he was to look after his father's interests in a new joint enterprise conducted by the elder Chamberlain and his



brother-in-law Nettlefold, who had bought up the rights in an American patent for the mechanical production of screws. Once more he 'goes through the shops,' learns the trade from A to Z, and finally retires from business; having, within the space of twenty years, absorbed or bought out all competitors and gained for himself at the age of thirty-eight an honourable fortune which will maintain him in comfort for the rest of his life.

'Men of method have time for everything,' so goes the saying; and Joseph Chamberlain was no exception to this rule. Whilst he was giving the best of himself to his father's business, he was still Sunday-school teaching, he was steeping himself in the lives and needs of his fellow-workers, he was learning the art of public speaking in the Edgbaston Debating Society, and he even formed a company of volunteers from among its members in defiance of the orders of the Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire. From the seeds thus sown in his youth a mighty harvest was to be reaped in the coming years. But not yet was he willing, nor perhaps yet ripe, for entry into public life technically so called. It was not until the death of Lord Palmerston and the subsequent defeat of a moderate Reform Bill in 1866 that Chamberlain heard the call to higher things and, like a Lovelace both then and ever afterwards, consecrated himself to the service of all that he thought righteous 'to win or lose it all.' From that moment he worked like a slave for Household Franchise until, perhaps to his surprise, it was passed by Mr Disraeli's Tory Government. But not to the question of franchise alone did Chamberlain devote the whole strength of his powers of organisation: Mr Garvin indicates prior but relevant problems that assailed him, such as 'What was the extended franchise for?' and 'Were we about to give power to ignorance?' seeing that *in Birmingham alone* nearly half the children received no education, and amongst the working-class citizens now about to be created by Household Franchise about half could not read a newspaper. Note well this date, reader of this biography! For from it dates the birth of the great Chamberlain-to-be, both mayor and minister of the Crown. 'The fight for National Education made Chamberlain,' says Mr Birrell, no mean judge. In 1867 the Birmingham Education Society was created, a mild

and indefinite precursor of the National Education League which a year later completely overshadowed it with Chamberlain as its life and soul; national in its scope, political in its character, with compulsory, free, unsectarian education as its goal. The fiery cross was carried from city to city throughout the country; statistics of widespread illiteracy among the children of our country were beyond dispute; the League, relying on its 'enlightened logic' and its power in the constituencies, believed itself to be irresistible, and Liberal Nonconformity awaited the production of Mr Forster's Education Bill in 1870 in sure and certain hope of victory. Space alone precludes us from dealing with the history of that measure, eventually passed with Tory support; nor with the disappointment and dismay of the League when it found that the Bill contained none of the four vital points in the Nonconformist Charter. These events are carefully detailed in Book II of Volume I, and should be read with equal care by all who would understand the beginning of the deadly quarrel between Radicals and Whigs which bore no small part in destroying Mr Gladstone's administration of 1868-1874. And Mr Chamberlain is the standard-bearer of fighting Nonconformity.

Who shall blame him if, seared to the soul by this disaster to his dearest vision, his coolness and judgment and sense of proportion forsake him for the time being, and if he proceeds (in Mr Churchill's striking phrase) to 'march into battle against almost all the venerable and accepted institutions of the Victorian era,' including the Monarchy, the Peers, the Church, and the country party? True, his outburst against the Monarchy and in favour of a Republic was no sooner spoken than recanted—that is to say, within a couple of years—but his other campaigns were of much longer duration. To conduct them the better, he conceives the plan of 'an alliance between Dissent and democracy' in the formation of which he will find invaluable assistance from his new friends, Charles Dilke and John Morley; he also determines to present himself for Parliament at the next General Election under the Radical banner of 'Free Land, Free Schools, Free Church, and Free Labour.'

In 1874 he offered himself and his creed to Sheffield against three Liberals, but was handsomely defeated.

We need only take note of that election for his utterance as regards Ireland :

‘ I believe the extension of the system of local government would be of the greatest advantage both to England and Ireland. But it is only fair and candid to add that I am not in favour of any system which would go further than this and which would separate the imperial relations which at present exist between the two countries.’

From that declaration he never swerved until the day of his death. Two years later (1876) he was to become member of Parliament for his own city of Birmingham ; but during that intervening period he held the proud position of its mayor, with advantages to his home town which are now a matter of common knowledge to all who take an interest in modern municipal affairs. Let us quote Mr Garvin once again : ‘ His whole spirit was expressed in one splendid sentence before his first term of office was half-way through : “ In twelve months, by God’s help, the town shall not know itself.” It was a Cromwellian word, and he kept it.’ But let it not be thought that, with all his civic duties, he for one moment lost sight of the great Radical programme to which he had set his seal. On the contrary, he was for ever contriving new methods to give it publicity and to ensure its execution. Long and slashing articles from his pen, or written with his authority, appeared in the ‘ Fortnightly Review ’ and gave him all the publicity that he required ; whilst his fighting organisation, soon to be known far and wide as ‘ the Caucus,’ was the joint invention of himself and one or two Birmingham friends ; it was to rise on the foundations of the old National Education League and to become ere long the most formidable wire-pulling instrument ever known in English politics. Thus occupied with transforming Birmingham into the model municipality for the whole of England, and with perfecting his political organisation to make the next elections (whether municipal or national) ‘ safe for democracy,’ Mr Chamberlain’s head and hands were more than full. And in the midst of it all fell the by-election as a bolt from the blue. He was urged to stand and, sorely against his will when it came to the point, consented ; with the result that he was returned unopposed and was introduced

to the House of Commons as member for Birmingham on July 13, 1876, by John Bright and Joseph Cowen—a new man with a new programme and a new organisation to drive it through.

How shall we sum up the qualities of so great a man at this turning point of his career when, as he writes to Jesse Collings (p. 226), he is fool enough 'to be willing to go to Parliament and give up the opportunity of influencing the only constructive legislation in the country for the sake of tacking M.P. to my name?' Personally, Mr Garvin leads me to think of him, first and foremost, as a man whose creed is Citizenship; then, as a man whose political doctrine is Dissent; whose daily practice is social service to his oppressed fellow-countrymen; a man who is intensely English, but whose vision does not reach out to Imperial affairs until his eyes are opened by reading Dilke's book on Greater Britain and Seeley on 'The Expansion of England.' Is he not, up to this point and perhaps for another ten years, a pacifist at *almost* any price; but a patriot whose pacificism is immediately transformed into pugnacity when he believes that the honour of England is attacked or that her friendly overtures are being wantonly abused? Is he not also, at this period of his career, an outstanding example of the man who by preference plays a 'lone hand'? 'He will fight for the lead, and when he fights he is in earnest about it'; such was his character at the age of eight, and such it remained until the present day. In speech he was singularly unrestrained; his published declarations were strangely indiscreet; by these he antagonised many who might have been his friends, but who resented his wholesale criticisms of political leaders who had deserved well of the party in the past. In a word, he preferred to be a crusader without comrades, relying upon his programme to draw thousands to serve beneath his banner. How will such a man fare in the House of Commons, where teamwork is of the essence of success? We shall see.

Four years elapse, during which Chamberlain serves his apprenticeship as a private member in the House of Commons, making thoughtful speeches, yet giving no indication within that assembly of the power which would one day be his. But outside the House and in the country his power and influence steadily increased as the

months went by. Under his organising genius—there is no other word for it—the National Education League disappeared and its place was taken by a National Federation of Liberal Associations of which Birmingham was the centre and Chamberlain was the chief. It strengthened every stronghold of Liberalism; it created others where none had previously existed. Mr Gladstone blessed it; every Whig or Radical leader was glad to speak under its auspices; but Chamberlain was its spokesman and Gladstone's majority at the General Election of 1880 was the measure of its perfection as an electioneering instrument. Small blame to 'the Carnot of the moment' that he should make no secret of the fact that, in return for the great Liberal victory which Radical machinery had achieved, he expected Cabinet office for himself and for his inseparable ally, Sir Charles Dilke. This is the opening theme of Book IV which, with its successor, tells the saddest story of modern parliamentary history: the break-up of a great party, the break-down of great friendships and, worse than all, the loss of world-wide prestige to the British Government of the British Empire.

Critical years were these in the career of Joseph Chamberlain; years during which (according to the theory of undivided Cabinet responsibility—a doctrine against which he chafed and rebelled) he had to bear his due share of blame for Cabinet blunders, or worse; dark years, in which the only bright spots were the Bills which he passed through Parliament as Minister for Trade. The story of his inclusion in Mr Gladstone's Cabinet, to the exclusion of Dilke, who had to be content with the Under-Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs, is fully related by Mr Garvin and sheds a brilliant light upon the fine spirit of loyalty that existed between these two men, whose close association with the Press and with the Caucus enabled them for the ensuing five years 'to pull with skill and sinew against the majority of the Cabinet and repeatedly to prevail over them.' Verily, this was a Government of all the Incompatibles: Whigs, Liberals, Radicals. Was there any one political subject upon which they could all agree? Probably not one, except that Mr Gladstone was too old to lead them and that he would retire within two years. In this forecast, as in nearly every other, they

were hopelessly at sea. What a *galère* in which to find Joseph Chamberlain, a conspicuously successful leader of industry, a brilliant administrator in the civic affairs of Birmingham, where his word was law. Now we find him sitting at a National Board of Directors whose common denominator it was impossible to define, with whose general business he was imperfectly acquainted, where discipline was unknown; at a Board, moreover, whose decisions had to be submitted for ratification to a general assembly of the House of Commons—a body which he thought quite incompetent for business purposes. All of which galled him; and he set about thinking how he could continue to get his way in Cabinet as he had always got it with Birmingham and the Caucus. There it would have been quite sufficient if he had even hinted at resignation. Mr Garvin makes me believe that he carried that idea into Cabinet; for I find that on no less than ten occasions during that Parliament (the first was within six months of his joining the Cabinet) he threatened—perhaps that is too strong a word—to retire. Always unsuccessfully, because sometimes he got his way and sometimes because he was mollified by Mr Gladstone, who was always threatening to do the same thing.

Now, in these early days of a wonderful career, is it accurate to infer, as I think Mr Garvin does, that we can clearly see an Imperialist in the making? That is not my reading of the evidence. I see a man who sincerely believes that, whether in Ireland or abroad, better administration and closer attention to social grievances will diminish tension and ensure peace; a man who abhors force as a remedy and who, generally speaking, will not countenance it until the moment for its successful use is past. In principle he detests Imperialism: at the first Cabinet discussions in May 1880 (p. 313) 'I stood alone in urging a complete reversal of the policy of Lord Beaconsfield—I wanted to recall Sir Bartle Frere, to reconsider the Annexation of the Transvaal and to recall Sir Henry Elliot. For none of these proposals could I meet with any support at the time.' He found himself in disagreement with the Queen's Speech at the opening of Parliament (1880) as to the maintenance of supremacy over the Transvaal, despite the accompanying promise of 'large and liberal principles of self-government' for the Boers.

He had already invented the widespread slogan : ' Peace with Honour is Peace with Humbug ' after Lord Beaconsfield's diplomacy at the Berlin Conference had averted a European war. No ; writing as a reviewer should on the evidence of Volume I and on that only, I do not yet admit Mr Garvin's appreciation of Mr Chamberlain as an Imperialist (in the generally accepted connotation of that term at that date), nor do I share his vision, based on contemporary evidence, of the revelations to which we are to bear witness before the end of the nineteenth century.

' Ireland blocks the way ' : this was the first, the patent, the nearest fact that faced the new Cabinet in the summer of 1880. Chamberlain was prepared to resign immediately if coercion was to be given precedence over conciliation. The Peers threw out the ' Compensations for Disturbance ' Bill, but Chamberlain found himself alone in the Cabinet when he proposed to force on a fight against the Upper House. Greater grew the power of the Irish Land League ; more numerous the prosecutions for crime ; more urgent in Chamberlain's opinion the necessity for a Land Bill to remedy grievances and to precede coercion. Once more he placed his resignation in the hands of the Prime Minister, and Dilke was ready to go with him ; Hartington, *per contra*, was inclined to secede if the Radicals got their way. But the grave situation in Ireland and the universal hostility in Great Britain to Mr Parnell and agrarian crime forced all three of them to reconsider their decisions. Onward went the Arms Bill ; onward the Land League, its ' proclamation ' by law, and the incarceration of Parnell in Kilmainham Gaol. Not yet could Chamberlain realise that agrarian agitation and ' nationalist feeling ' (i.e. separation from England) were indissolubly connected—a lack of appreciation which blinded him to Irish realities until the break-down of the Kilmainham Treaty. Close upon the heels of Ireland came the misery of Majuba Hill, ensuing difficulties with the Boers, the retrocession of the Transvaal, a legacy of tears for the next generation of Englishmen. And, almost simultaneously, the Arabi revolt in Egypt : when Chamberlain, at first demurring against upholding the Khedive's authority by a Joint Note and believing that there might be social and administrative grievances to be remedied in that country, suddenly



hears of the beating of the British Consul at Alexandria and the slaughter of Europeans. Immediately his British blood boils; he joins hands with Hartington in pressing for active measures and the bombardment of Alexandria. The Wolseley expedition follows and Arabi's revolt is quelled at Tel-el-Kebir, leaving Great Britain (after the abdication of the French) supremely responsible in Egypt. Yet even so, misreading the situation in Egypt as he never could have misread it in England, Chamberlain writes a minute to the Cabinet saying that now 'the duty cast upon us—is to secure to the Egyptian people the greatest possible development of representative institutions.' And thereafter he repudiates the idea of a permanent protectorate or indefinite occupation, but 'having secured Egypt for the Egyptians we shall retire, having accomplished our task.' It only remains to say that, in spite of his wish, British control and occupation were established in the autumn of 1882 by the very Liberal Government formed against Imperialism in 1880. As for Mr Gladstone's subsequent desertion of Gordon in the Sudan and his murder at Khartoum, the details of this tragedy have been so often told and re-told that there is no good reason to recapitulate them. It is sufficient to transcribe Mr Garvin's words on the subject:

'Gordon was sent out without Chamberlain's knowledge. It is certain that, had he been more in charge, something would have been attempted in time. But he does not play the part we might expect from a man of decision after the bombardment of Alexandria and in the later dispatch of the Warren expedition. . . . This (the Gordon) episode was the least satisfactory in Chamberlain's life as a Statesman and he never cared to dwell upon it afterwards.'

If one may hazard a conjecture, based only on such witness as is contained in Vol. I, it would be that, amid all the tragedies and foreign entanglements which beset England during the ill-fated Parliament of 1880-1885, Mr Chamberlain's heart and mind were really fixed upon Franchise Reform and social betterment at home. He laments 'three years and nothing done'; then sets to work in his department and in the country with renewed vigour to bring about a regenerated England. Over his Franchise schemes he collides heavily with the Lords and goes for them tooth and nail. 'They toil not, neither do

they spin'; 'Mend them or end them': these were phrases in the mouths of every Radical working man as soon as Chamberlain had uttered them. The Crown became nervous and expostulated; Mr Gladstone lamented his colleague's claim to 'an unlimited liberty of speech'; but Chamberlain persisted and threatened that, unless the Lords saw reason (his reason) on the question of Reform, the cry at the next election would be 'Peers versus People,' and 'Irish Equality' would not be far behind it. In the country he aroused tumultuous enthusiasm; in the Cabinet he stood almost alone. And all the time he and Dilke and John Morley are working on a Radical programme for the next appeal to the country, whether authorised or unauthorised was a matter of indifference to him. But, simultaneously, he was making himself tremendously felt as President at the Board of Trade. Laboriously he learned the work of all of its divisions until he knew that he could face cross-examination on any details concerning his office. Then he introduced much needed Bills into Parliament, the Bankruptcy Bill and the Patents Bill, and passed them with a minimum of friction; these were real achievements and there is little doubt but that, if public attention had not been seriously diverted to the burning question of the Franchise and to the tragedy in the Sudan, he would have carried his Merchants Shipping Bill and his Railway Regulations Bill as well. That he had to drop these bills at Mr Gladstone's bidding 'bit into his flesh.' He became more and more resolved to cast off Whig shackles at any cost. It was another of his turning points. The crusader was fighting his lone hand; 'he had no stout backing in the Cabinet—deserted in effect by the Cabinet and fighting almost alone.' But he had enormously enhanced the reputation of the Board of Trade as a live department of State and of himself as an administrator of the very first rank.

If I had to assign a particular date as the apex of Mr Chamberlain's ascendancy over the Cabinet and the Radical party during this Parliament, it would be at the beginning of 1884, when Mr Gladstone introduced his Franchise Bill. Two generations have filled the stage since then; but they cannot, I am sure, conceive the ferment and the turmoil through which our country

passed during the eighteen months which preceded the General Election of 1885. It is said that no such political excitement had raged through the United Kingdom since 1832. I can well believe it. Chamberlain was afire with his Caucus, carrying the war into every corner of the electorate; Randolph Churchill close at his heels, with his new pugnacious Tory democratic organisation; the old-fashioned Conservative and Whig associations rumbling along behind to keep the orthodox up to the mark; provocation rampant in the Press; vituperation clamant from every platform; rowdiness and violence inside and outside every meeting, culminating in the notorious Aston Riots. The Franchise Bill had been passed successfully through the Commons, but the Lords suspended it indefinitely in order to force Mr Gladstone to bring in a Redistribution Bill at the same time. In vain did the Prime Minister thunder against the Peers and threaten them with the direst of penalties; the Peers stood fast, the storm broke, and the people of England were tossed hither and thither in a maelstrom of turbulent excitement. Then, as so often has happened in the history of England, there came a sudden lull; the word 'compromise' was whispered; and, before the electorate had recovered its senses, a Redistribution Bill had been tacked to Reform by the House of Lords and Gladstone's Franchise Bill became the law of the land. In Chamberlain's words: 'A revolution more important and far more reaching than any previously accomplished in English history has been peacefully effected.' That great achievement was not a victory for either of the great parties in the State, though both of them claimed it. It was a victory for the abiding common sense that runs in the blood of the leaders of the people of England.

Chamberlain was satisfied; through his exertions he may fairly claim that 'two millions of men will now enter for the first time into the full enjoyment of their political rights—they will have a majority of votes and the control, if they desire it, of the Government of the country.' As their acknowledged leader, and with full sense of his responsibility, he is now to give direction to the aims and energies of this inexperienced multitude. He will provide the programme and an improved and enlarged Caucus will carry it out. The tumult over the Franchise Bill has

scarce died down when the Radical leader is once more in the saddle to lead his followers on the war-path. His violent speeches are censured by the Crown and resented by Mr Gladstone, who, both on his own account and on that of his Whig colleagues, expostulates with Chamberlain. The latter will withdraw nothing, but offers to retire from the Cabinet to ensure his greater independence and freedom of speech, a proceeding which the Prime Minister realises will damage his Government even more than the unauthorised programme. In this atmosphere of distraction opens the year 1885, an atmosphere of gloom at home that is only deepened by the news of Gordon's death and of the Russian advance upon Afghanistan. How the ship of State, with an aged captain and a down-hearted crew, kept afloat even during six months of this ever-rising storm of catastrophes is a problem that can never be solved ; unless it be by Mr Garvin's not wholly satisfactory conjecture that ' both the African and the Asiatic nightmares were dispelled by the Prime Minister's sorcery,' whereby he ' restored the almost ruined position of his Government and, in his seventy-sixth year, exalted his own.' Our biographer leaves me in doubt as to whether Mr Chamberlain finally acquiesced in the abandonment of the Sudan—we know that he, with half the Cabinet, wanted to resign on the question ; but he makes it perfectly plain that it was Chamberlain's original suggestion of arbitration which averted war with Russia.

The volume under review closes with another sombre picture in the history of Ireland and of the Liberal Party. We find Mr Chamberlain negotiating, through an intermediary, with Mr Parnell for an Irish National Councils Bill which the Radical leader believed would bring peace and contentment to that distressful country without the separation of Ireland from Great Britain, a policy which he had always denounced. But it was not to be. The story of suppressed letters, of the intervention of the Roman Catholic Church, of Lord Spencer's opposition and of Mr Gladstone's support, is most interestingly told by Mr Garvin ; the result being that by the decision of a divided Cabinet the proposal to bring in a Councils Bill for Ireland was dropped, the Cabinet was finally shattered, resignations poured in from every quarter, and Mr Gladstone, somewhat enigmatically, declared himself to be a

'free man.' That freedom was not exercised, as many had expected, to get rid of his harness and remit the heavy labours of the premiership to younger men. It was used to bring in a wholly unexpected Land Purchase Bill for Ireland, without any reference to the scheme of local government (which had been promised for the following session) or to the partial withdrawal of coercion. This immediately involved the resignations of Chamberlain and Dilke and a further estrangement between Liberals and Radicals in the Cabinet. The end was at hand. Three weeks later the Government was beaten on an amendment to the Budget, a defeat due partly to a temporary coalition of Conservatives and Irishmen and partly to the abstention of seventy-six Liberal members. Mr Gladstone resigned; Lord Salisbury formed a new administration; Mr Chamberlain's Irish policy was made clear to the people; Mr Gladstone's intentions for the future were studiously kept in the dark. In the centre of this picture I see Chamberlain. He is alone; an enemy on either hand. In the background, black mountains of (what he would call) hoary tradition, ancient monuments, vested interests. To one side of him a raging torrent of denunciation and suspicion, to the other a dangerous cataract of blind confidence. Behind him an indistinguishable army, with 'Caucus' blazoned on its standards. He stands alone; a gleaming sword in his right hand and in his left a roll of parchment inscribed 'British Zollverein.'

IAN MALCOLM.

## Art. 7.—POOR RELIEF IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

1. *Geschichte der Kirchlichen Armenpflege*. By G. Ratzinger. Freiburg, 1868.
  2. *Die Soziallehren der christlichen Kirchen und Gruppen*. By E. Troeltsch. Tübingen, 1919. (English translation: *The Social Teaching of the Christian Churches*. London and New York, 1931.)
  3. *A History of Vicarages in the Middle Ages*. By R. A. R. Hartridge. Cambridge: University Press, 1930.
- And other works.

UNDER stress of the present world-crisis, there is a natural tendency in all quarters, even the most unexpected, towards a Marxist or semi-Marxist conception of history; we are inclined to judge all ages and all societies by the standard of success in combating poverty and unemployment. Here, it seems, is a plain, if not complete, method of weighing opposing claims; and we find it adopted even by those who, at other times, would most passionately insist upon the supreme value of the imponderables and on the comparative worthlessness of all that concerns our material life, and, therefore, of all that lends itself to statistics. Newman and Froude were shocked, in 1832, by the poverty and misery they saw in Rome, Naples, and Sicily, and drew from it the most unfavourable deductions. But the Newman of 1850 was seriously concerned to lay this ghost in his lecture entitled 'The Social State of Catholic Countries no Prejudice to the Sanctity of the Church.' He there wrote:

'The Church regards this world, and all that is in it, as a mere shadow, as dust and ashes, compared with the value of one single soul. She holds that unless she can, in her own way, do good to souls, it is no use her doing anything; she holds that it were better for sun and moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail, and for all the many millions who are upon it to die of starvation in extremest agony, so far as temporal affliction goes, than that one soul, I will not say, should be lost, but should commit one single venial sin, should tell one wilful untruth, though it harmed no one, or steal one poor farthing without excuse. She considers the action of this world and the action of the soul simply incommensurate, viewed in their respective spheres; she would

rather save the soul of one single wild bandit of Calabria, or whining beggar of Palermo, than draw a hundred lines of railroad through the length and breadth of Italy, or carry out a sanitary reform, in its fullest details, in every city of Sicily, except so far as these great national works tended to some spiritual good beyond them.'

The whole of this lecture is most significant in its continual emphasis upon the overwhelming value of the (assumed) imponderables, as an escape from weighing the ponderables of poor relief. But, in this present generation of ours, the ponderables themselves are disputed, and it is most important that they should be discussed with full knowledge of the facts. We are sometimes told that, five hundred years ago, the less fortunate classes of Western Europe were, at their worst, better off than their descendants of to-day. Stress is laid upon the greater difference between our richest and our poorest nowadays. This contrast, is, of course, quite true; but it is irrelevant. To the beggar with no home but the Embankment, no prospect of breakfast, and no security that to-morrow will be less miserable than to-day, it makes no practical difference whether the richest man in the world possesses twenty thousand or twenty million pounds. In so far as our beggar is willing to turn the world topsy-turvy for the sake of his own advantage, he would as soon pillage the nearest shopkeeper as Mr Ford, although the shopkeeper's wealth stands to his own indigence only in the proportion of a mediæval squire's to a mediæval beggar's. He knows, again, that if Mr Ford's millions were suddenly divided among the whole population of the globe on Monday, he would himself scarcely feel any sensible difference on Tuesday. To emphasise the enormous inequality of modern fortunes is a mere sophism; after all, the beggar is not more inferior economically to the millionaire than he is intellectually inferior to the man who can play twenty-seven simultaneous chess matches blindfold. But from this irrelevant consideration the critics of modern society often pass on to historical assertions which, if true, would be strictly relevant, but which, so far as I know, have never been supported by adequate documentary evidence. They claim that in the Middle Ages the indigent were better off, not only in proportion to the modern millionaire,



but also in proportion to the modern poor. It is to this contention that I propose to address myself.

Carlyle complained bitterly, two generations ago, that historians told him least about what he most wanted to know: to wit, how men really lived and thought in the past. It cannot be said that this reproach has been removed even yet. Here is a subject far more important to the modern citizen than those military, or even those constitutional affairs with which so many studious minds and able pens are daily occupied. Not only Trafalgar and Waterloo, but even Magna Carta and the Reform Bill are less actual to us, at the present moment, than the question whether we are stupidly neglecting social methods which in past centuries deprived poverty of its sting, and which, if now revived, would spread justice among the fortunate minority, and contentment among the masses of the proletariat.

One admission must first be clearly made: the Reformation brought certain evils in its train; therefore, for perhaps a whole generation, the gain was doubtful. But this is common to all revolution; to some real extent it may be charged against Christianity itself. For the emperors permitted this new and victorious cult to destroy temples and priceless images, and to thrive by the spoil of pagan treasures. The Papacy grew rich enough to excite such cupidity and political passions that, as the contemporary Ammianus Marcellinus tells us, one hundred and thirty-seven corpses were counted in the Liberian basilica after the hotly-disputed contest between two rival candidates, Damasus and Ursinus, in A.D. 366\* St Augustine reckoned the unchristian lives of professing Christians among the main hindrances to the spread of Christianity. When all has been told, the first century of reformed Europe has nothing to fear from a comparison with any previous century for which we have full historical evidence. Nor, again, need we fear to compare any Protestant with any Catholic population, over the last four centuries, in the matter of proletariat prosperity.

\* 'Camb. Mod. Hist.', Vol. 1, p. 173: 'The historian grimly adds that the prize was one which candidates might naturally count worth any effort to obtain, seeing that an ample revenue, showered on the Roman bishop by the piety of Roman ladies, enabled him to dress like a gentleman, to ride in his own carriage, and to give dinner-parties not less well-appointed than the Cæsars.'

Britain, with all her faults, compares favourably with France, Spain, and Italy; Holland with Belgium; the Protestant cantons of Switzerland with the Catholic. Therefore we are fully justified in treating the first generation of Reformation unrest as a passing episode, unavoidable if Europe was ever to pass on to a period of wider hope from that period of mismanagement which no longer gave hope of reform except through revolution. The poor, during these past four centuries, have generally been far worse off than justice demanded; or than they are at present; or, *a fortiori*, than we hope to make them in the future. But let us try to see clearly what was their actual lot before the revolution, and what chance they had of escape except by violence.

From very early Christian times, when once something like the present parochial system had grown up, legislation was needed as to parish revenues. Therefore, Church claims and Church responsibilities were clearly defined — on paper. The Church took the tithe of all crops and produce and, often, even of personal wages; in addition to which, the priest had his own glebe for cultivation. This amply sufficient revenue was, in theory, divisible into four parts, assigned respectively to the bishop, the church fabric with its upkeep, the priest, and the poor. Later the bishop dropped out, and the theoretical partition was not fourfold but threefold. This ancient law is often quoted nowadays; but nobody, so far as I am aware, has been able to discover even a single case in which it is known to have been carried out in effect: apart, that is, from rare priests who are quoted to us by contemporaries as almost miraculous in their voluntary self-denial, such as St Gilbert of Sempringham. During at least five centuries before the Reformation, the clergy could not have given this third to the poor even if they had wished. For that system of 'appropriations' had grown up, by which more than 30 per cent. of the parishes in western Christendom were deprived of their main revenues, and in some countries, e.g. Scotland and Switzerland, more than 50 per cent. Popes and bishops had permitted ecclesiastical corporations, mostly monastic, to absorb two-thirds, on an average, of the income of these 'appropriated' parishes, which were thus reduced from *rectories* to *vicarages*. The vicar, living on the remaining

third or less, had often enough to do to keep himself in such decency as society expected from a priest : therefore, his almsgiving and hospitality, even where his will may have been most generous, were reduced to a minimum. Yet this gross infraction of the primitive theory went on not only steadily, but at an increasing rate. The great Innocent III, at the Lateran Council of 1215, complained that there were parishes in which the system actually robbed the parish of fifteen-sixteenths of its income ; \* but he started no such crusade against this abuse as he did against other things which to us might seem negligible in comparison. It would have needed as strong a pope as he to work any real reform ; and no popes, strong or weak, entered seriously into the fight. They did but unpack their heart with words, sometimes denouncing the system in language which, nowadays, might seem over-severe from a Protestant pen. Parliaments, again, complained with equal force ; bills were passed ; but no real improvement came ; the parishes were even more systematically robbed in Luther's day than they had been 500 years earlier. This was partly because the Church, even while insisting theoretically on the law of division, had never supplied any adequate sanction ; there had never been any definite penalty attached to its violation. The Canon Lawyer, Lyndwood, in his classical 'Provinciale,' admitted that the poor had no *locus standi* to sue at law for this money which the Church nominally assigned to them.† It is true that the English Parliament, seriously disturbed at the growing evil, did finally enjoin the bishops to earmark a certain proportion of these 'appropriated' parish funds for the poor ; but this injunction was useless so long as popes and bishops continued to find an interest in perpetuating the abuse. Even the most pious and fearless of reforming popes or bishops, men like Innocent III and Grosseteste of Lincoln, had never found it possible to fight for more than that the parish should actually enjoy, for the priest's stipend and the upkeep of fabric and services and the poor, that third part of the revenues which Church tradition had earmarked for the poor alone. It may be safely said that nine-tenths of the

\* Canon 50 ; cf. Innocent's 'Register,' lib. II, ep. 5 ; lib. X, epp. 45, 150 (Migne, P. L., vol. 214, col. 542 ; vol. 215, col. 1138, 1248).

† Ed. Oxon., Appendix, p. 134.

money theoretically earmarked for the poor was thus withheld from the 'appropriated' parishes, in the best-ordered dioceses. Dr Hartridge has found twelve cases in which the bishop has prescribed, in writing, the almsgiving of the appropriators. It averages 7s. 1d. per parish, or one-sixteenth of what the strict rule demanded.

Therefore, this charitable apportionment, even if it had ever been carried out in effect, had certainly become a mere pious fiction by the time that historical documents are plentiful enough to enable us to see the matter in detail. The one man who most definitely threw his authority into the scale in favour of the poor was no ecclesiastic, but Charlemagne, who decreed that every man was bound to keep his feudal dependents from starving. Under his weak descendants, this was forgotten, the more easily because Church law had suffered grave distortion, about the same time, by the compilation of the False Decretals (about A.D. 820). Their influence was not so great at first; but in the succeeding two centuries it became enormous. Dr Z. N. Brooke has shown how, for several generations after the Norman Conquest, these Forged Decretals were almost the only canon law known in England; Gregory VII was much influenced by them; and the first book of the 'Corpus Iuris Canonici' (Gratian's 'Decretum', about A.D. 1140), was largely based upon them. In the whole of Gratian's epoch-making work (Dr Ratzinger has noted) there is no single reference to the ancient tripartite theory, with its clear third earmarked for the poor: nay, 'all trace of a systematic ecclesiastical care for the poor has disappeared.'\* For (among other causes) the very term 'poor,' the root-idea of the whole question, has become officially distorted in these false Decretals. It is no longer used in its simple, ancient sense, which is also its modern sense; the *pauperes Christi* are now the poor who 'lead a community life'; in other words, monks, nuns, or hermits. Under this conception, it seemed naturally more meritorious to give to a monastery than to make sure that no man starved within one's own neighbourhood; and this quickened the impetus to the appropriation of parochial incomes.

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\* Ratzinger, p. 247; a passage which has the approval of Troeltsch (p. 327; Eng. translation, p. 424). But Ratzinger's '11th century' is changed by a slip into '12th.'

Thus an enormous proportion of the Church tithes went to the cloistered clergy, partly for their own sustentation and partly in trust for those whom we have in mind to-day when we speak of 'the poor.' The result was what might have been anticipated. Not only orthodox contemporaries complained, but monastic records themselves show, that most monks naturally looked upon their own splendid buildings, and upon a comfort greater than many of them would have enjoyed at the same cost in 'the world,' as the first charge upon monastic revenues. Their general charities have been enormously overestimated. Now that documents have become more accessible, it is noted that no more than 10 per cent. of their revenues, at the most liberal computation—perhaps only 5 per cent.—went to the poor. Certainly they were not always faithful stewards even of those charities which had been most definitely earmarked, and of which they themselves were only trustees. The monks of Finchale obtained allowance from what we should call income-tax by showing that they were bound by charter to distribute 26s. 8d. every Maundy Thursday; yet their existing account-rolls show that they were distributing only 10s. Those of Dover Priory, shortly before the Dissolution, seem to be distributing only 8s. out of nearly 14l. which they held in trust. The Trinitarians had been founded for the redemption of captives; they were richly endowed and had also licence to beg for this laudable object. By statute, one-third of their revenues was to be expended on these redemptions. Yet an official commission of reform, in 1637, found that the five richest French houses, with an aggregate income of 15,800 *livres*, were being taxed by the General Chapter at only 42 *livres* for this, their nominal *raison d'être*: in other words, they were embezzling more than 99 per cent. of what the statute bound them to distribute.\* Of course, this is an extreme case; but it shows the danger of assuming that any system of indirect poor relief worked even approximately according to schedule, especially in a society which had far less mechanical guarantees for regularity than we have at present. Certain contrasts of mediæval life may

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\* 'Dict. des Ordres Religieux' (Hélyot, as arranged by Abbé Migne in 1862), Vol. III, col. 716.

naturally increase fastidious dislike for this mechanical age; but a deeper study is calculated to reconcile us more nearly with modern civilisation. The greatest of mediæval mission-preachers, Berthold of Regensburg, remarked that nobody was so dishonest as peasants were in their dealings with each other. Great dishonesties may take place at the back of the most stringent business precautions, but never quite so many as when men are obliged to rely mainly on verbal promises or undertakings. The fact is, that mediæval records, in many different directions, supply the clearest testimonials in favour of modern business methods—provided, of course, that these are not divorced from ordinary morality. It is not that our remote forefathers were worse men, but that society was not then sufficiently stabilised to adopt, as a matter of course, those precautions which to us are so natural and inevitable that their absence immediately excites suspicion. This lack of method was specially dangerous in the matter of endowed charities, where, in the absence of exterior checks, so much must depend upon the administrator's character and mentality. Wherever we can trace the costs of administration of mediæval charity they are such as no modern auditor could pass without the most emphatic protest.

To begin with, there was no clear distinction in practice—it may possibly be argued that there is none in logic—between hospitality and charity. Certainly our forefathers were tempted to confuse the rich meal at which ordinary civility suggests that host and guests should alike eat and drink and thank God, with the subsequent distribution of the remnants among the beggars at the hall door. Thus we find the most orthodox churchmen of the Middle Ages complaining emphatically that hospitality to the rich did too often eat up charity to the poor. Peter of Blois, Archdeacon of Bath in Henry II's reign, expressed this with a force and brilliancy which have rendered the passage classical. He puts it into the mouth of a friend, abbot of the royal monastery of Reading, who confessed that this high eminence seemed to choke the spiritual life in him. He is compelled, as abbot, to live in princely fashion; and 'these detestable and enormous expenses come not from our own labour or patrimony, but from the alms of the faithful, from

oblations and tithes and tributes laid upon the needy, and from exactions and oppressions of the poor.'

'What shall I say of my hospitality, which rather deserves the name of *hostility*? for Christ is not the cause thereof, but rather vainglory and pretence. We welcome the rich in our Questen-hall with honour and reverence; in all opulence, we put delicacies before him which come from the patrimony of Christ crucified. Yea, Christ who was once stretched upon the cross is now crucified in filth at our gates, and tormented in the person of His poor. In their person, either wholly naked or half-clad, He languishes in hunger and shivers with cold; He beseeches that his anguish may be relieved with that which is given unto dogs in the hall; and there is no man who careth for the affliction of Joseph. . . . Meanwhile I, forgetful of mine own soul, sit like Belshazzar in the midst of my guests, abusing the vessels of God's house and the patrimony of the poor, to the contumely of Christ Himself.'

We must make allowance, of course, for Peter's rhetoric; for he was one of the great literary figures at Henry's court. But the substance of his letter was felt to be so true that it was repeated, much of it in his very words, by two later Religious who wrote with the fullest sense of responsibility. One was the Franciscan Gilbert of Tournai, in his little treatise written at the request of Gregory X as a contribution to the deliberations of the General Council of Lyons in 1274. The other was Dionysius Cartusianus, one of the most influential churchmen of the first half of the fifteenth century, in his '*De Vita Canonicorum*.'

But, quite apart from this confusion between true and false hospitality, we have a multitude of documents, or of chance indications all the more conclusive because they are quite undesignated, which reveal the break-down of mediæval charity in practice. Whole volumes might be compiled from such evidence; I will quote here only the two instances which have most recently come under my notice. They are strong examples, but there is nothing in either of them which could not be paralleled from elsewhere. My first instance is from the abbey of Aurillac, which was one of the oldest and most famous in France. Its income in Charlemagne's time was reckoned at 80,000 *livres*, and it finally possessed a hundred subordinate churches and priories, with revenues from



seventeen different dioceses. Like many monasteries in important towns, it supported a hospital; but in 1374 this was so far from meeting local needs that a cleric and two noble ladies joined to found a new hospital, which they proposed to endow with lands and houses to the value of about 500 francs of gold. The monks were so far from helping here, that they took advantage of their position as lords of the manor to charge extravagant sums for this conversion of copyhold property into freehold. The founders appealed, in spite of the expense of such a course, to the Pope, who granted, in favour of 'the poor and the widows and the miserable folk' of Aurillac, a bull compelling the abbey to permit this endowment without fee or charge whatever. Our next evidence is in 1512, when (as Bishop Bouange writes in his history of the abbey) the abbot 'had the generous idea of calling upon the multitude of the faithful to contribute by annual alms to the development and maintenance' of a hospital. This, however, was neither the hospital of 1374 nor that earlier foundation which we must suppose to have existed, but a new endowment due to the energy and charity of certain citizens, whose generosity in concrete gifts is more obviously laudable than the abbot's generosity in preaching altruism. Our final glimpse in Bishop Bouange's history is from the year 1555, when a commission of inquiry found that the abbot 'had given up the hospital of his monastery to make a tennis-court'! Mediæval records are thickly strewn with decayed or ruined hospitals.

My second instance is from Autun, fallen in the Middle Ages from its lofty rank among the Roman cities in Gaul, but still a cathedral city and provincial capital of great importance. There we can trace a rich endowment, off and on, from A.D. 667 to 1688. The saintly Bishop Léger was of noble race; he had four estates of his own patrimony, which he left by will to the poor. The Cathedral Chapter, as trustees, were to take the income and dispense it. Apparently they had wide liberty, but on one point their instructions were formal; they were to feed forty poor men every day. There were probably only some 5000 inhabitants then in the city, or 12,000 at most. Nothing is said of women; the recipients are called *fratres*. It is pretty plain that the

revenues must have been sufficient for a good deal more than this specified charity, but so much, at any rate, was definitely prescribed; forty poor daily, year-in, year-out. Our next glimpse is in 1277, when another bishop, Girard de Beauvoir, bequeathed the large sum of 1000 *livres* from which bread was to be distributed for three days in Easter week to 'all the poor of the city.' He quoted the example of St Léger, but by this time the Saint's charity had been seriously transformed. Instead of feeding forty 'brethren' daily, the Chapter were now restricting the alms to 17 days of the year (i.e. thrice a week during Lent). On the other hand, however, they imposed no restriction on the number of the applicants. Any one who came to this distribution might claim his pound of rye-bread. The endowment must have been amply sufficient to meet these liabilities. Bishop Girard's benefaction alone, if applied wholly to the poor, would have paid for some 50,000 lbs. of bread per annum. But the change worked badly; it resulted, as was natural, in an influx of beggars from every direction, especially as there seem to have been several hard years. Therefore the next bishop, Elias, came to the rescue. In 1306 he gave formal permission for the 'appropriation' of four neighbouring parish churches to this time-honoured charity.

Our next evidence comes from 1388, from which year a series of accounts survives recording the amount of rye expended each Lent. Until 1598 the record is almost complete; we have the figures for 93 years. On an average, 256 *sextiers* of rye were expended on this charity every Lent, making 51,290 pounds of bread. As the dole was of one pound, this makes an average of 3017 applicants for each of the 17 days. But there are very curious irregularities. Taking the average of the 62 years up to 1510, six years before Luther's appearance, we find that it comes to 2530 lbs. of bread for each of the 17 yearly doles; and this at a time when the whole normal population of Autun was probably well under 12,000 souls. In that particular year 1510, it is almost exactly average: 2456 lbs. But then comes a sudden and quite unprecedented increase; the next 11 recorded years, from 1512 to 1529, give an average of 5635 lbs., and for three of these years the average is about 7500. Then an equally sudden fall; in 1534 only 2371, and from thence to 1540 the

average is only 2394. This sudden fall, from which the charity never afterwards recovered, has probably a simple explanation. As the records become fuller, we have definite signs of two factors: disorder among the recipients and unwillingness of the Chapter to fulfil their obligations. It was complained that not only beggars came, but 'many rich and opulent folk,' for the dole. The Chapter appealed first to the Parlement and then to the King, committing themselves to the flat falsehood that this dole was not 'by any foundation, but by the pure will and charity of your humble suppliants.' They suggest that, if this fund were joined with the doles of the monasteries 'it might serve to nourish and sustain the truly poor of the city and its suburbs for the greater part of the year.' The city authorities were stirred, and warned well-to-do folk off from the dole, under penalty of a fine for the first and whipping for the second offence. In 1596, the Parlement condemned the Chapter to keep up its charity at least to 80 *sextiers* a year, a sad reduction from its original amount; the Chapter replied by a protest in which the figures are certainly exaggerated, and we must doubtless make some discount for the rest.

'When barren times come, then we often distribute to 15,000 or 16,000 persons, and as many little children as folk can carry in a *hotte* or in wallets; each receives his quarter-loaf [i.e. 1 lb.] of bread, and they commonly carry even three or four little children who receive five portions with the person who carries them. All folk are received without distinction, which is a cause of great abuses, seeing that children of good family, servants, chambermaids, and shop-boys compel us to give them these alms, which they sell forthwith without eating. Hence it cometh that a great multitude of poor folk collect in the suburbs of Autun, who cut down the bushes in the ground-plots to warm themselves, and bring such incommodities to our city that, besides the thefts which they commit by reason of their beggary, and besides the great ravage that they make in fields and houses, they bring divers maladies which ordinarily rage in the said suburbs.'

In 1614 the magistrates deputed officers to supervise the dole, partly against disorder and partly against speculation on the part of the Chapter. The well-to-do applicants were again threatened with whipping. But in 1622 the

City Council had to deal with complaints that this 'means test' resulted in injustice to some who were truly in want. Then came the plague, particularly severe in those parts.

In 1636 the outside beggars refused to leave Autun after the distribution: the same difficulty came again next year, and then again the plague. A mass-pilgrimage to that guardian saint against all pestilences, Sebastian, produced no effect, though 4800 citizens are said to have marched upon it. Plague again in 1652, no sane measures being taken, and the usual Lententide abuses continuing while Chapter and City bickered with each other. Meanwhile the demoralisation grew, and it moved thoughtful folk to indignation. In 1645, Lallemand, the civic Superintendent of Poor Relief, complained publicly of 'the great number of poor who burden this city, not only at the churches but at house-doors, most of whom are strangers and idle folk; girls who are driven by necessity to prostitution and bastards who fall to the charge of my office.' Therefore, in 1668, a new and energetic bishop struck boldly for radical reform; let the Chapter and the monasteries pool their contributions, and found a hospital which should be, in effect, a labour-colony, fighting against the steadily increasing plague of mendicancy. At the base of this proposition was the royal edict forbidding 'all persons, able-bodied or not, to beg in the city and suburbs of Autun, whether in the churches or the streets, publicly or secretly, or even in private houses, under pain of prison.' To this hospital the 'dole' funds were to be directed. But in 1677 the Chapter had ceased all contributions for three years; and it needed a lawsuit to compel them. The civic Superintendent of Poor Relief pointed out how it was public knowledge that even this reduced contribution at which the Chapter now kicked was not a third of what had been given in the past; and their own advocate had to warn them privately that they had no case. The new hospital failed to extinguish beggary: the civic authorities at last took matters into their own hands, and from 1712 onwards poor relief at Autun was mainly under lay management.

G. G. COULTON.

# Art. 8.—THE CONFLICT OF STYLES IN ROWING.

FOR more than twenty years oarsmen have been engaged in a controversy more complicated than that on body-line bowling which now disturbs the world of cricket; but like the latter it seems to have come to a head, and it may be that some measure of agreement, which is certainly desirable, is in sight. The problem at issue is whether the old or the new style of oarsmanship is the more effective for the rapid propulsion of light boats, and therefore preferable. Put broadly (for the benefit of the uninitiated) the question is whether a long stroke, with a full swing of the body, is better or less good than a short stroke depending almost entirely on a thrust with the legs. Attention has been focussed on the problem by a long article by Mr Harcourt Gold, published with editorial support in 'The Times' of Jan. 11 last. This was followed by a correspondence, spread over several weeks, to which most of those best qualified to write on the subject contributed. To summarise this correspondence provides the best approach to criticism of the problem.

Mr Gold, in his admirable and temperate article, postulated, as an essential difference between the two styles, that the old style aimed at applying the full power of the oarsman at the beginning of the stroke, whereas the new style concentrated on the middle of the stroke, when admittedly the blade, being opposite the rigger, has the greatest mechanical effect on propulsion. It will be seen that, as a difference between the respective aims, this postulate is strongly contested by later writers; but it is certainly true that new-style extremists (and it was clearly these that Mr Gold had in mind) fail, and must necessarily fail both from lack of swing and on account of runaway slides, to get their work on effectively behind the rigger, whatever may be their aim.

Mr Gold claims in favour of the old style that its 'stroke, rowed through with maximum power from start to finish, undoubtedly gives a greater impetus to the boat.' Incidentally, as confirming this, he points to the record time of 6 min. 51 secs. made for 'the Grand' at Henley in 1891 and never beaten since, and he adds: 'Is there any other form of athletics in which a record has remained so long unbroken?' On the other hand, he regards the

new style, with nothing to learn but a thrust with the legs, as much easier to acquire than the old, and considers that by means of it 'those who have not rowed at school can be turned into tolerable oarsmen in much less time, and a much higher percentage of crews can attain an average standard.' But his conclusion is: 'Experience and statistics show that the highest honours go to those who submit to the longer stroke and sterner discipline of the old style.' Another point in Mr Gold's article should be mentioned, because he emphasises it strongly, although in the correspondence that follows it has attracted little attention and less support. He considers that the new style makes for smoother running of the boat, because there is no big swing of bodies, with proportionate shifting of weight, fore and aft; and that in consequence it tends to lessen any rise and fall of the boat in the water (as I understand him) as well as any alternate dip of bow and stern. Most of us will watch with interest for evidence of this at the coming Henley Regatta. Finally I must not omit a point referred to several times, in the subsequent correspondence, namely, that in Mr Gold's opinion, it is difficult to turn new style into old, whereas the opposite process is easy (*facilis descensus avernî*).

On the following day the correspondence began. It opened with a short letter from Mr Fred Pitman, who wrote again at a later stage. Mr Pitman said that he was in general agreement with Mr Gold; that he thought second-class crews rowing in the new style were only faster thereby over the first half of the Henley course; that swivels were wrong for an eight; and that Mr Steve Fairbairn (as all concerned with rowing enthusiastically agree) had done wonders in creating keenness and the right spirit among rowing men, and that this had much to do with the successes of crews which he had coached. On this same day, Jan. 12, there appeared in small print a letter from Mr A. F. Webber, of the Imperial College Boat Club. I shall refer to it at some length both because I think it an excellent letter, the best from a purely new-style standpoint, and because in all the correspondence that follows it is noticeable that ancient oarsmen of distinction have had much the most say, and inevitably have used to the younger school the unanswerable and annoying argument: 'My dear boy, if you had only

seen what crews did in our day ! ' It is an added reason for giving supporters of the new style full opportunity for stating their case. Mr Webber flatly denies Mr Gold's contentions in several important respects. He says :

' Mr Harcourt Gold is of the opinion that the new style results in excessive concentration on the middle of the stroke, but I know of no reputable coach who does not insist, almost *ad nauseam*, upon the importance of the instantaneous application of power at the beginning, sustained through the stroke to the hardest possible finish. The doctrines of "rowing the blade in" and "rowing round the turn" at the finish are designed for this purpose, however ineffective Mr Gold may consider them to be in practice. Coaches working on the new style are also attempting to utilise as fully as possible the great muscles of the body (not its "weight," which is the attraction that the mass of the earth has for the mass of the body). Again, Mr Gold may consider their methods useless, but that is not to say that their aim and intention are only to make use of the leg muscles.'

Finally Mr Webber refers to a statement in Mr Gold's article that, in the new style, 'owing to the economy of effort there is not so great a strain on the oarsman.' He writes: 'Mr Gold credits the new style with an economy of effort, but seems to imply that this is devoted to enabling the oarsman to produce the same effect with less expenditure of energy.' Mr Webber denies this lack of effort, and concludes, with reference to his own experience of new-style rowing, 'no oarsman remains long under the delusion that anything less than his utmost effort stretched to the limit of his endurance will suffice for the honour of his club and the satisfaction of his coaches.'

To many rowing men this correspondence was now unfolding with the interest of a serial story. One wondered from day to day who next would enter the lists, and what point for attack or defence would be chosen. On the next day, Jan. 13, Mr A. S. Reeve, of the C.U.B.C., made a polite attack on Mr Gold's statement that it was difficult, if not impossible, to turn new style into old style. He pointed out that old style was at any rate effectively grafted upon new style in a series of Cambridge University crews which had recently won the Boat Race. These crews, all coached in the orthodox style, contained a



number of men who had learnt their rowing in the new style. On Jan. 14 there were letters from myself and Mr Felix Warre. My own contribution was to the effect that certain old-style crews had succeeded very markedly in effecting a smooth run of the boat, as much so as any new-style crews I had seen; that both sides in this dispute were prone to *invent* an Aunt Sally to knock down, i.e. old style or new style at its worst in either case, in an exaggerated form; that there were great differences in what was generally labelled new style, and that if the excellent London eight which won the Grand in 1930 were so labelled it lifted the style into something with nearly all the merits of orthodoxy; that the chief fault of all modern rowing, but especially of new-style rowing, was lack of good sliding. With reference to this last, I will quote one passage:

'Nearly all modern crews, but especially new-style crews, lose power at the beginning of the stroke because their legs defeat the resistance of their bodies. In consequence the men are on their back-stops half-way through the stroke, and having completed their stretcher-work they can only tear out the finish with their arms. The inevitable further consequence is that, lacking support for the recovery, they pull their slides up from their straps and never let the boat run. This was noticeable even in last year's exceptionally powerful Cambridge Olympic eight, as it rowed at Henley. There was no moment of ease; the boat did not run as it should.'

The letter concluded with an illustration of what I personally mean by old style.

'In the Boat Race of 1888, the year before I first rowed for Oxford, I looked from Barnes Bridge at the approaching Cambridge crew, a magnificent crew winning easily. As it came under the bridge my eyes were glued to the movements of the oarsman directly beneath me, familiarly known as "Muttie." I watched every movement of one perfect completed stroke, and I have never forgotten it. The way that stroke was rowed is what I mean by old style at its best, and I think it the right style now, as then.'

Mr Felix Warre's short letter, published on the same day, referred to the teaching of his father, Dr Warre, to whom the slide was a new device, but who skilfully fitted the theory of slide and swing combined into his 'Grammar of Rowing.' Two days later came a letter

from Mr G. O. Nickalls ('Gully,' not 'Guy,' lest a mistake of 'The Times' be repeated). The keynote of this very sensible letter is sounded in its opening paragraph.

'He [Mr Gold] deals only with what he terms the "old style" and the "new style." The difficulty lies in the fact that nowadays one sees so many more variations of both these styles than examples of either of them that it is very easy for younger generations of oarsmen to become confused in discussion. I cannot remember seeing any crew competing in the Grand Challenge Cup rowing in what Mr Gold appears to understand as the new style for over five years, and for all I know he might deny that any crew competing in this event since the War were representative of the old style.'

Mr Nickalls goes on, like correspondents already quoted, to dispute Mr Gold's statement as to the impossibility of turning new style into old style. He instances recent London and Thames first crews, which, though themselves approaching orthodoxy, have always included recruits from lower crews who frankly learnt their rowing in the new style. On the same day Archdeacon B. G. Hoskyns, one of the few survivors of the Cambridge crew which took part in the dead-heat Boat Race of 1877, added his word in fervent support of the old style.

On the following day, Jan. 16, came Mr Stanley Garton's important letter. Mr Garton pays a tribute to Mr Steve Fairbairn 'who is responsible for the new style and for the wonderful revival and popularity in rowing.' He urges that the new school should not be content with quantity, as represented by the great recent increase in the total number of rowing men, but should go ahead 'until they have proved that they have attained the highest quality.' He proceeds, by a reference to pre-war and post-war times both at Henley and at Putney (in conditions which have latterly improved) to argue forcibly that modern rowing is not up to the standard of from twenty to forty-five years ago. He then deals with rowing theory, and states definitely that in his opinion there is lack of the highest pace in modern rowing and chiefly because there is not that synchronisation of legs, bodies, shoulders and wrists at the finish of the stroke which gives the boat *run*. He is strongly opposed to the new style in so far as it represents 'a hoick opposite the rigger.' Finally,

he inveighs against the abandonment of fixed-seat rowing : ' At Oxford I regard the present system of teaching of rowing to freshmen on sliding seats as a grievous error. Every oarsman who aspires to the highest standard must qualify through the nursery of a fixed seat, despite the necessary discomfort.'

The next letter, on Jan. 18, was from Mr Steve Fairbairn, and occupied a whole column. It was the Achilles of the new style coming from his tent, but hardly in a savage mood. In fact the letter was pacific as well as reasonable in so far as it argued the case ; but the last half of it, characteristically, was little more than a list of prodigies performed by Jesus crews coached by Mr Fairbairn, and it read like a fairy-tale. He writes :

' It always seems to me wrong to talk of " styles " ; there can only be one style of rowing, and that is illustrating the principles of rowing, which must always be the same. It would be better to talk of different methods of coaching than of styles of rowing. What is called the new style is the method of learning to row by concentrating on working the oar to move the boat and allowing the body to work unconsciously. The old style was teaching the oarsman to hold his body in certain positions, many of which were stiff. The root of the trouble is talking and arguing about style and condemning anything that shows out as wrong in a crew rowing in the " other style." . . . The action of the subjective mind controls the movement of the body in all athletics, and it acts entirely unconsciously. I find my crews, allowing the body to move unconsciously, all come to a very similar body action. This action differed from the body movements taught in the old style in some particulars, but coincided entirely with the body form of two of the best oarsmen that ever rowed, " Muttie " and " Guy." '

Although I propose to reserve any critical remarks on this correspondence until later, I cannot refrain from saying at once that this last statement appears to me frankly comic. Both Mr Muttiebury and Mr Guy Nickalls had a long forward swing and a magnificent lift and swing-back with the body, timed exactly to the duration of an immensely powerful drive with the legs. New style, on the other hand (it is its most essential difference from old style), discards swing, and also any attempt at lift with the body at the beginning of the stroke.

On Jan. 20, Mr Fairbairn's opposite number, Dr G. C. Bourne,\* entered the lists—and, *mirabile dictu*, to bless rather than to ban the new style. Dr Bourne calls attention to the value of a correct finish to the stroke, and seems to think that both in this and in *beginning* there is more to be said for new style than Mr Gold and others allow. He strongly approves of the reference in my letter to the good rowing of the Cambridge crew of 1888, and devotes a paragraph to expounding that crew's merits. He disagrees with Mr Gold's contention that there is less tendency to rise-and-fall in boats propelled by the new style. With good rowing (as he has previously described it in connection with the 1888 crew), he declares that

'the boat does not lift up and down, but runs even smoother than the best of Mr Fairbairn's crews. It puts its head up and its stern down and travels so smoothly and true that the eye cannot detect any check in the run of the boat at any part of the stroke. Whenever I have had a crew that travelled like that I have known that I had a winner and have never been disappointed. But the occasions when I have got it have been all too few, and I have never got it in a crew that did not get such a good lift on to the first part with the body weight as to have at least five inches of slide left to drive out with the legs at the finish.'

Finally Dr Bourne expresses general agreement with Mr Garton, and especially 'on the iniquity of setting freshmen to row on long slides without any adequate preparation on a fixed seat.'

On Jan. 21, a second letter from Mr Fred Pitman was published. In this, Mr Pitman, as a set-off to Mr Fairbairn's display of Jesus fireworks, calls attention to the very remarkable successes in four-oared rowing of Third Trinity, the smallest boat-club at either University, its crews being 'leading exponents of the older methods.' Mr Pitman suggests that the majority of the crews at Henley 'require not so much to be told how to row, but what not to do.' Of necessary 'don'ts' he mentions only one: 'Don't forget that the arms, and consequently the handle of the oar, are attached to the shoulders, and

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\* Dr. Bourne's death, since this was written, is a loss to the service of oarsmanship almost as great to-day as it would have been at any time within the last 45 years.—R. P. P. R.

not to the lower part of the anatomy.' He, too, expresses strong agreement with Mr Garton's axiom that good rowing requires to be learnt at first on a fixed seat. Next, on Jan. 23, Mr Guy Nickalls entered the fray. He had intended, it appears, to be silent, but Mr Fairbairn's letter, including the inaccurate compliment to himself which it contained, had fired him into protest. He objected, on the grounds which I have already explained, to Mr Muttelbury and himself being represented as the models par excellence on which the new style was shaped, and with characteristic warmth contested other points in Mr Fairbairn's letter, even throwing doubt on some of the times claimed for Jesus crews. Mr Guy Nickalls was followed, in 'Points from letters,' by Mr Roy Meldrum on Jan. 24. This letter frankly advocated the application of sculling style to eight-oared rowing. On the following day Mr J. Maxwell Macdonald published some arithmetical calculations designed to explain away Mr Garton's contention that a lack of 'record' times in improved conditions implied a diminution of pace. On the same day Mr Stanley Bruce turned his mind from Australia and world politics to apply the knowledge of a first-rate Cambridge oar and coach (he was both of these) to the rowing problem. His letter appeared on the 27th. He describes how in 1905 (when he was an undergraduate) Cambridge rowing had fallen into a bad way owing to the sacrifice of leg-work to body form. He continues :

'About 1905, Mr Steve Fairbairn came to Cambridge and preached the doctrine of a quick grip of the water with full power applied at the moment of impact and the maximum use of the legs. This teaching restored one of the essential factors that had been lost from the old style of rowing and the result was the immediate triumph of Jesus and Jesus-coached crews. This success carried its penalty with it, because immediately this style began to be exaggerated. Everything was sacrificed to leg-drive, with the spectacle of slides being shot away before the power was applied.'

Mr Bruce believes that both sides in this twenty-year-old dispute are aiming at the same fundamental objectives, and that the whole trouble arises from the unsound teachings of many who claim to be advocates of one style or the other. He has wise things to say :

'The drive from the stretcher is the foundation of the stroke, and it is the stress that the new style lays upon this essential that has led to its advocates' great success in second-class company. On this foundation, however, other things have to be built. The combination of body and legs has to be brought about. If this combination can be achieved, most of the other movements, such as an easy and smooth recovery, will follow naturally. A stroke combining the legs and body in the application of the power as the blade takes the water will drive a boat forward at the maximum pace.'

Mr Bruce is not in agreement with Mr Gold's theory that it is impossible to graft old style on new style. He instances a Jesus crew which he himself coached for an international event in Belgium, which it won. This crew had previously been coached by Mr Fairbairn, who had taught them the essential of a strong leg-drive. Mr Bruce declares that he found it an easy task to teach these men the combination of legs and body in which at first they were lacking. In conclusion he urges that leading exponents of the old and new style should put their heads together and draw up a list of basic principles and general instructions to clarify the task of young coaches.

The correspondence was now almost at end. There was, in fact, only one more letter, published in full, to come. In 'Points from letters,' however, at about this time, the Rev. F. H. Lawson gave a glowing description of the behaviour of Mr Muttlebury's blade, and Mr T. N. O'Brien supported Mr Macdonald in his defence of the younger generation in relation to 'record' times. Then, on Feb. 4, the correspondence was perhaps fittingly closed by Mr Lowe, a most keen and capable captain of the London Rowing Club through a difficult period of its history, 1898 to 1904. Mr Lowe regards the exaggerated leg-drive of the new style as a revulsion from the old (but admittedly mistaken) orthodox theory of 'hold your slide.' He considers that up to a point good has been done by the teaching of this pure leg-drive, but that failure has come in the latter half of the stroke through lack of control of the slide. 'Under the new style the sliding is finished before the oar has done half of the work of propelling the boat.' Speaking of legs flattened before the end of the stroke,

'I have tried to cure men who had learned to row in the new style of this fault, but on no occasion can I claim to have

had the slightest success. The only result has been to spoil the hard beginning with the legs without obtaining the compensating improvement of the finish. I am, therefore, in agreement with Mr Gold that it is impossible to harmonise the two styles.'

Mr Lowe's chief panacea for what is wrong with rowing at the present time is a return to full instruction on a fixed seat. He tells how he forced recruits of the London Rowing Club to start their racing on fixed seats, and what advantage it subsequently brought them. He agrees with Mr Garton 'that it is little short of a disaster that the Torpids are now rowed on slides.'

I will not attempt to deal at any great length with this mass of correspondence, or to criticise it closely. Having once again read it all through, I am more than ever impressed with what has struck me from the first, viz. that the difference between what is best in old style and new style is neither fundamental nor even great; and yet, though a narrow gulf, it is one very difficult to bridge. Let us examine the main points made in the letters and see what agreement can be found as to the extent of the difference and how it can be met. On one or two points Mr Gold meets with much disagreement. He argues in favour of new style with regard to smooth running of the boat. This is a feature which few of us have noticed, I think, and the point he makes has met with some opposition and no support. We shall all, as I have said, look for proof of his theory at Henley; but, in so far as the main problem is concerned, the matter is of little importance. With a great deal more that Mr Gold says nearly everybody is in agreement; I will not waste time over it, but will deal only with what has proved essentially controversial. Mr Gold laid it down at the outset that new style aimed only at getting high pressures on the water opposite the rigger, and not earlier in the stroke. Clearly he was thinking of result rather than aim, and also, I take it, of the worst—or should I call it the most extreme?—type of new-style rowing. Mr Webber and others make it clear that the new school, as a whole, *aim* not less earnestly at 'beginning' than the old school. That they often fail to achieve it is another matter, and it is a failing shared by many of those with the best orthodox intentions. Another point emphasised by Mr



Gold, which again is warmly contested, is of the very first importance. Mr Gold thinks it almost impossible to convert new style into old, i.e. to turn a man who has learnt in the new style into a good oar for a good orthodox crew. This contention is strongly denied by Mr G. O. Nickalls, Mr Stanley Bruce and others, though supported by Mr Lowe. Personally, I hope that Mr Gold is wrong, and that he will be proved so increasingly. In other words, I submit that the best thing, of things practicable, which can happen to rowing is that new style should gradually pick the plums out of old style, and by learning better use of the body, should gradually develop not into a stiff orthodoxy, but into what I am by no means alone in thinking was old style at its best.

There has been a considerable consensus of opinion in these letters as to what is at present to be condemned in new-style rowing. It may be said that it is a little bit of many things, but it springs undoubtedly from a kind of contempt for body work. There seems to be an idea in the new-style camp that to make any use of the body is to make less use of the legs. This is exactly opposite to the truth, because it is only use of the body which creates leg-work at all. Thus it is perfectly possible to shoot your slide from front stop to back stop and leave your blade floating in the water, while the rest of the crew drive the boat past it. On the other hand, there is the danger of using bodies so excessively as to reduce leg-work. It is all, as in golf and many other games, a matter of timing to get the maximum of effect. There is no doubt that new style will fail to get the most out of a stroke until it learns to combine the forcible swing back of the body with the thrust of the legs. As it is, in average new-style rowing, the body (where it is used with any strong effect at all) is late on the legs, begins too late on them ever to catch up with them. The result is noticeable at both ends of the stroke. The beginning is imperfectly caught, and the finish, with the slide previously on the back stop, leaving no support from the stretcher, is short and torn out ineffectively with the arms. To show how the stroke should be rowed let the reader refer especially to the letters of Mr Garton, Dr Bourne, and Mr Bruce.

I am of opinion that the quickest cure for the above faults is to pay more attention to good sliding. If a

man rows right he moves his slide right—subconsciously, as Mr Fairbairn would say. But if rowing wrong, and his slide races back and leaves him on a fixed seat half-way through the stroke, his reasoning mind can influence his impetuosity (without diminishing his vigour) if what is happening, and how to correct it, is pointed out to him. When that sliding is right, and it can only be made so by the true combination of legs and body, he will find himself finishing strongly by means of support from the stretcher with the added help of forearms and wrists. Then, and then only, is he in a position to get an easy recovery, to get over his slide on the swing forward, and, in consequence, to give the boat *stride*, to let her *run*. It is *stride* which is so noticeably wanting in many strong and willing modern crews. The above may seem to imply that it is a simple thing to make new and old style meet, or to bring them so near together in essentials that differences in detail will be of small consequence. I am afraid the matter is not so simple, chiefly because of the contempt of the new stylists, to which I have referred, for anything suggestive of body-work, and particularly for the use of weight. To widen the breach, old stylists regard as highly dangerous certain catch-words of coaching employed by the new school. ‘Hit her with a running slide, boys’ may produce some effect on the water when such advice is applied to beginners, but it is advice perilously easy of accomplishment with no other result than a definite waste of some inches of length. Even ‘Don’t *drop* but *row* the blade into the water’ can be easily translated into ‘Row the first part of the stroke in the air.’ Nevertheless, some agreed consolidation of principles, as advocated by Mr Bruce, should not be impossible. As one eager for agreement, in the interests of British rowing and of the science of rowing itself, I am encouraged most by the letter written by Mr G. O. Nickalls. If the London and Thames first eights can row as creditably as they have done recently, with an infusion of men taught purely in the new style, there is much hope of a steady improvement in the standard of oarsmanship.

I hope Mr Gold will forgive me if I quote, in conclusion, from a private letter he recently wrote me. I agree with every word he says ; and it is germane to this discussion.

He wrote :

' You realised, of course, that my article was as much an incentive to the modern school of rowing lads as anything else—those of both styles and in fact of every style. I had no space to draw distinctions between clubs which are a mixture of both styles ; I had to treat just the two schools of thought. You refer me to the London crew of 1930. Excellent. In an address at the L.R.C. I told them I could pick very little to find fault with and I admired their rowing very much. But then they had a wonderful stroke who had his own ideas, Terence O'Brien, and a crew nearly all old-style recruits from the 'Varsities to follow him—a good combination. Put that crew on fixed tholes and let Ducker [the late D. S. McLean] have a month at them !—what better ? I mention that crew at length not only because of your reference to them but as an outstanding example of a crew who thought they were rowing the new style but who in reality were striving for the correct sliding, the controlled swing forward, the long clean finish and quick entry of the old style. In exactly the same way Leander at Henley were on just the opposite lines. They were an old-style-coached crew of men who had learned their rowing in the new style, and fulfilled my contention that such men never *master* the old style. That crew at Henley were trying to revert as fast as they could—tearing with their arms, meeting their oars, and running after their hands *and* catching them ! I admired them at Goring in March, when they were holding it out and being steady on their recovery. I admired them all through for their vigour and willingness to go whenever called upon. Still, they were reverting.'

One more word. A number of the letters contain strongly expressed opinions in favour of the use for a long period of fixed seats for early instruction, and several of the writers regard the abandonment of fixed seats in races as fatal to good rowing. I should like to point out that the means of getting men coached on fixed seats is rapidly diminishing to vanishing point, because each year fewer are left of the very few (at least of the younger generation) who *know* how to row on a fixed seat.

R. P. P. ROWE.

## Art. 9.- THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.

1. *The Anglican Revival*. By Yngve Brilioth, Ph.D. Longmans, 1925.
2. *The Tractarian Movement, 1833-1845*. By the Rt. Rev. E. A. Knox, D.D. Putnams, 1933.
3. *The Anglo-Catholic Revival*. By W. J. Sparrow-Simpson, D.D. Allen & Unwin, 1932.

THE Oxford Movement was born in a period of English history which witnessed to a remarkable degree the stirrings of new energies in the national life, and the renaissance of old ones. Among the former is to be reckoned the ferment of liberal ideas which made Byron's countrymen proud to have a hand in Navarino and the emancipation of Greece, carried Wilberforce's patient and courageous campaign for the abolition of slavery to its triumphant conclusion, removed the civil disabilities of Roman Catholics and Nonconformists, and gave rise, under the leadership of the National Society, to a rapid growth in the facilities provided for elementary education. Among the latter are to be placed reforms in the principal institutions both of Church and State. Prisons and hospitals alike were feeling the beneficent influence of the labours of Elizabeth Fry; Arnold was already impressing upon Rugby principles which were to transform the Public Schools of the country; the whole tangled system of the criminal law had lately been reformed by Sir Robert Peel; and through the Reform Bill of 1832 Parliament gave constitutional expression to the demands of political democracy. Nor was the ecclesiastical system exempt from the reforming movement. The administrative and financial sides of the Church's life are not those which are most calculated to strike the imagination of the public: but there can be no doubt that Dr Mathieson was right when he insisted in his book, 'English Church Reform, 1815-1840,' on the importance of the work of Bishop Blomfield in this field; and the establishment of the Ecclesiastical Commission in 1836 has proved fruitful of benefits far greater than can have been envisaged at the time to the religious life of the nation.

It was in this environment that the Oxford Movement took its rise; and it wore the appearance of being at one

and the same time a reaction and a revival. Nor was this only a question of the standpoint from which it was regarded. It was in reality both, the double aspect being impressed upon it not only by the circumstances of the time, but also by the very nature of the Church.

The reactionary side of the Oxford Movement is attested by the fact that its early leaders regarded 'liberalism' as the chief danger to the Church of their day, and the chief enemy against which they were called to fight. Further analysis of the position is, however, necessary. Pusey was himself a liberal in politics; he supported Roman Catholic Emancipation; and there is no reason to suppose that he was out of sympathy with the other reforming movements which were going on around him. Even in ecclesiastical matters his pamphlet\* on Cathedral Institutions showed that he was as alive as Lord Henley or Lord John Russell to the need of radical changes. Yet, when measures were introduced into Parliament for the removal of some of the abuses in this sphere, Pusey opposed them with the same vigour as he had shown earlier in resisting the suppression of the ten Irish bishoprics. In both cases he was doing far more than oppose the particular method by which it was proposed to remedy acknowledged abuses. Rather he was concerned, first and foremost, to challenge the fundamental assumption on which reform was proceeding, viz. that the State was entitled to legislate *directly* in matters spiritual. The assumption was not perhaps surprising in view of the condition of the Church: even if Arnold's despairing judgment of it was an exaggeration, it had become too worldly in spirit, too complacent in its privileges, too similar in appearance to a department of state, for statesmen to have to pause before applying to it the same kind of remedial measures as had been so successful in the cases of slavery, prisons, and the criminal law. Had this assumption, however, been allowed to go by default, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the Church of England would have quickly become, as Lutheranism became in Germany, a mere establishment and nothing more. It was the great service of the Tractarians to English religion that they challenged the

\* This pamphlet was highly praised in the 'Quarterly Review' of February 1837.

assumption at the outset, and vindicated the true nature of the Church as the spiritual society, embodying a kingdom not of this world and founded by Christ Himself.

In that sense, this reaction against the liberalism of the day was the only effective way of asserting religious liberty. The point has been expressed in classical language by Lord Acton in his essay on 'The Protestant Theory of Persecution'; and what he wrote in 1862 of 'the modern theory' describes equally well the practical assumption underlying Parliament's attempt to reform the Church a generation earlier:

'It recognises liberty only in the individual, because it is only in the individual that liberty can be separated from authority, and the right of conditional obedience deprived of the security of a limited command. Under its sway, therefore, every man may profess his own religion more or less freely; but his religion is not free to administer its own laws. In other words, religious profession is free, but Church government is controlled. And where ecclesiastical authority is restricted, religious liberty is virtually denied.

'For religious liberty is not the negative right of being without any particular religion, just as self-government is not anarchy. It is the right of religious communities to the practice of their own duties, the enjoyment of their own constitution, and the protection of the law, which equally secures to all the possession of their own independence.'

The application of these principles to an established Church presents problems which admit of more than one solution; and the solution contained in the Enabling Act of 1920, which at present governs the relation of Church and State in matters of legislation, has already been found to need some amendment. The one intolerable situation is that the principles should be ignored, and the problems not known to exist. If the Tractarians had not forced them to the forefront, it is improbable that others would have done so: Evangelicalism was more occupied with individuals than with the Church, and for the rest the habit of Erastianism was too deeply ingrained for the protest to have come from the episcopate. Furthermore, statesmen on their side might fairly claim, after the generous donations voted by Parliament to the Church—a million of money in 1818, and half a million in 1824—that, as the State had paid the piper, it was

entitled to call the tune. Nothing but a revived belief in the Church, and a fresh vision of its nature, could have done what was needed.

And the times were in many ways propitious to the revival of such a belief. Sir Walter Scott and the Romantic school in England, Chateaubriand in France,\* had disclosed a wealth of nobility, charm, and spiritual power in ages of the Church's history which had been either forgotten or misunderstood; and men began to obtain, through the mists of conventionality in which religious affairs were wrapped, glimpses of the Church as the *civitas Dei*, wrought of different materials and serving distinct aims from those of the world around it. The Evangelical movement, moreover, both within and without the Church, had demonstrated by the fervour of their personal conviction the reality of God as a living God. But more important than either of these factors was the continuance of the Catholic tradition itself in the Church of England ever since the Reformation. Andrewes, Ken, Bishop Butler are symbols of a tradition of faith and thought which had never died; and, though the Non-jurors' schism had seriously impaired its vigour in the eighteenth century, men like Joshua Watson, Henry Handley Norris, and the two Irishmen, Alexander Knox and John Jebb, showed in what varied quarters a genuine and instructed Churchmanship still thrived. One remarkable testimony to its vitality is contained in a conversation which Dr T. Sikes, a Northamptonshire parson, had with a friend of Pusey's, and is thus reported in Pusey's *Life* †:

'I seem to think I can tell you something which you who are young may probably live to see, but which I, who shall soon be called away off the stage, shall not. Wherever I go all about the country I see amongst the clergy a number of very amiable and estimable men, many of them much in earnest, and wishing to do good. But I have observed one universal want in their teaching: the uniform suppression of one great truth. There is no account given anywhere, so far as I see, of the one Holy Catholic Church. . . . Now this great truth is an article of the Creed; and if so, to teach the

\* The connection between the Liberal Catholic movement in France and the Oxford Movement is well brought out in chapter iii of Bishop Knox's book mentioned at the head of this article.

† 'Life of E. B. Pusey, D.D., i, 257f.



rest of the Creed to its exclusion must be to destroy "the analogy or proportion of the faith." . . . This cannot be done without the most serious consequences. The doctrine is of the last importance, and the principles it involves of immense power; and some day, not far distant, it will judicially have its reprisals. And whereas the other articles of the Creed seem now to have thrown it into the shade, it will seem, when it is brought forward, to swallow up the rest. We now hear not a breath about the Church; by and bye those who live to see it will hear of nothing else; and, just in proportion perhaps to its present suppression, will be its future development. Our confusion nowadays is chiefly owing to the want of it; and there will be yet more confusion attending its revival.' . . .

'Your old men shall dream dreams,' said the prophet Joel, 'your young men shall see visions.' Dr Sikes was within a year of his death when he spoke those words; and it was the year in which Keble preached his famous Assize Sermon before the University of Oxford.

It is significant that the revival took its rise in a University, and in a University which still required of all its members subscription to the Thirty-Nine Articles; for the fact served to define the issue, and to make it of immediate concern to many whom a religious movement might otherwise have left cold. In vindicating the catholicity of the Church of England, the Tractarians took their stand on common ground, namely the Church's own formularies; and they claimed that these formularies, when interpreted historically and in their literal and grammatical sense, bore witness to a faith, ministry, and worship of far richer content and more religious significance than was usually realised. As things were, the vital force of these principles lay smothered beneath the dust of generations; they were regarded as a product of the Reformation, to be read in none but a Protestant sense, whatever that might mean; and to disturb the dust was a kind of sacrilege. From these insularities of the established order the leaders of the Oxford Movement appealed to that Catholic Church of Scripture and antiquity in which these principles were first formulated; and they insisted that this Church of England, reformed as it was, and all the more because it was reformed, had a continuous life and identity with the Church of the

Fathers, of the Martyrs, and of the Apostles. Above all, its life and calling were divine. It rested on the divine initiative, manifested first to Israel, and then in Christ to all nations: however the accidents of history might have changed its appearance, it was that same 'Israel of God,' 'Body of Christ,' elect and holy people, of which the New Testament spoke; not merely a national institution, but the very concretion, in flesh and blood, of the redeeming activities of Christ and of His Spirit. This proclamation of the doctrine of the Church carried with it important corollaries; some of which the members of the University of Oxford were not slow to observe. One was a new conception of authority in religion, which was unquestionably different from that which the Heads of Houses had been accustomed to; and the condemnation of Pusey's sermon on the Eucharist in 1843 was the *riposte* of an *ancien régime* to ideas which seemed to menace it. And a second was now looming large. If so much was made of the unity and catholicity of the Church, how did the Church of England stand with regard to Rome? The Roman controversy could not indeed be shirked; and the 'Branch' theory was a convenient *ad hoc* doctrine devised to account on the one hand for the fundamental unity of faith and sacramental life which Roman, Orthodox, and Anglican alike enjoyed, and on the other for the divergences which kept them so stubbornly apart. We shall have to return later to this problem. But in 1845 the theory failed to suffice any longer for the restless logic of Newman's mind. He lost faith in it primarily because the branch in which his lot was cast seemed to him to lack those marks of vitality which a living branch should show. He had trusted in the bishops, and they had condemned his teaching: Pusey trusted in the Church of England, and his longer patience was in the end to be vindicated.

For already the seed sown at Oxford was germinating throughout the whole Church. The year of Newman's secession was the year of the consecration of St Saviour's, Leeds; and the undergraduates who had seen the first stirrings of the new ideas in the University were now at work, at the bar, or in Parliament, or in their parochial cures. The principle of the Church of England's catholicity was to be tested now on larger fields and in relation to

very various circumstances; and it was found to be pregnant with spiritual possibilities, energies, and problems which had not been obvious at the beginning. It has sometimes been urged that these developments fall outside the Oxford Movement proper; and the fact that Dean Church's 'History of the Oxford Movement' closed with the events of 1845 lends some colour to the view. The question, after all, is one of terminology; but this year's centenary celebrations seem to summon us decidedly to interpret the phrase in the wider sense, and to include in our survey the principal consequences which have derived, for good or ill, from the initial labours of the founders. The task is not easy, when so much is at stake which engages the zealous devotion or the determined opposition of so many. One is tempted to attribute to the influence of the movement ideals and motives which, though they might not have come to flower without it, yet owe as much to Wesley or to Maurice or to Westcott as to the Tractarians; and conversely one may fail to estimate at its just value the contribution they did make to results which all now take for granted. Pusey and Keble would have regretted the first error more than the second; for they were devoid of self-seeking, and cared only that the truth as they saw it should be embraced by the Church as a whole.

1. The theological influence of the Oxford Movement has been both direct and indirect. Its immediate effect, as has often been observed, was to shift the centre of gravity from the Atonement to the Incarnation. This was not only because the then prevalent doctrines of the Atonement were often crude and unsatisfying; it was also essential, if the revival of belief in the Church's divine nature and vocation was to rest on secure foundations. Chief of these foundations was the 'one faith' to which the Apostles and the Fathers bore witness; and at the centre of this faith lay the confession of the divinity of Christ. The Incarnation was, and is, the foundation-stone of the whole dogmatic structure of the Christian Church, the centre in which all other parts of its faith find their coherence and co-ordination, and the guarantee of its supernatural life. That was the reason for the vigilant opposition which Pusey and his friends maintained to the advancement in the University

of men who, like Hampden, were suspected of 'Socinian' opinions. But it was reserved for later generations to give the dogma the full positive exposition which it demanded. Two series of Bampton Lectures stand out pre-eminent in this regard. The first was Liddon's, in which the evidence of the Gospels was held to confront the student with the dilemma, *Aut Deus aut homo non bonus*; the second was Gore's, which, though among his earliest published works, still remains a classic on the subject. Not less striking was the composite work, '*Lux Mundi*,' in which Gore gathered round him a number of brilliant contemporaries at Oxford to collaborate in a volume of '*Studies in the Religion of the Incarnation*.'

Mention of '*Lux Mundi*' provides an easy transition to the consideration of those less direct ways in which the Catholic movement has affected Anglican theology. The 'liberalism' against which Tractarianism had been a reaction was the result of a current of rationalistic thought which had flowed strongly in eighteenth-century Europe, giving rise to the Enlightenment in Germany and the work of the Encyclopædists in France. Its assumptions were ill adapted to the interpretation of Christian doctrine: but in the sphere of literary and historical criticism Wolff's work on Homer and Niebuhr's on the origins of Roman history showed that it was possessed of scientific methods of proved and far-reaching validity. The application of these methods to the documents which contained the records of the Christian revelation could not for long be delayed; and the 'Higher Criticism' of the Bible became in the nineteenth century one of the principal preoccupations of German and English theologians. That its course was so different in the two countries was largely due to the revived belief in the Catholic Church inspired by the Oxford Movement. In Germany there was no strong, corporate Church life or feeling to act as a make-weight to the revolutionary ideas on Christian origins which poured forth from the theological schools at Tübingen or Berlin; and, while interest in the New Testament was quickened by the brilliant writing of a Strauss or a Baur, the practice of religion was distracted by it. In England, on the other hand, the grounds of faith lay too deep to be seriously shaken by biblical criticism. The day was past when it

could be asserted that 'the Bible and the Bible only' was 'the religion of Protestants.' What enabled religion in England to survive the fire of biblical criticism, and to maintain the faith and worship of the Church, was the realisation that there was not only the Book to rely on, but at the back of it the Church which had given men the Book and handed it down through all the ages. The authority of Scripture, that is to say, and the authority of reason, both necessary and legitimate in their place, were balanced and brought into equilibrium by the authority of the Church; and the new methods which seemed so menacing to the old facts of the Gospel were confronted by the new facts of Christian faith and hope and charity which the Church, old and yet ever young, was bringing constantly to birth. The result was that time was gained for the sifting of new theories. The Catholic movement produced no individual work of apologetic comparable in its devastating power to Lightfoot's 'Essays on Supernatural Religion.' What it did achieve was the creation of a temper of mind among Church-people which was sufficiently detached from particular problems of criticism to wait in confidence for their solution, and sufficiently alive intellectually to desire to learn what scholarship had to teach. 'Lux Mundi' was important not only as an exposition of Christian doctrine: it also marked the acceptance by the Catholic school of the methods of the Higher Criticism as valid in their proper sphere, and the incorporation of its results, so far as these were assured, in the Church's system of truth. A generation later 'Essays Catholic and Critical' attempted the same task in relation to the fresh set of problems which had by then come to the fore.

Another indirect result of the reassertion of the Church's catholicity is to be seen in the movement towards Reunion. There is a curious irony in the fact that a movement which began by underlining the differences that distinguished the Church of England from Protestantism on the one hand and from Romanism on the other should in course of time have come to play a great part in fostering the desire for Reunion. A similar irony lies in the fact, pointed out by Professor G. M. Trevelyan in his 'History of England,'\* that the Restoration settlement,

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\* Book iv, ch. iv, p. 450.

for all its seeming exclusiveness, did in fact make for religious liberty. In both cases the results were the logical outcome of the beginnings. In religion the key of the door that leads both to liberty and to charity lies in the hands of those who know their own minds; and there can be neither unity nor freedom except on the basis of principles. Though the Tractarians were concerned with the reformation of the Church of England, the doctrine of the Church which they proclaimed was of universal significance. The English Church was a part or 'branch' of a Body which traced back its history to the Apostles, and was neither national nor racial in scope, but œcumenical. To those who had such a faith the divisions of the Church could not fail to be scandalous and painful. Progress towards healing these has been slow; but that within a century intercommunion has been established, under one set of conditions or another, with the Eastern Orthodox Church, the Old Catholics, and the Church of Sweden, affords remarkable testimony to the way in which the tide has set. The contacts established within the East by men like William Palmer, the late W. J. Birkbeck, and Mr Athelstan Riley, have borne abundant fruit; and if the work of the late Canon Lacey and of Lord Halifax and his colleagues in the Malines Conversations has been brought to a standstill, it is not because there has been any failure of vision on the Anglican side. The truth is that the tide, which for three centuries from the Reformation set steadily towards disruption, is now setting steadily towards unity; and towards such a unity as the Liberal Catholicism which has issued from the Oxford movement seems to presage. Intercommunion between Anglicans and members of non-episcopal bodies still presents great difficulties, and it may be that we shall not see our way to overcome them until South India has shown us how. But the astonishing fact, to those who look back a century, is that there should be so universal an agreement that the Eucharist is to be the seal and centre of unity at all. Foreign scholars such as Dr Deissmann and Dr Heiler in Germany and Dr Brilioth in Sweden have observed in Anglo-Catholicism precisely that fusion of Evangelical, Liberal and Catholic principles which belongs of right to the Body of Christ, and can only find its full expression at the Table of the Lord.

2. A further important fruit of the Oxford Movement was to be seen in the new ideals of the ministry which came to animate both clergy and laity alike. There has been much unfair detraction of the clergy of the eighteenth century in Anglo-Catholic literature: the private papers of many families would serve to show that the Vicar of Wakefield and Parson Adams in Fielding's 'Joseph Andrews' had their like in many a vicarage throughout the country; and the lives of Bishop Gibson and Bishop Porteous would do honour to the episcopate in any age. Yet by the time we reach the period of the Reform Bill there seems no doubt that the tradition of active pastoral and spiritual work had become tenuous: the laity did not expect much of the clergy, nor the clergy expect much of themselves. What the Oxford Movement did was to recover for the Church the idea that the priesthood was a vocation which entailed the consecration of the whole of life. No doubt the change has involved loss as well as gain: if higher ideals of the ministry have followed from the revival of belief in the Church, there is to be set on the other side a certain loss of contact with ordinary folk and their interests which is the usual price of specialisation of function. Yet on balance few would deny that the gain outweighs the loss. People welcome a clergyman who enjoys cricket or fishing or is widely read. But they know that a priest's primary task is to be 'a man of God,' and that this depends not on his accomplishments but on his inner life. And it was that inner life of prayer and study and motive to which the leaders of the movement addressed themselves. Theological colleges were founded for the purpose of giving men adequate preparation for the ministry; and provision was made by means of retreats for keeping the spiritual life still fresh in after years.

Parallel with this deepening of the sense of the ministerial calling as a whole went another development concerned with the special vocation commonly called the 'Religious Life.' The households at Little Gidding in the seventeenth century and at Kingscliffe in the eighteenth can scarcely be regarded as precursors of the institutions which were inaugurated or presided over by Pusey, Neale, R. M. Benson, Carter, Gore, and others: the threefold vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience



set them at once in the central stream of Christian monasticism. Yet, with one or two exceptions, they are definitely Anglican. Their rules show, for the most part, marked originality and adaptability to the conditions of the English Church; and their growth has been singularly free from those perversions of moral theology which have so often beset asceticism in the past. To-day there is no field of the Church's work where the influence of the religious communities, both of men and of women, is not felt. In the training of men for the ministry, in missionary work overseas, in the education of children, in the care of the poor, in theological study, in evangelistic and devotional work, in the secret tasks of intercession, they are supplying needs which otherwise would go unsatisfied. And at the same time they are providing a living proof of the claim of the Church of England to possess the fullness of Catholic faith and life.

3. Of all the changes brought about in English religion during the last century, that which most strikes the eye has to do with the care, equipment, and use of our parish churches. We may regret many of the architectural or artistic fashions which left their mark on church restorations in the last century; we may wonder whether the surpliced choir has been universally a boon to church music; and it may fairly be urged that ornament has often been overdone and sometimes borne a foreign rather than an English stamp. But few would deny that the principle underlying the change is true, namely that beauty has a place in the worship of God. The principle was not novel: it was already implied in the glorious heritage of cathedrals and parish churches which, to this country above any other, were the legacy of the Middle Ages. Yet, as a principle, it had been forgotten; and it could only be recovered when its true *rationale* in the spirit and meaning of worship was recovered. Of all the fruits of the Oxford Movement this was the most popular, appealing as it did to large numbers of people who were unaware, or only half aware, of the reason for it. But we shall fail to understand the change, unless we realise that the chief credit belongs to those who did know the reason for it, and were not afraid to publish it abroad.

The crux of the matter lies in the place given to the

sacraments in men's idea of worship. The interior arrangement of the great majority of parish churches to-day is obviously Catholic rather than Protestant; and it is obviously Catholic because it is obviously sacramental. The font by the door, which, even if of little æsthetic value, is clearly intended to have dignity, is a reminder that men are made members of the Church by a divine regenerative act; while, at the eastern end of the building, sanctuary and altar betoken a worship which is in some sense or other sacrificial, and full of the presence of God. Pulpit and lectern, which represent the ministry of the Word, do not lose their significance in this environment; rather they derive an added meaning by being brought into due harmony and proportion with the ministry of the sacraments. The doctrine of the sacraments inevitably brought with it new reverence and love for the places of their administration; and in particular the belief in the Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist has been vindicated in the experience of thousands who have no interest in the theological controversies which it has aroused.

But the recovery of the spirit of worship, and of the ceremonial and ornaments in which it expresses itself, was not lightly achieved. There is no need to-day to tell again the story of the trials which the pioneers of the movement had to endure\*: the disastrous policy of the Public Worship Regulation Act is not likely to be pursued again. In the end, moreover, the movement won its main points: the Bennett judgment declared the teaching of the Real Presence to be not illegal in the Church of England, and on a number of ceremonial issues the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, by endorsing the Lincoln judgment, showed that it was sensitive to new currents of thought and feeling in the Church, even when inconsistent with its own previous verdicts. The difficulty to-day, indeed, is not that the law is harshly applied, but that it is in many ways out of date and its sanctions ineffective. And discipline is never unneeded in matters ecclesiastical. Too much is sometimes made of the contrast between the simplicity of the services with which the Tractarians were content, and the more

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\* The story is well told by Dr Sparrow-Simpson in 'The Anglo-Catholic Revival.'

elaborate ceremonial favoured by the movement in the second generation ; the truth is that the latter development followed naturally from the teaching of the Tracts, and was largely a direct result of closer attention to the rubrics of the Book of Common Prayer. It cannot be denied, however, that individualism in the conduct of worship, which has been a growing mischief in recent times among clergy of all schools of thought, is inconsistent with Catholic principles ; and there is a widespread demand for such reforms in the law of the Church and its administration as would bring the evil to an end.

It will be observed that in this review of the Oxford Movement we have largely been concerned with matters which belong to the inner life of the Church, and are sometimes therefore regarded as of interest chiefly to the learned and the devout. To those, however, who see in the Church's inner life the secret of its influence in the world, this limitation, imposed as it is by the facts, is not disturbing. No charge of narrowness, indeed, can lie against a spiritual movement which brought forth the rich prose of Newman and of Church, the poetry of Keble, the stories of Shorthouse and of Charlotte Yonge—monuments not only of Victorian literary achievement, but also of that spirit too rarely found among the writers of to-day, which makes goodness attractive in its own right. Nor can we forget the prophetic fire with which men like Gore and Scott Holland and Stewart Headlam aroused the conscience of the Church to various forms of social injustice, and insisted that here too the spirit of Christianity had a transforming work to do. These are the fruits by which in the last resort the Catholic movement must be judged. Holiness in individual life and righteousness in social life are no narrow or sectional ends, but the life-blood of Christian civilisation. To-day, when the very existence of spiritual culture and freedom is threatened, no part of Christendom is likely to be able to stand against the forces of secularism and nationalism except upon the basis of principles of faith, ministry, and worship which have the authority of the Church as a whole. And for the assertion of those principles in our own country we have to thank above all the movement which issued from Oxford a century ago.

E. G. SELWYN.

# Art. 10.—THOMAS CREEVEY RECONSIDERED.

WHEN 'The Creevey Papers,' selected from the mass of documents in the possession of the Ord family and edited by Sir Herbert Maxwell, were published in November 1903, a name was recalled from the forgotten past which had been often on the lips of men who were making history seventy years before, and Thomas Creevey came back to a world which knew less than nothing of his years of notoriety. To-day many picturesque sidelights on historic events, supplied exclusively by him, are accepted and freely quoted, often without acknowledgment or knowledge of their source; his estimates of his great contemporaries go to mould our opinions; and, as much as any contemporary writer, he has contributed to the accredited picture of social and political life in that period of transition which preceded the Victorian Age. His writings are accepted—for all that they claim to be: Creevey himself remains out in the cold, a mystery man left rather contemptuously to kick his heels in the shadow of the porch. Yet it is fair to say that, had his papers been published a decade earlier than they were, not only would he have figured in full dress in the body of the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' but his writings would have been freely drawn on by the biographers of almost all the great figures in politics and society between 1800 and 1837 included in that stupendous work.

Sir Herbert Maxwell refused to peep behind the curtain, or to attempt a reconstruction of Creevey's life and nature from slight materials, and his restraint has set a fashion, consistently maintained, to leave Creevey and his origins wrapped in mystery. That, I suppose, is why you will seek him in vain in the supplements to D.N.B., though he surely merits as many inches of space as Henry Greville; and that, perhaps, is why Lytton Strachey paused a moment in his graceful progress to Parnassus, to kick him contemptuously from the classic road. His short sketch of Creevey, in his 'Books and Characters,' is admittedly nothing more than a fine writer's hour of recreation. It is not intended to be taken too seriously, and no one with a sense of humour and a love of style would pay it so poor a compliment. Yet the weight of a name is behind it. Lytton Strachey will long be honoured as the founder

of a new school of biography, and his little *jeu d'esprit*, which does much less than justice to Creevey, is by many accepted as a fair estimate of the man.

It is my aim to show, if I can, that the twentieth century—which has had the opportunity to re-value Creevey—has not yet delivered an impartial judgment; that he deserves his place in our National Biography and that one great biographer of the Victorian Age has—carelessly or deliberately—tied a very one-sided label round his neck. I have gone to the trouble of tabulating the known facts of Creevey's career, and consider that they afford quite as much information and are based on quite as reliable authority as is required for a notice in D.N.B. I have also rescued one or two trifling facts unknown hitherto to the general public. As many people are aware, there exists an unexplored or very lightly trawled sea of Creevey manuscripts, which still awaits a closer-meshed netting, and I believe that a day will come when fresh evidence will be forthcoming concerning him, evidence which will possibly enable us to fill in the blanks in his not unromantic career. Meanwhile, it is instructive to weigh again the fish in the basket.

Creevey was of Scotch-Irish ancestry. His immediate forbears emigrated from Ireland; and at his birth, his father, William Creevey, was established as a merchant in Liverpool. There he was born in March 1768, and there one or more members of his family continued to live to the end of his life. On the evidence of a doctor of considerable repute, James Currie, M.D., his grandfather was an officer in the Army and came of a good Lowland stock. Creevey received primary education at a grammar school in Hackney—'Old School Lane,' he calls it himself—and passed on to Queens' College, Cambridge, in 1786, whence, at the age of twenty-one, he graduated B.A. in 1789, being ranked as 7th wrangler in his finals. He took his M.A. degree in 1792. In November 1789 he was admitted a Student of the Inner Temple, and of Gray's Inn in November 1791. On June 27, 1794, at the age of twenty-six, he was called to the Bar. Eight years pass before he emerges clearly into the light of day. During this period, it is at least reasonable to infer from published letters that he worked in London at his profession, kept touch with his relations in Liverpool, who included an

unmarried sister still living there in 1828, and shared with them a circle of friends among whom were General Sir John Moore and his brother (Admiral Sir) Graham Moore, and Scarlett (Lord Abinger). We know that his aunt and uncle, the Eatons, then living in Liverpool, watched his career with sympathetic interest, and that his sister was constantly spurring him to greater ambition.

There is, moreover, in Sir Herbert's first volume useful evidence to be gleaned from the correspondence which passed between Creevey and Dr Currie, who is deemed worthy of several columns in D.N.B., and was not only a specialist whose theories were widely noticed, but a much-travelled and intelligent man besides; it reveals not only mutual respect, but deep interest and a shrewd judgment in politics and literature on both sides. It is clear from the letters which Sir Herbert deemed worthy of publishing that Creevey was already in 1795 taking an assured place in that brilliant legal circle which included Romilly and Scarlett, and gaining political experience on the hustings; he was deep in Voltaire in 1798, and was discussing France and philosophy with Erskine, Parr, and Mackintosh in 1801.

In 1802, when he was thirty-four, he married Mrs Ord, the daughter of Charles Brandling of Gosforth, M.P. for Newcastle-on-Tyne, and widow of William Ord, of Fenhams, Newminster Abbey and Whitfield. She had six children and a life interest in a comfortable fortune. Creevey (whose parents were presumably now dead) is believed never to have possessed private means producing more than 200*l.* a year. I have succeeded in tracing the source of his private income, but not the precise amount nor the date when he acquired it. At the same time it is worth recording (apropos of Greville's determination to stress Creevey's destitution) that from the time of his first entering Parliament down to his death at the age of seventy, he was only for twelve years reduced to the bed-rock of '200*l.* a year'; while during the remaining twenty-four years his income was never less than 800*l.* a year; and at one time, with the emoluments of office at the Board of Control, he and his wife must have enjoyed an income of not less than 3000*l.* a year. In the same year, 1802, he was returned to Parliament as member for Thetford, a pocket borough in the gift of the Duke of

Norfolk, a seat which he held for fifteen years. From this moment the doors of Whig Society stood open to him. Within a few months we read of him supping with Fox and his particular cronies, and receiving invitations from the Princes to intimate supper parties.

Creevey's wonder year, 1802, is a mystery to all who have sought to account for him. They cannot understand that nomination by the Duke of Norfolk. Yet his own explanation of his entry into Society (which occurs in a fragment of autobiography which he wrote down at Cantley in July 1822) is a sufficient explanation of his entry into politics. He says :

'I became a member of the House of Commons in 1802, and the moment a man became such then, if he attached himself to one of the great parties in the House—Whigs or Tories—he became at once a publick man and had a position in Society which nothing else could give him. I advert particularly to such persons as myself, who came from the ranks, without either opulence or connections to procure them admission into the company of their betters.'

This reads to me very much like a statement of fact by a man of sense and a man, to boot, without pretensions or snobbery. Politics were a very serious business then—the business of life for the upper class—and there is little evidence in sound contemporary memoirs that in that select society men or women of brains gave a thought to a man's pedigree. They had a use for his wits and his wit, and had no need of more wealth or quarterings to bolster up their own acknowledged grandeur.

There, is, indeed no need to bastardise Creevey to an Earl to secure him the necessary qualifications. He was good enough for the charming Mrs Ord, whose family was of considerable political importance ; good enough for the rising stars of the Bar and good enough for Sir John Moore. The advanced Whigs needed new lances ; therefore, they could not neglect recruiting. Creevey had already, when the nineteenth century dawned, made a name for himself. He was respectably born and bred, had done well at Cambridge, he had charm, good looks, intense vitality, a rapier-like wit and a fund of humour ; he had struck shrewd blows on the hustings, and he had Romilly (already a marked man), Scarlett, Mackintosh, Erskine, and Parr to speak for him. He was engaged to



a woman of means and political influence, a charming woman whom Mrs Fitzherbert (whose taste and discernment were unexceptionable) instantly approved and took for her friend, a woman who from the first was perfectly at home in the royal circle at Brighton, which was by no means so disreputable as is vulgarly inferred from certain famous and oft-quoted lapses, and was quite often brilliant.

In such times, at such a juncture, it was only a matter of months before a seat would be found for him. Those who had the seats to bestow, bestowed them on the advice of their party leaders, giving preference to relations and friends, no doubt, over strangers, *ceteris paribus*. The other party acted in precisely the same way. Young Abbot (afterwards Speaker and Lord Colchester) was jobbed in by the Duke of Leeds. There is not the smallest reason for suggesting that luck or magic, chicanery or buffoonery, flattery or favour, set this unknown 'attorney or barrister' (as Greville describes him) where he now stood. He stood where he did in the normal course; later in life than he could have wished, but as early as could be expected by a man without inherited advantages.

Indeed, the years immediately preceding and following his entry into Parliament prove his value. Fox, in 1803, considered him worth cultivating, Grey spoke confidences in his presence, Sheridan constantly pressed for his company, Henry Petty whispered high secrets in his ear, the Princes bade him to intimate suppers, and before he had been three years in Parliament he was the Regent's chosen ambassador to enlist the high-minded Romilly for the party, and Romilly at least saw nothing amiss in the Regent's choice. And finally, when, in 1806, during the fourth year of Creevey's Parliamentary career, the 'Ministry of All the Talents' was formed, he was appointed a Government Whip and was rewarded for his services as a fearless enemy of jobbery and political abuses with the Secretaryship of the Board of Control. If it was not that he had proved himself useful and efficient, why in the world should his leaders, immersed in the most serious party warfare ever waged, find a place for Creevey? Why should they throw away on a toady or an agreeable rattle a job which required tact, strength and energy, and a post

which otherwise bestowed might have gained the support of a powerful family or a cluster of safe seats? Creevey was promoted, and the years which followed, up to 1813, were materially his heyday.

During the General Election of 1812, he stood for Liverpool and, being defeated, came in again for Thetford. And then followed a set-back in his career upon which 'The Creevey Papers' do not enlarge. In 1813 he was convicted at Lancaster Assizes of a libel (arising out of the late election). He had published a speech which he had made in the House, roundly abusing Mr Kirkpatrick of Liverpool. In April, his friend Michael Angelo Taylor gave notice in Parliament of a motion to complain of the conviction as a breach of privilege, a motion which Lord Colchester, in his *Memoirs*, described as nonsense. It may be that this humiliation helped in 1814 to decide the Creeveys to leave England for Brussels. It was a happy decision for posterity, for Creevey's war journalism is inimitable, and he has added one or two shrewd strokes to our accepted portrait of the Duke of Wellington and wisely inserted his name in the corner of the canvas. He did not return to live in England for nearly six years, despite the constant entreaties of his friends and (for the first three years) the claims of his constituents. The Creeveys followed fashion, for Brussels in 1814 was very much the hub of Europe, if not yet recognised as the storm centre of the struggle which would inevitably break out again sooner or later; and though Mrs Creevey's health had begun to decline, the family party entered heartily into the gaieties of the city. The eldest Miss Ord was following to Brussels the object of her affections, Colonel Hamilton, one of the A.D.C.'s, whom she married in 1815. I shall refer later to Creevey's relations with the Duke of Wellington and not at all to his famous account of the events in Brussels immediately preceding and following the Battle of Waterloo.

In the election of 1817 he began to have qualms of conscience concerning his long-deserted constituents, and in reply to the entreaties of one of his friends gave a half-promise to return home. But the now dangerous state of his wife's health prevented him; and next year, the seat which he had gained with Mrs Ord, he lost with the death

of Mrs Creevey (in the spring of 1818). Thetford was otherwise bestowed. For the moment, then, Creevey appeared to have lost all—money, position, a home. He moved to Cambrai with the Misses Ord, and forthwith the evidence of his papers shows that all was by no means lost. The Creeveys were a devoted couple, and one may feel surprise at Creevey's unimpaired zest for dinners and parties in the first months of his bereavement, but his diary makes it clear that that same summer he was as deeply involved in the social life and as deep in the confidence of the Allied Commanders as ever. He was in Brussels again in 1819 and came back at last to England at the end of the year, just before the death of George III, after a continuous absence of six years. The unmarried stepdaughters now made a home for themselves at Rivenhall in Essex.

Creevey was fifty-two years old ; he had left England in 1814, an ex-Minister, an M.P., a man of family and substance. He returned a private individual, without means, without a seat in Parliament, lacking a lodging to call his own or the wherewithal to support a servant, with nothing (to the material mind) save the clothes on his back. Altogether (by Greville's standards) an 'extraordinary person,' in that, while so materially destitute, he proved so spiritually affluent. Age and misfortune had altogether failed to crush his spirit. There now began that flood of political and social gossip addressed to Bessy Ord which has given so much pleasure to posterity. His zest was unimpaired, his independence as strong as ever. The world sought him out, not in pity for his plight, but in need of the varied gifts he could offer. A few weeks after his return home, he was again in Parliament. The King's death necessitated a dissolution, and Creevey was returned for Appleby by favour of Lord Thanet.

Even the Tories were fain to admit his worth. 'I see no material change,' wrote Wilbraham to Lord Colchester, 'in your old Dominions, the House of Commons, which is constituted of much the same materials as the last, with the addition of Creevey, who has become a great orator in his old age.' He sat for Appleby until 1827, a free-lance in every sense of the term. When in London he wrote most of his letters from Brooks', but for

a great part of each year he was a welcome guest at a score of Whig houses. During this period the tragedy of Queen Caroline dragged itself out and Creevey had his place in the front row of the stalls. When he lost his seat for Appleby, he went to live with his friends, the Taylors, in Whitehall. In 1828, the indefatigable man, a private once more, paid the first visit of his life to his native Ireland. His visit to Bessborough has always interested me, because I was privileged in youth to hear first-hand information of it from my grandmother, a daughter of the house, who more than once referred to the wit and charm and kindness of 'dear Mr Creevey,' while he, in his correspondence from 'Bessborough (Paradise !),' has left on record his admiration for the Duncannons' domestic life and their care and forethought for the tenantry.

When Lord Grey came in, in November 1830, the post of Treasurer of Ordnance, at 1200*l.* a year, was offered him. The enemy of jobbery accepted his reward with composure and moved into comfortable lodgings in Bury Street, where Mr and Mrs Durham and their niece Sally gave him every attention. He was sixty-two. And now for a year or two, the gossip letters were dated from the Tower of London, where the Treasurer delighted in his work. In May 1831, he was once more in Parliament. Lord Radnor's pocket borough of Downton returned two members; Creevey and Brougham's brother, James, were nominated and duly returned by his Lordship's free and independent electors, who were not favoured with a visit by either candidate. But all good things must come to an end. Creevey was out again in 1833, for the Reformed Parliament was shorn of its worst abuses; and in the following year the Treasurership of Ordnance was abolished.

A deeper serenity seems to fall over the last years, when his wonderful health was giving out under attacks of influenza and the still more dangerous cure of the day—cupping. He was obviously happy in his lodgings; he read a great deal and would have read more but for the expense of library subscriptions. Indeed, from his earliest years one is impressed by his love of good literature. It was his habit to saunter every day in the summer into St James's Park and to take his accustomed chair by the

waterside where he could admire the fine buildings of Whitehall. And hither (directed by Mrs Durham) came one day in 1834 a messenger from Lord Melbourne with the offer of one more pleasant little post—the Treasurership of Greenwich with a salary of 600*l.* a year and the reversion of a pleasant house. Once more Creevey was provided for. He was getting very deaf, but still found Society irresistible and dined out perpetually, apparently as sparkling a guest as ever. When nothing better offered, it was his habit to dine at Crockford's for an agreed charge of 8*s.* 6*d.*, for to dine at Brooks' was even now beyond his means. And so he lived into the Victorian Age and registered his warm approval of the young Queen.

The domestic details of his last years are more than usually obscure. It appears certain that he died at his lodgings in London during the first week of February 1838. On the authority of Charles Greville, Creevey died suddenly, and, none of his relations being at hand, Lord Sefton got in touch with the family solicitor, Vizard, and had all his papers sealed up. Creevey had left as his executrix and residuary legatee 'a woman who had lived with him for four years as his mistress'; the cash value of the estate was not more than 400*l.*, but the papers potentially 'exceedingly valuable, for he kept a copious diary for thirty-six years.' According to Greville, the papers held in their lamentable orthography the reputations of Brougham and one or two more of the old gang. Greville hints that Brougham himself came close on the heels of Sefton and that these two and the lawyer between them negotiated with the unknown executrix to buy the diaries of her. Vizard took possession of them *pro tem.*, and Sir Herbert Maxwell's conclusion is that, if the diary existed as a continuous whole, Brougham succeeded in getting away, or making away, with such part of it as was 'damaging.' Hear Greville, echoing the sentiments of the age of privilege, on this point:

'The most extraordinary part of the affair is that the woman has behaved with the utmost delicacy and propriety, has shown no mercenary disposition, but expressed her desire to be guided by the wishes . . . of Creevey's friends. . . . Here is a strange situation in which to find a rectitude of conduct, a moral sentiment, a grateful and disinterested liberality which would do honour to the highest birth. . . .'

What reliance can be placed on this record of Greville's? I have been at some pains to test it and have in part succeeded. Two or three statements always aroused in me a suspicion which I could wish were justified. Who was this woman? And what grounds were there for insisting that she was Creevey's mistress? There is not much to suggest in all the length and breadth of the published papers that Creevey was given to tread that irregular way. Was it in the probabilities that at the age of sixty-six, when his health was failing, he suddenly took a mistress?—or a new mistress? To the end of 1834 we know that he was happy under the care of 'Mother' Durham, and there is no evidence that he gave up his rooms in Bury Street (although he lived with the Seftons for long periods) in 1835. Certainly, therefore, Creevey was not keeping house with (as opposed to 'living with') the woman for *four* years before his death.

There was nothing disreputable in the Durham *ménage*, for people like Lady Sefton and her daughter would call for him there, and Mrs Durham was obviously accepted by Creevey's circle as a good soul and respectable body who knew how to make him comfortable. Certain it was, however, that Creevey moved from Bury Street before his death, for he dates his letters occasionally, during and after 1836, from Jermyn Street, and there presumably he died. No doubt it was also true that he left his effects and the few hundreds at his disposal to the woman under whose roof he was living. Whether she was his mistress or his landlady, and what her name was, has not hitherto been generally known. I have, however, traced his will, and think the relevant parts of the document of sufficient interest to set out here:

'I Thomas Creevey of Greenwich Hospital in the County of Kent being one of the Commissioners thereof do hereby declare this to be my last will & testament I . . . bequeath unto my friend William Vizard Esq Solicitor of Lincoln's Inn Fields . . . all that my undivided moiety of a freehold messuage . . . situated at Edgehill . . . in the County of Lancaster and all my undivided moiety in certain leasehold houses stables and other hereditaments situated in Bury Street & Lydia Ann Street in the Town of Liverpool all of which . . . were devised & bequeathed to me . . . by John Eaton Esquire formerly of the said Edgehill before mentioned

... upon trust to ... sell all the said premises ... and as to all sums of money to arise from such sale ... the said William Vizard ... shall ... pay out of the same the sum of two hundred pounds to William Wallace Currie Esquire now due to him upon my bond & in the next place pay out of the same funds the further sums of four hundred pounds and four hundred pounds to the Earl of Sefton & to General Sir Ronald Crawford Ferguson respectively being now due & owing by me upon my bond etc and if there should be any surplus remaining after the payment of these my just debts then I ... bequeath the same together with all & every part of the furniture in my present appartments in Greenwich Hospital aforesaid & all and every other personal PROPERTY of which I may die possessed unto Mrs Emma Murray now residing at number seventeen Jermyn Street St James' London her heirs etc for ever. In witness etc this 5th day of August 1835. . . .'

This document in the main confirms Greville's testimony and throws a very little new light on other matters which concern Creevey. We must accept as substantially correct: that he died at 17 Jermyn Street, that he had shared the house for at any rate two years, on and off, with a woman whose name we now know to have been Emma Murray, and that their relations presumably had been as stated by Greville; that he left her as residuary legatee of his estate, and that Vizard, the lawyer, was named trustee for the purposes set out in the will. It throws light also on the source of Creevey's small income and 'establishes' the Eatons, his aunt and uncle, who doubtless left him and his sister jointly their house property in and near Liverpool. It establishes also the family friendship with the Curries, William Wallace being the Doctor's son and biographer. And, on the whole, it confirms one's good opinion of Creevey. That he should have died in debt to the tune of a trifling 1000*l.*, if one consider the loose finance of his age and the great wealth and devotion of many of his friends, is a sign of strength (restraint and independence) rather than weakness. On the other hand, the will makes no specific mention of papers, though any documents in the Treasurer's rooms at Greenwich or in Jermyn Street would fall into residue, since there was no specific bequest to Bessy Ord.

The question remains: what papers, considered by



Creevey to be valuable, remained in his rooms to fall into the residuary bequest? That he should have left to Emma Murray any papers which he himself thought valuable is hard to believe, since we know that he retained his faculties, and the affection of Bessy Ord, to the very end. Years before he had made Miss Ord aware that he regarded *her* as his literary executor and, as is well known, she had frequent recourse to his papers, having re-copied a mass of them; and a large part of that great bulk of manuscripts which Sir Herbert went through were presumably already in her keeping. It is, therefore, strange if Creevey (who had one eye on posterity) left any valuable papers outside the control of the one educated person whom he had trained up to deal with them. On the other hand, his death was bound to give rise to gossip concerning scandalous papers, for all his life he had been accredited with the power for evil of a Recording Angel. Myself I suspect Miss Ord had the papers which mattered.

And now for Mr Strachey's merciless *coup de pied*. There is no doubt at all that it is polished, witty, and pleasant to read. But is it fair? Is it an accurate judgment of the man, reached after a reasonably careful investigation of available data? I cannot think that it is. Lytton Strachey has as many malicious labels for poor Creevey as that coiner of nicknames had for his Whig friends and Tory foes. He calls him 'little wretch,' 'a leaf in an eddy of wind,' 'an apish, impish creature tittering and pulling long noses.' It is clear that he disapproved of all the clan of Pepys', Walpoles, and Grevilles; and that was ungrateful of him, since without their help he himself had proved a far less popular writer. But ingratitude by a historian is one thing; misrepresentation quite another. And Mr Strachey disregards many facts in his presentation of Creevey.

First of all, there is that important point made in the introduction to 'The Creevey Papers.' It is a point very generally disregarded. Sir Herbert Maxwell was restricted to two volumes. He could, therefore, merely skim the cream of the liveliest passages, and his selection represents but one-fiftieth of the whole mass of documents put at his disposal. Creevey, he says, made elaborate records of political events, but because their importance

in the eyes of posterity had faded, he, as editor, rejected such records. Creevey's reputation, therefore, is built up on a small portion of his extant writings, and that portion was chosen for its frivolity. Judged by the published volumes, it is excusable to say that Creevey was largely a gossip. But there is enough material, even in the book, to compel a reservation with the judgment.

Says Lytton Strachey: 'We know nothing of his youth save that he was educated at Cambridge, and he presents himself to us as a middle-aged man with a character and a habit of mind already fixed and an established position in the world.' As to this, I have tried to show that, without fantastic inference or embroidery, we can get a very fair idea of Creevey's youth and development from available documents, and I believe we could derive more from documents still unpublished. 'For the greater part of his life, his income was less than 200*l.* a year.' He lived to be seventy, and between 1803 and 1838, the thirty-five years of his public life, he enjoyed a respectable and occasionally a very easy competence for all but twelve of them. 'It was only natural that, spending his whole political life as an advanced Whig, bent on the destruction of abuses, he should have begun as a member of a pocket borough and ended as the holder of a sinecure.' This is quite true, if you leave out the obvious irony. How else could Creevey have entered Parliament? And why call his last office at Greenwich a sinecure, having regard to the fact that it had been spared by a very searching axe wielded only a year or two before? A sinecure, no doubt, in our eyes; but our ancestors positively were not such dolts and criminals as the Strachey school would have us believe. Abuses are not cleared away in a day; in every age there are glaringly urgent reforms, and it is still the habit of politicians and others to enjoy the sweets of office and their own rights as established by the legal system under which they live, even though they deplore and would abolish it.

That Creevey was no respecter of persons, Mr Strachey admits fairly. He was mercilessly, sometimes maliciously, critical alike of Tories and Whigs. 'Lord Grey was an exception; but then Lord Grey presented Mr Creevey with the Treasurership of the Ordnance, and, in fact, was altogether a most worthy man.' It is beautifully ironic,

of course. But what are the facts? Charles Grey was four years senior to Creevey at Cambridge and they were acquainted before the nineteenth century began. Grey was an old and affectionate friend of Mrs Ord when Creevey was still a Bar student. We know that a mutual affection and respect existed between the two men as far back as 1802 when Creevey, newly in for Thetford, hurried to Howick in order to support Grey, who was standing for his county, during his own polling days. It is only necessary to read Grey's letters to Creevey, extending from that date until the end of Creevey's life, to be assured that the respect was mutual and that Grey thought consistently highly of his abilities and shrewdness. On the only occasion when a misunderstanding might have caused a breach, Grey himself was as zealous to avoid it as was Creevey.

Grey was never as intimate a friend of Creevey's as was Sefton; indeed, the ladies of the Grey family would appear to have been on more intimate terms with him than the Prime Minister. But Creevey's devotion to Grey was clearly founded, not on interest, but on admiration for his qualities, and the man who lashed the Whigs but spared Grey is proved by political history to have been as shrewd in his judgment as his contemporaries thought him. For in the years preceding Reform at any rate, Grey saved them from themselves. And as with Grey, so with Sefton and Brougham. They would not risk a breach with Creevey, though his frankness gave them abundant opportunity to do so. Sefton clearly found him indispensable, cherished him as a life-long friend, the rough side of whose tongue was indisputably worth bearing with. As for Brougham, Creevey lashed him again and again, but always Brougham treated him with respect, always he returned to canvass Creevey's opinion. Lytton Strachey proceeds:

'Another exception [to Creevey's catalogue of knaves and imbeciles, of whom Grey was the chief exception] was the Duke of Wellington, whom, somehow or other, it was impossible not to admire. Creevey throughout his life had a trick of being "in at the death" on every important occasion . . . and so one is not surprised to find him at Brussels during Waterloo.'

What, again, are the facts? The causes that brought

the Creeveys to Brussels in 1814 have been set forth above. What were his relations with the Duke? In 1806, Creevey, only four years a Member of Parliament, was chosen a Government Whip and appointed Secretary to the Board of Control. Here he was brought into close touch with Sir Arthur Wellesley, newly back from India and concerned to defend his brother's Indian administration. All Indian papers moved for on either side must come through Creevey in virtue of his office. In the following three years Creevey took a decided part in Parliament against Lord Wellesley, and in consequence bitter words passed between him and Sir Arthur. Accordingly, in 1814, when he again met Wellington, he quite expected to be treated with coldness. But, on the contrary, he was warmly received and became immediately beyond question the civilian most in Wellington's confidence during the great year of 1815 and the years which followed. No doubt, Wellington, like so many soldiers, over-estimated the power for good or evil of politicians; but after Creevey had lost his seat, Wellington's confidences were still being imparted to him. Surely it is as just to say of Creevey, as Strachey says of the Duke, that 'somehow or other, it was impossible not to admire' him.

After tilting at Creevey for daring to commend the splendours of Raby during the era of Peterloo, and for endeavouring to kill the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Bill (as did not seventy per cent. of Creevey's greater contemporaries, Tory and Whig alike?), Lytton Strachey passes to the inevitable purple tail-piece which was so successful with his 'Queen Victoria.'

'Why should he not continue indefinitely telling us about "Old Salisbury" and "Old Madagascar"? But it could not be . . . the piece was over; the curtain had gone down; and on the new stage that was preparing for very different characters, and with a very different style of decoration, there would be no place for Mr Creevey.'

A pretty tail-piece in the patented manner. But, analysed with care, what claptrap! If the old drama was Party animosity, it was not played out till the death of Gladstone; if it was the farce of political jobbery, it was playing still to crowded houses in mid-Victorian days; if the clowns of the old pantomime were gossip writers,

there was room for Greville for another generation, and there is more need than ever of his successors in the present year of political and social wisdom. Or if, finally, it was the professional diner-out and country-house guest whose day was over, what in Heaven's name is the significance of Repington's War Diaries?

What, then, is a fair estimate of Creevey? It would be generally agreed that the most prominent features in his character were an insatiable interest in the human drama and inexhaustible spirits to keep that interest alive. As an observer and critic of that drama his energy knew no bounds; he spilled gallons of ink and poured out millions of words year after year in his hobby. No trouble could possibly be too great, for never, never could his tongue or fingers keep pace with his enthusiasm. But the foibles of Society were but a part of his hobby, and at the present moment it is largely on that part that he is estimated by posterity. It is not impossible that, if all his writings were published, we might judge him, not a sparkling satirist, but a solemn and sometimes prosy political bore.

An imp or an ape he certainly was not. His ability and intellect were not of the first rank, but they were above the average in the political life of his day, and a shrewdness, quickness and common sense, which even his enemies admitted, enhanced those qualities and won him the life-long respect of a number of first-rate contemporaries of both parties. There is, indeed, no sort of justification for connecting him with 'littleness,' unless physically. In stature he was short, in face humorous, cheerful, kindly and handsome. Had he been small in mind, he would surely not have fastened diminutive nicknames on himself, called himself, and suffered himself to be called by his wife's family, 'Diddy' and 'Nummy' and 'Little Creevey,' and so on. And it would be impossible to find a man in his position who was less of a toady and a snob, or, indeed, more reckless of making enemies in the ranks of those to whom he looked for advancement and hospitality. All his life, it is true, he took a boyish pride in retailing to his family his social triumphs; but then his heart was incorrigibly young. The man who revelled in the splendours of Raby and the gilding and cuisine of Goodwood, would cheerfully deny himself the aristocratic luxury of Croxteth to attend

his sister's supper party in a little house in Liverpool, and return to delight the company at the Seftons' with an account of how he made the turkey 'do duty' for all the hungry guests. The ducal patron whose interest gained Creevey his seat in Parliament got a lecture such as Addison might have given his stepson when he preferred to him a nominee who had financial claims. Indeed, Creevey was a man of absolute independence in thought and action. Quick-tempered and not very thin-skinned, swift to anger, and not so swift to forgiveness, he was very little given to sentiment and, one would judge, not a soft-hearted man. There is no doubt that his tongue ran away with him. His head was hot while his heart was cool, and Melbourne's judgment of the man, that he was 'very shrewd, but exceedingly bitter and malignant,' must be accepted as just, though it must not be forgotten that in the politics of his day bitterness and malignancy were common among large-minded and otherwise charitable men. There is good evidence that (politics apart) he was balanced and philosophical. In the years of his poverty, in his periods of privacy, in his inexpensive lodgings, he was as serene and cheerful and well occupied as in his days of plenty and power. He loved good literature; was content, when nothing else offered, to sit in the sun and contemplate. And though he was seldom thrown of necessity on his own resources for company, his was the happy nature that could make solitude interesting.

It does not appear that his indiscretions took the form of abnormal inaccuracy—at least in matters of moment. His records of political events are, on the whole, fairly accurate even when compared with parallel records compiled by authoritative contemporaries of the opposite party (such as Abbot), and his judgments are very little exploded by our now accepted historical views. On the other hand, in matters of no moment, in purely social gossip, he would pass on what he heard without troubling to sift the truth. He became an experienced and telling public speaker, and was ready and apt in debate; and in Society not his bitterest enemy has ever denied the brilliance of his wit, the sunshine of his gaiety or the abundance of his humour. His sister, aunt and uncle, his wife, stepdaughters, grandchildren and nieces were obviously as devoted to him as were scores of friends

of both sexes in the exclusive circles he moved in. Generation after generation, he won and held young and old, men and women, rich and poor, by the charm of his natural social gifts. Never was the public judgment of a public man, well known by name, so partial as the common view of Creevey's character. It is impossible to accept that judgment after carefully studying the available data. He was assuredly a man of very independent character and of an innate dignity who everywhere inspired respect, sometimes by his truculence, but more often by his natural gifts. Shortly before his death he received a testimonial from Lord Wellesley in these words: 'You are not of that sect of philologists who hold the use of language to be the concealment of thought, nor of that tribe of thinkers whose thoughts require concealment. You would not congratulate me on any false honour.' Wellesley wrote from experience of Creevey's fearlessness and frankness, and what he wrote was the truth. Whatever Creevey was, he was not a hungry hanger-on, 'a little wretch' aping and mowing and dancing for his dinner.

JOHN GORE.



## Art. 11.—THE POWER OF THE POET.

1. *Collected Poems of Laurence Binyon*. 2 vols. Macmillan, 1932.
2. *The Poems of Sturge Moore*. Collected Edition. 3 vols. Macmillan, 1932.
3. *A Face in the Candlelight and Other Poems*. By J. C. Squire. Heinemann, 1932.
4. *Islands*. By Wilfrid Gibson. Macmillan, 1932.
5. *Verses*. By Anna de Bary. Macmillan, 1932.
6. *Uriel. A Hymn in Praise of Divine Immanence*. By William Force Stead. Cobden-Sanderson, 1933.

It needs no Jeremiah to point out the morass and muddle into which our modern world has fallen. The deplorable fact is as evident as must be the decidedly unpleasant ocean to any shipwrecked mariner clinging with desperate hands to an uncertain buoy. We wake to the realities in the morning, and too often do not escape from their spell in the hours devoted to sleep. They shadow the days, add darkness to the nights, and are undoubtedly a cause of much of the false and feverous lightness of heart which with many has usurped the gladness that once came from the simplest recreations and an acceptance of the idea that to everyone this life had its duties. For something like two years now the world has faced its massed and complicated troubles, and found them more than difficult to mend. Politics, Finance, Economics, Industry—every aspect, it seems, of the practical and business life—still are charged with possibilities of disaster, and only to be steered, somehow, by care, courage, compromise, and excellent good fortune through dangers more actual than any which, from rock or whirlpool, Scylla or Charybdis, threatened ruin to ancient and legendary ships.

The vastness of the world-depression, from the effects of which no community, pastoral or industrial, seems altogether immune, and uncertainty as to the consequences of any particular action taken to solve some extra-insistent trouble, make the prospects appear but sombrelly doubtful. In every province the unexpected is happening. Dabble with tariffs or bounties here and consternation follows there ; abandon the Gold Standard in this country

and, like it or not, other countries also must give it up; and so with every sort of restriction or new regulation of the kind. Like the weather, which never can be assuredly predicted because of quantities beyond the present range of the meteorologist, the worlds of national and international finance and business, however shrewdly the principles supposed to govern them are studied, remain in their prospects so far from clear that there is no ensuring the ultimate effects and reactions of any particular move that may be made. The very closeness of international relations, increased by the involved network of mutual indebtedness and ineradicable fears and jealousies, further confuses the highly uncertain issues.

This, however, is not an economic article, as will be seen when we apply to the present wounds and fevers of the world an inspiration which the mere business-man would be the first, naturally and unwisely (because he would be wrong), to condemn. But it is necessary for our purpose to recognise frankly the howling mess of things which the management of the world by the so-called practical men—men of affairs—has brought about. How wise they seemed and unfalteringly looked up to were the statesmen, industrial magnates, and inventors of a few generations ago! The doctrines of the Manchester School were almost bracketed with the Laws of Moses; while to fulfil the principles of *laissez-faire* good citizens, in their personal lives and aspirations sincerely religious, were willing to allow hardships and cruelties in mills and factories which needed—with some soul-moving protests from the philanthropic Lord Shaftesbury in Parliament and in the pages of this review—the passionate appeal of a poet, Mrs Browning's 'The Cry of the Children,' to bring its absolute practice to an end. And that is our moral: the peculiar value and necessity of the poet's inspiration and utterance in the general social life of the world. It gives a call which really may help and that comes with a similar exaltation of authority from nowhere else.

No small part of present-day disquiet is caused through loss of faith, not merely in a benevolent and all-governing Providence but in men themselves. During the great days of Queen Victoria Britons especially had any amount of self-confidence. They knew they could do things

supremely well and were confident that their aims and purposes were almost divinely right. Although in their Sunday hours they acknowledged that the Earth was the Lord's and the fullness thereof, they felt as truly, if they did not express it quite so openly, that among the nations they had a first claim to that fullness and proceeded to take it; so that the genial gibe of the late Max O'Rell, in one of his many bright, forgotten volumes, that the English had come to regard Heaven itself as a British colony was an exaggeration hardly too extravagant. And apparently the confidence of those forbears of ours was justified by the results. For Nature had given to them, with other peculiar advantages, so bountifully of the essential minerals, iron and coal, which helped almost like magic in building up their newly found industries, that soon the enterprising few had grown rich, very rich; rich, in the Johnsonian phrase, beyond the dreams of avarice, and very well they knew that they deserved it; while if, as a result of their factory-system, towns and townships had sprung up without regard to public convenience, health, and happiness, and slums, squalor, starvation, degradation, and crime resulted—well, the ways of Providence are inscrutable and, doubtless, lessons were to be learned from that aching despond of poverty, misery, and shame. Reforms were made from time to time after agitations, angers, violence, and even at times the surge of revolution, and the world continued laboriously to travel about its orbit, bringing to some all they could want of warmth and sunshine, but to others a darkness blacker than night. It all was most baffling, when there was time to think of it; and good men and true were genuinely bewildered and grieved over the problems resulting—of evils established, with sickening cruelties and negligence, in an age that rightly claimed to be civilised.

Then came William Blake, with his splendidly inconsiderate boldness, his clear voice, vaulting imagination (which sometimes overleapt itself), and gospel of simple humanity, to discern and denounce the falsities and evils evident in those crowded, smoky, rushed, greedy, and vicious conditions.

'Seek Love in the pity of others' woe,  
 In the gentle relief of another's care,  
 In the darkness of night and the winter's snow,  
 In the naked and outcast seek Love there !'

To many that was a new call with a gospel hardly expected then of a poet—too often at the time a curled and sentimental society darling, far less richly endowed with melodic inspiration than was the popular piano-tinkling Thomas Moore—although Burns already had lamented man's inhumanity to man, and Shelley, in something of a similar spirit, but feeling scorn for the dominant misdoers rather than pity for their victims, was trying his 'prentice thoughts on some windy or cloudy political Utopias wherein to mend the inequalities. Blake, however, was nearer than either of them to the realities. He best knew the needs, for he lived among the mean streets and recognised as his brothers and sisters the poor wretches imprisoned in that fetid and sordid circumstance. The starved mothers and hungry children ; the boy sweep,

'A little black thing among the snow  
 Crying " 'weep ! 'weep ! " in notes of woe' ;

the despised negro confronted with the colour-prejudice, and others still less fortunate in life's whirligig and lottery, combined to rouse his fine pity and passion for justice and set nobler impulses to work ; so that the meannesses were recognised, and the cruelties fought, and the ideal that he looked for as 'Jerusalem' in England's green and pleasant land brought visibly nearer. Without the great-hearted truths of his 'Auguries of Innocence,' and the example thereby set, it is possible that Hood's 'Song of the Shirt' and Elizabeth Barrett Browning's 'The Cry of the Children' would never have been thought of or their effects even now altogether won. Those instances are enough to show the deep and far-spread influence of the poets, when they please, on the commonplace proceedings of the world.

But to regard that influence as being merely, or mainly, of social concern is, of course, to underrate it absurdly. Verse with a moral purpose has its inspiring uses, as is seen in Mr Ralph Hodgson's 'The Bells of Heaven,' a plea for animals unquestionably inspired by

Blake; but the function of the poet is vastly more extensive than that. He lifts, or should lift, to a loftier plane and by his lyrical magic opens to all, hurrying like caged squirrels in life's limited routine, glimpses of a nobler, holier, more worthily endurable existence. Browning, with the chance songs of his little factory-girl, Pippa, as she wandered on her one-day holiday through the streets of Asolo is a case in point. Thoughtlessly, happily, in idle lightness of heart, she sang her refrains and with every one of them helped in a crisis the spiritual life-history of others who happened to overhear. As things are, however, few songs of the present (or of any) time would have such ennobling effects on their casual hearers; but yet to lift the heart out of the workaday rush and upraise it to the reality that is eternal—beauty being, indeed, a joy for ever—is still to be expected of poetry with its exhilarations and power of flame; and it would perhaps be well if writers of verse more earnestly recognised their privileges and the opportunities offered to them by seriously dedicating themselves to their purposes in some way after that of Dante in his appeal to Apollo at the opening of 'Paradiso' or of Milton, who, when at last he could begin his long-planned task of 'Paradise Lost,' invoked the heavenly Muse to illumine him and strengthen his great argument. Such act of self-dedication might also result in less bad verse being written.

We still need the spirit of Milton, of Shelley, Burns, and Blake to enlighten our rapid and concentrated times; not only for the inspiration of social purposes but for the imaginative beauty thus brought into life. Pre-eminently the poet is necessary to remind us, for the gladness they bring, of the truths and miracles of Nature—of the creatures, from the 'tiger burning bright' to the birds in their grace of wings and inexplicable cleverness; of the wild flowers and the steadfast, beneficent trees, those superb friends of man; of the grey silence of watchful lakes, of the glittering, thunderous waterfalls, of the awe of the mountains, and of the infinities beyond them and this life which are essential to the soul. This world—this over-built, over-driven world—indeed, is too much with us, and no one so surely can rescue us from its dominating and belittling restrictions as the poet privileged to peer through divine and magic casements and able to

sing what he has seen there in music that does not perish. How easy often it has appeared for the inspired to touch greatness, admitting their followers to worlds and periods which Time himself is powerless to obliterate; and how refreshing, under the spell of that ecstasy, often it is to be transported to realms where we may see the great, the beautiful, the wise, in settings of reality lovelier often than had been the truth—Ulysses on Calypso's 'odorous, languorous isle of violets,' Thor with his hammer breaking the mountains, Jason in the brilliant garden of the Hesperides; or with Dante, after witnessing the agonies of the 'Inferno' and the labours of the difficult slopes of Purgatory, to gaze enraptured on the chanting radiance of the Sempiternal Rose whose centre is God. So, too, with our own poets—who have found in the English tongue a vehicle unexcelled for the glowing expression of their dreams and songs—we may wander through Arden or through Spenser's enchanted forest and meet therein Una and Rosalind, Calidore, Jaques, Merlin, Puck, Bottom, and Oberon, with Caliban, the Blatant Beast, and fairies, ogres, dragons, monsters galore, ready at once to amuse or amiably terrify. In our daily ways and worries, the poets are ever available to rejoice with echoes and glimpses of chivalry and elfdom in the golden realms of make-believe.

It is time, however, for us to turn to our particular purpose, the consideration of some present-day poets, whose recently published works have called to mind the privileges, possibilities, and duties of their genius or their gifts. We have dwelt at some length on the hardships and spiritual necessities of these much-mechanical times, with the anxieties which bind and the uncertainties that threaten us, because we see in those conditions and fears opportunities and a call for the services that living poetry can give. It may seem hard, after having remembered, even in casual fashion, the great names of Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Keats, to expect the verse-makers of to-day to provide a similar feast and stimulus. Yet why not? Poets persist, and although we acquiesce in the idea that mainly they represent the peculiar mind and spirit, small or great, of their own times, there is still no clear reason why the gift of inspiration should be less now than

in Chaucer's day, or Shakespeare's, or Blake's. It is evident that in pretty well all departments of effort, except, I suppose, practical science from surgery to engineering, there are no giants or even supermen; yet poetry, being of the flower and fruit of the spirit which may blossom in any environment, need not be less now in quality or quantity (and certainly in quantity is much more) than at any time since hearts began to sing. For it may well be remembered that English verse originated with Caedmon among the byres of Whitby Abbey, and the most humdrum suburb of London or other large city ought not to be less inspiring than a cowhouse.

So, with those prefatory remarks, we come to our poets, of whom Mr Laurence Binyon is among the best. His publishers have paid him the compliment of a Collected Edition in two dignified volumes, which, however, do not include his plays. Their tribute is justified, for Mr Binyon's mind dwells among things of beauty, and his voice has sweetness and strength. His verse glows as well as sings. Yet one feels that he wears his mantle somewhat consciously, not in vanity, for he is not shallow or eager for everyday applause, but it is evident that he works with the determination of never in thought or word to be unworthy of his Muse. As a result of this self-discipline, which keeps his inspiration and its expression reined, he has none of the blessed carelessness that has been called divine. So lucid and right un-failingly is his verse that it would be difficult to find any passage, however imaginative, which one could wish, as in another connection Ben Jonson declared that often he wished, had been 'blotted'; for then we should know that Pegasus had outflown the will of his rider, that the poet's impulse was so urgent that pen could not keep pace with it and things, thoughts, were thrust down on the paper which a more particular care over the meaning and the measures would have expressed more precisely but infinitely less well. For is it not probable that some of the loveliest—the deathless—passages in literature were written without the full knowledge of their writer, who in sudden, impassioned moments was beyond himself? Inspiration leapt, flamed, and the work was done; so that its 'creator' in the cold reading afterwards might well have wondered how he had come to realise that passage so



perfectly. For such a reason Shakespeare's occasional lapses in grammar—which must shock deplorably the pedagogue to whom the mere flesh and bone and not the spirit of a poem is the thing—are not only excusable but positively welcome, for they denote the divine carelessness that overlooked the inessentials while his heart was afire and he was lost in the chase of a star. Mr Binyon has wings and uses them sometimes to approach the empyrean ; but always he is careful to preserve them from being scorched.

In his work he touches most of the realms that are a poet's concern, his interest being with both the ancient and the modern, though not with the 'modernist,' that incompetent new. He can ramble through town-streets, as in his 'London Visions,' and tenderly recall those who have lived and wandered there before him as with an equal illumination he can revisit the hours when

' With flower-reined tigers and with ivory car  
He came, the youthful god ;  
Beautiful Bacchus, ivy-crowned, his hair  
Blown on the wind, and flushed limbs bare,  
And lips apart, and radiant eyes,  
And ears that caught the coming melodies.'

A lovely passage of a quality frequent with Mr Binyon, for this large, ripe garnering of verse often is richly exultant, especially when his patriot heart is stirred, as it was when through his verse he strengthened his fellow-countrymen in the long-drawn anguish of the War.

' And this is England ! June's undarkened green  
Gleams on far woods ; and in the vales between  
Gray hamlets, older than the trees that shade  
Their ripening meadows, are in quiet laid,  
Themselves a part of the warm, fruitful ground.  
The little hills of England rise around ;  
The little streams that wander from them shine  
And with their names remembered names entwine  
Of old renown and honour, fields of blood  
High causes fought on, stubborn hardihood  
For freedom spent, and songs, our noblest pride,  
That in the heart of England never died,  
And burning still make splendour of our tongue.'

We pass to Mr Sturge Moore, whose position among modern poets also is honoured by Messrs Macmillan with

a Collected Edition, in three full, substantial, and very attractive volumes. His work in many ways is similar to that of Mr Binyon and yet is distinctively different in its having more of picture and less music. His mind, also, dwells chiefly with the pagan and romantic past. He sees the old visions which persist, though veiled by mists of legend and antiquity—Selene in her own sweet light brooding over Endymion slumbering among his sheep; centaurs stamping their hooves and galloping on the hills; the ancient gods enthroned among marble ruins, the fighting heroes and melting heroines of Greece and Judæa in their passions and their lordliness. But he has a carelessness—which we leave it to his many admirers to call divine. Often the diction is blurred and lacking in melodiousness, as never is that of Mr Binyon. Possibly it is right in a poet to have a greater regard for what he sees than for the manner in which he sings it. But probably not. To take an instance, and make a comparison which may not be quite fair—but in so necessarily restricted an appreciation as this it would be impossible (and anyhow a nuisance) always to be entirely judicial—let us quote this stanza, culled by chance, which very fairly represents the whole poem, although no part-quotation ever can do so fully, from the lament of 'A Father having lost a Son six years old.'

'My thoughts aver, thou canst not stir  
That darling head,  
Nor, half-awake, peep from unfinished dreams  
Into this April day  
Which, bright and vacant, seems  
A long room for thy play;  
Since thou art dead.'

And then, for contrast (because it is so delicious to quote), Mr Walter de la Mare's simpler, yet infinitely more touching and satisfying quatrain, 'An Epitaph.'

'Here lies, but seven years old, our little maid;  
Once of the darkness—oh! so sore afraid.  
Light of the World—remember that small fear  
And when nor moon nor stars do shine—draw near!'

A little more delicacy and deftness of touch, sympathy, and feeling in Mr Sturge Moore would have made all the difference to this as to all his poems; but it should be

remembered that his right province is less the familiarly gentle than the pagan wilds of the shadowy ages, when gods and giants walked the Earth and the stars could be touched with the point of a sword. Manifestly, also, he has been a good deal influenced by other poets, as is natural. In the following stanza it is unnecessary to label the influence absorbed.

'He shall milk the wild goats on the mountains ;  
His feet shall grow sure as their feet ;  
He shall bathe in the clear rock fountains,  
Till so clear is his mind and so deep ;  
And his joy shall be high as the snow-line  
And embrace a vast plain with delight.  
His laugh shall twang true as a bow-line,  
Like arrows his songs take their flight.'

Let us not, however, risk the suggestion, quite unintentional, that the work in these volumes has not ample original beauty. It would be impossible to glance at any one of their thousand pages without lighting on thoughts, passages, verbal pictures, which charm and stimulate.

Enter Mr Squire, whose poems in 'A Face in Candle-light,' with their thumping buoyancy, are vigorously refreshing. His is an example of the good that comes from waiting for inspiration and then banging it out while the mood lasts.

'Songless for years, with Custom's other slaves  
I sing again and, counting well the cost,'

he has not, as in continuing he protests, 'joined the Muse's legion of the lost,' but given us something of helpful vitality which it will be good to return to whenever our own particular world seems a little unduly stale, flat, and stupid. The next volume on our list, by Anna de Bary, contains work more delicate, dignified, and quietly searching than that of Mr Squire, for while his invigorates, hers soothes. A contemplative sympathy brings her so closely to the spirit of Nature that she is able to discern the light within the leaf and the flower ; while at the same time she loves to linger brooding over the mysteries insoluble that are enshrouded by death. Often her touch is exquisite. Can anything be more simply and imaginatively true than to accept a snowdrop as 'A thought of God in white and green'? Or, to extract three

characteristic stanzas from her poem, 'The Willow Wren,' her observation of the slender song of that tiny bird.

'How easily the sweet notes fall  
Like golden apples down a stair;  
Like water flowing over stones  
Or dropping through the air.  
To what Aladdin's cave of sound,  
O fairy bellman, elfin bird,  
Pass the spilled jewels of thy throat  
Since first their chime was heard?  
What poet, aching for life's loss,  
Adrift on dark, unspeaking space,  
Shall stumble on the cloudy door  
Of that enchanted place?'

She is not everybody's poet; for many prefer the clamour of drums and trumpets or an irony not in her armoury; but to those who rejoice in quiet and delicate expression and in lingering, while pondering, beside the Wordsworthian primrose, she will be found helpful. Mr Wilfrid Gibson belongs to the same school, but, as his generous collection of poems, 'Islands,' makes clear, he is rather more aware than she of the outward than of the inward aspect of things. He notes 'the leaden labouring of sullen seas,' where possibly she would be mainly conscious of the powers, natural or divine, whose voices are heard in their waves thundering on the rocky shore. But few can more eagerly see and appreciate the diverse and amazing interests of life, especially in their simple loveliness and pathos, than he, who is alert to all things at all times—the glimpse of a white stag surprised in the glare of motor-lamps, the thudding of jungle-drums, the trembling fears of a small bird hiding in a tree, the green curdling waves washing over some scarp of crag, the 'servant of necessity' milking the cows in the frozen darkness of the morning, and the ghosts—

'A shuffling step across the upper floor,  
Loose-fitting slippers flapping down the stair,  
The handle turns and stealthily the door  
Swings on its hinges, and there's no one there—  
No one my eyes can see; but, happen, he  
Who dwelt here ere I came had keener sight—  
At least I wonder what he saw the night  
He hanged himself from the old apple tree.'

That mood of morbid or supernatural curiosity is often with him, while the inevitability of death oppresses him, as it must all sensitive souls who recognise the unreality of so many of the assumed realities we live with. He has force, a widely varied felicity of expression, and an enormous industry, which brings us to wonder whether he does not miss the essential quality that we easily call greatness through the very readiness, ease and abundance of his outpourings. Yet it may come to him, for much as he has written his wallet has plenty yet to give. We shall welcome all that he does. For he has his disciplines and resources, as confessed in the conclusion of this book.

' And even where the traffic roars and rings,  
With senses stunned and beaten deaf and blind,  
My soul withdraws into itself and seeks  
The peaks and isles and eagles of the mind.'

So far, the poets whose works we have been considering, though conscious of the eternities everywhere immanent in this life on the Earth, have been concerned more particularly with the secular views of things, from the earliest, historical or pastoral, ages to the present, whose material characteristics we have indicated sufficiently. Yet it is heartening to discover how thoroughly, in spite of the driving practicalities, our poets have discerned that hidden quality, conveniently called the soul, in the realities about them. They have seen the luminous shadow as well as the plain fact, and have shown how far more spiritual are these days than generally we may regard them. Yet there is a universe beyond the worlds and the stars in their courses which essentially concerns the truest happiness of man, who cannot live by bread alone, or even with circuses added. His spirit calls to the heights, to the depths, in hunger for the food of the gods; and of all the arts, even in that supreme demand, poetry most clearly and consolingly answers him. Such a call, to some extent, is expressed by Mr William Force Stead in 'Uriel.' This high-minded hymn, courageous and melodious, in praise of Divine Immanence, is true to its title. It seeks the Infinite Presence, the Great First Cause, the Ultimate Reality; and recognises in the archangel of light a tolerably convenient expression for the almost inexpressible—much as Akhnaton, that true saint

of ancient Egypt, seeking the reality of the Vision of God, as against the unspiritual brute-deities of a cruel and superstitious priesthood, found it symbolised in the health-giving warmth and brilliance of the sun.

Mr Force begins his poem, after the Miltonic manner, with supplication to the seraph for the inspiration that strengthens a poet to carry through with greatness a great task; and then makes search 'in the chemical, in the plant, the animal, the savage, the Greek philosopher and the Christian saint' for the spirit of creative light that Uriel represents, to find in the evidence thereby gathered something of the 'increasing purpose' discerned by Tennyson in the evolutionary processes of vital existence. But all was not an easy, sure, and gradual flow, a progress untroubled; for causes in abundance baffled, spoilt, and brought golden possibilities to crash; while the many imperfections of a maladroit humanity grew active and mischievous and found scope eventually in that over-organisation of rapid wealth-producing methods and systems to which at the beginning of this article we referred; driving men like so many sheep—'dumb driven cattle'—into slums and shabby towns and making of their poverty and sin circumstances for pity rather than blame; until with a fine growth of hope and confidence the poet sees beauty recovering from the slime, and the Divinity, whom Uriel has represented, victorious through love—'l'amor che move il sole e l'altre stelle.'

'Faith be not terrified,  
Though earth be small and heaven be wide;  
Let suns and moons be multiplied  
Foam of ethereal seas;  
We need not bow to these.  
Surely it were more wise,  
Kneeling before her face,  
To own within her eyes  
Lights of a holy place,  
Love in her heart, truth in her mind,  
A being, more than the stars are, unconfined:  
Herein Thy secret dwells, not in unmeaning space.

Enough for me,  
Watching the midnight skies, to see,  
Tho' sojourners we are  
Upon a smaller star,

And swinging pendant to a minor sun,  
Well hast Thou used a little one  
Of all Thy worlds whereon to prove,  
Among the least, as in the heights above,  
Thy gift is Beauty and Thy name is Love.'

It is impossible to contemplate the full value of poetry as a source and inspiration of beauty in our age and a stimulus to a nobler happiness without wishing there could be more of it and that more of what is printed as poetry were better worth while. That there is much of excellent quality is clear from a perusal of the works of the half-dozen poets under review; but, alas, many—too many—a charlatan in verse—as in music, painting, sculpture and the other creative arts—is profitably exploiting his incompetence through sheer impudence of output, self-complacency, and self-advertisement; while certain persons who call themselves critics, admitted to the hospitality of newspapers and other opportunities for hurried prose, through want of courage, or discernment, or knowledge, take those verse-mongers at their own valuation and in treacle terms adore—with the result that the standards by which worth in art should be estimated are ignored and lowered or lost, and the loud nonentity feels justified in his wrongful wearing of the wreath of bay.

Poetry, which has proved great enough to thrill millions of hearts and be a power and a glory over the centuries, bringing exquisite joy to its singers and hearers, as well as sometimes the sublime of awe, the rapture of supernal majesty, is too rich and precious a possession to be wasted or misregarded through any sort of ignorance. But the appeal for its spread and preservation must be made to the poets themselves. If they approach their appointed tasks in gladness, humility and with devotion, their inspiration, at any rate, is likely to be true, and through their work they will justly shine or in a becoming modesty and charity perhaps will be blessedly silent.

C. E. LAWRENCE.



## Art. 12.—EGYPT SINCE CROMER.

*Egypt since Cromer.* By the Lord Lloyd of Dolobran,  
G.C.S.I. Vol. I. Macmillan, 1933.

IF Lord Lloyd had desired an alternative title for the first volume of his 'Egypt Since Cromer,' he might have adapted that which Thackeray chose for 'Vanity Fair,' and called his book 'A History without a Hero.' Of the distinguished Englishmen who have been associated with Egypt during the last half-century there is not one who escapes criticism. Cromer himself is blamed for never having attempted to 'awaken in Egyptians any sentiment of loyalty to the British Empire,' and his mistakes are explained but not excused by the fact that he had been brought up as a Liberal.

When Cromer receives criticism lesser men must expect censure, and throughout these pages they receive it in full measure, civilians and soldiers impartially, from Sir Eldon Gorst to Sir Milne Cheetham, from Lord Kitchener to Lord Allenby. The book closes with the arrival of the Milner Mission in Egypt, and those who have already had their share of Lord Lloyd's disapproval can feel confident that Lord Milner's turn is coming in the first chapter of the second volume. Institutions as well as individuals, are put upon their trial and after searching inquiry are invariably found guilty; and the faults of the Foreign Office, due to diplomatic training, are only equalled by the errors of the English Civil Servants in Egypt, a tactless bureaucracy that have lost touch, if they ever established it, with the people among whom they live.

Here is a weighty indictment both of British policy and of British public servants, and it cannot be dismissed lightly. Lord Lloyd's name lends it authority. Few men could be better qualified for the task that he has selected. He knows the East intimately and has been employed there in many capacities. Having served the Empire with distinction abroad, both as a soldier and an administrator, he has had sufficient experience at home as a Member of Parliament to enable him to appreciate and to make allowances for the part played in Imperial affairs by the House of Commons. Against him nobody

could bring the accusation that he would most dislike of being an arm-chair critic ; nor is he looking back upon the past with failing eyes and faded recollections. This is not the querulous jeremiad of one who in old age has fallen into a mood of despair, but the vigorous philippic of a man still at the height of his powers who sees mistakes being committed which he longs to remedy, and false doctrine preached which it is his duty to denounce. It may be thought audacious of one who has never been in Egypt to call in question the conclusions of so well-qualified an authority, but the fact that Egypt's fate is likely for long to depend, in some measure, on the opinions of Englishmen who will never visit her, must be the justification for setting down the doubts that have arisen during the perusal of Lord Lloyd's interesting and important work in the mind of a layman who, from a distance, has closely followed Egyptian affairs for many years.

The first doubt arises on the first page of the introductory chapter when Lord Lloyd, describing the deterioration of British policy in Egypt, declares that it has been so altered since its inception that to-day it would be difficult to recognise 'the young hopeful who began an active career fifty years ago.' Now there was nothing either young or hopeful about British policy or about anything else in the Egypt of 1882. The fellaheen were still suffering from the effects of the long tyranny of Ismail and the financial condition had hardly begun to recover from the bankruptcy to which his extravagance had reduced it. A new and a weak Khedive was faced by a mutinous army in whose ranks was apparent for the first time the militant spirit of Egyptian nationalism. Turkey and the Powers of Europe, all possessing extra-territorial rights in Egypt, were watching the situation with jealous inquietude, anxious that the lives of their nationals should be protected, but reluctant themselves to incur the expense and danger of protecting them, willing that Great Britain should do the dirty work, but determined that she should gain no advantage from having done it. A Liberal Government in England, including such determined pacifists as John Bright, had no desire to embark on military adventures, and it was only the massacre of Europeans at Alexandria that finally led

to the bombardment. When, after this operation had been successfully concluded, the War Office and the Admiralty desired to land troops in order to complete the work, they were overruled by Mr Gladstone on the ground that such a measure would involve 'the assumption of authority in Egypt and be grossly disloyal in the face of Europe.'

It is necessary to recapitulate these historical facts in order to guard against the impression that Lord Lloyd might otherwise leave upon his readers that the situation in Egypt after the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir was similar to that in the Soudan after the Battle of Omdurman; that British troops had conquered a barbarous country, that a clean slate had been made of past complications, that a simple policy of the best kind of colonial development was possible, and, above all, that English statesmen of fifty years ago differed from their unworthy descendants in knowing their own minds, having the courage of their convictions and going resolutely forward towards a clearly envisaged goal. Remembering how that Liberal Government hated intervening in Egypt, how they postponed intervention until the last possible moment, how they implored other Powers, Turkey, Italy, and especially France, to join in the intervention, how if Gambetta instead of Freycinet had been in power in Paris French troops would probably have marched by the side of their English allies, and how a few days after the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir Lord Dufferin, before proceeding on a special mission, was officially informed that 'Her Majesty's Government contemplated *shortly* commencing the withdrawal of the British troops from Egypt'; having all these facts in mind, is it true to assert, as Lord Lloyd asserts on the second page of his first chapter, that every statesman who was responsible for British-Egyptian policy at the time would have stated, had he been compelled to do so,

'with accuracy and conviction, that our purpose was to reform the administration, to set up a Government working upon honest and humane principles, and to withdraw from the country as soon as we had made such a Government stable and progressive, and therefore free from the danger of foreign intervention which would menace our imperial communications'?

To set up a 'stable and progressive' native Government would have been an ambition quite incompatible with the contemplation of *shortly* withdrawing British troops, and Mr Gladstone, who had never ceased to condemn Lord Beaconsfield's purchase of an interest in the Suez Canal as a 'politically ill-advised and hazardous transaction,' can hardly be credited with excessive anxiety in regard to imperial communications. The fact is that Lord Lloyd's description of British policy with regard to Egypt in 1882 is a description of what would have been British policy if Lord Lloyd had been Prime Minister at that date and could have found a Cabinet to agree with him. But, perhaps unfortunately for England and for Egypt, Mr Gladstone was Prime Minister and his ideas of imperial development differed considerably from those of Lord Lloyd.

If it be true, as here contended, that Lord Lloyd has erred in the interpretation of historical fact, such an initial error must affect profoundly the whole course of his subsequent narrative. Faulty premises must lead to false conclusions, and it is significant that the events that followed become far easier of comprehension and of explanation if we discard the assumption which forms the basis of Lord Lloyd's attack. If it be true that fifty years ago British statesmen sanctioned intervention in Egypt with their eyes open to the consequences that such action must entail, that they were alive to the importance of imperial communications and the danger of foreign influences, that they were determined to set up an honest, humane, stable, and enlightened Government and were prepared firmly to remain upon the spot until that purpose was achieved, if our objective was then so plain and our statesmen then so resolute, we must indeed be ashamed of the events that followed and of the men who were responsible. It would seem that a race which has shown itself elsewhere not incapable of empire manifested for fifty years a complete lack of power to comprehend or will to carry out a plain and straightforward policy. That civilians and soldiers alike, who had shown their quality before and were to show it afterwards, fell under some baneful influence the moment that they set foot upon the shores of Egypt, as though the spirit of Cleopatra, the 'serpent of old Nile,' who had wrought such havoc

in the lives of Cæsar and of Antony, were still potent in the locality, were capable of transforming the characters of Englishmen, and of turning Kitchener into a pettifogger and Allenby into a weakling.

This theory is, to say the least of it, fantastic ; but something of the sort is needed in order to account for the facts as presented by Lord Lloyd. But if upon the other hand we were to assume that the English went to Egypt without a policy and against their will, to prevent a massacre and to put down an insurrection, that they found themselves in a position from which they had no desire to advance, but from which it was impossible to retreat, that they were driven by circumstances to give assurances that they could not keep and to assume responsibilities that they would rather have avoided, and that their ultimate objective was not obvious from the first but became only gradually and after many years apparent, assuming all this it becomes easy to appreciate the difficulties of those who found themselves upon the spot with no certain plan before them and no sure support behind, and it becomes possible to feel admiration for the efforts that those men made, the calm courage and the patient foresight they displayed in the least favourable conditions by which builders of empire were ever confronted.

Another misconception exists with regard to the modern history of Egypt which this book does nothing to dispel. It is commonly believed that, the foundations having been well and truly laid by Lord Cromer, all that his successors had to do was to continue building according to the designs which he had left behind him and all troubles would have been avoided, all difficulties would have disappeared. Sir Eldon Gorst has usually been made the scapegoat for the mistakes that are supposed to have been committed after Lord Cromer left the country in 1907, and Lord Lloyd, although he pays handsome tribute to Sir Eldon's qualities and makes every apparent effort to treat him fairly, allowing even that his experiment might have succeeded if he himself had survived, does leave his reader with the definite impression that it was during his tenure of office that the Cromer tradition was wilfully broken down.

An interesting example of Lord Lloyd's method of

dealing with his authorities occurs in this connection—Lord Cromer wrote long after Gorst was dead:—‘Sir Eldon Gorst made a thoroughly honest and very courageous attempt to carry out the programme *which, if it had not been dictated to him from the Foreign Office—a point as to which I am not in a position to justify any expression of opinion*—was actually prescribed for him by the circumstances with which he had to deal.’ The italics are Lord Lloyd’s, not Lord Cromer’s, and Lord Lloyd, ever anxious to attribute blame to the Foreign Office, goes on to say: ‘In view of the silence of those who could have spoken with authority, the impartial historian will perhaps be constrained to agree with this judgment in regard to instructions from Whitehall.’ It must be a queer kind of impartiality that constrains an historian to agree with a judgment where none has been given. Lord Cromer was at some pains to guard himself against expressing an opinion on this point, and yet Lord Lloyd seeks to insinuate that an opinion has been expressed and that it is, of course, identical with his own. But the same impartial historian, he goes on to inform us, will hardly be able to accept the view that Gorst’s programme was actually prescribed by the circumstances. Thus having invoked the great name of Cromer, Lord Lloyd in two sentences first imputes to him an opinion which he refused to express, and then dismisses as untenable his carefully considered judgment of the situation.

In scientific inquiry it is presumably possible to isolate the object of study, to place it in a vacuum and to consider it apart from any extraneous influence. But in history and politics this method, if followed, is misleading. When Lord Lloyd refuses to accept Lord Cromer’s dictum that Sir Eldon Gorst’s policy was prescribed by circumstances, Lord Lloyd is thinking only of the circumstances existing in Egypt itself, of the power of the opposition, of the state of national feeling and of the ability of the executive, supported by the British Army, to cope with any manifestation of discontent. He omits from his calculations the state of public opinion in England. He forgets, as so-called ‘realists’ in politics are apt to forget, that at certain times the views of a sufficient number of Members of Parliament form just as ‘real’ an element in any political situation as the number of machine-guns, and

that the machine-guns themselves are of little value if the authority that pays for them refuses to supply the ammunition. Lord Cromer was a more experienced realist. He had been given a freer hand than any other Consul-General has ever enjoyed, but in a quarter of a century he had learnt that the direction of policy in the farthest corner of the Empire must ultimately depend upon approval from Whitehall; and when he stated that the line adopted in 1907 was prescribed by circumstances he was thinking principally of the fact that a new House of Commons had recently been elected with a Liberal majority of over three hundred members. A lack of historical perspective is surely apparent in those who would attribute blame to a Civil Servant in Northern Africa for not having pursued a stronger policy at the very time when the House of Commons was passing votes of censure on Lord Milner for his conduct of affairs in the southern part of the same continent?

The other element in the situation which prescribed the policy pursued by Sir Eldon Gorst was the change that had been brought about by the Anglo-French Agreement of 1904. That agreement proved conclusively to the Egyptians that Great Britain had no intention of evacuating their country for many years to come. The fuel that was thus thrown upon the smouldering embers of Egyptian nationalism was further kindled by the arrival from England in the autumn of that year of the first contingent of regularly recruited Anglo-Egyptian Civil Servants. It was obvious that in future the best places would be filled by these recruits, and as the Civil Service provides the career that is the most popular in Egypt the ambitious young Egyptian felt that in one year his patriotic pride had been insulted and his chances of promotion had been blocked.

The years 1904 to 1907 saw, therefore, a tremendous development of nationalist feeling. Cromer was aware of it and was prepared to humour it. Cromer was the first to adopt the experiment of placing Egyptians in the highest offices, and the first man that he selected for such promotion was Zaghlul. Yet Cromer failed to placate the growing resentment and even at the last had to be guarded by British bayonets from the Egyptian people. And when he left he was still in favour of proceeding



slowly towards the goal of autonomy, although he was well aware that such a policy must involve the gradual decay of so much of his own great work in the improvement of the administration. In view of these facts it can hardly be maintained that Sir Eldon Gorst's policy was entirely due, as Lord Lloyd would have us believe, to 'instructions coming from elsewhere out of a surplus of uninstructed sentimentalism,' and it should in justice be remembered that in the four short years that were given him Gorst succeeded in winning, for what it was worth, the confidence and the goodwill of the Khedive, in driving a successful wedge between Copts and Moslems and in drawing the sting of Egyptian nationalism by gradually convincing the more reasonable elements that the Anglo-French Agreement of 1904 did not mean, as they had begun to fear, the annexation of Egypt. Lord Lloyd himself is compelled to pay some tribute to Gorst when he comes to compare him with Kitchener. He admits that Gorst was Kitchener's intellectual superior and he prefers Gorst's constitutional reforms, the Provincial Councils, to Kitchener's Organic Law of 1913, but he maintains that the 'turbulent unrest that had been aroused by Gorst's experiment' was followed by a measure of tranquillity under Kitchener. It should, however, be remembered that the turbulent unrest was there before Gorst's arrival, that it had largely diminished when he died, and that the comparative quiet enjoyed by Lord Kitchener may have been partly due to the work of his predecessor.

The romantic spectator, waiting for the hero of the piece, might expect that he has arrived when Lord Kitchener appears upon the stage. He will be disappointed. It must be admitted that Lord Lloyd shows no partiality, and that Lord Kitchener fares little better at his hands than any of the others to whom he feels in duty bound to apply the castigation they deserve. He admits that Lord Kitchener did not attempt to reverse Sir Eldon Gorst's policy although he forfeited the Khedive's confidence which Sir Eldon Gorst had won, that he was lacking not only in 'intellectual ability' but also in 'breadth of vision,' that his incursion into the field of constitutional reform was 'unfortunate,' that he failed in dealing with the problems of education and crime, that

by his 'brusque discourtesy' he alienated Mustapha Pasha Fehmy, whom Cromer had described as 'the greatest gentleman he ever met' and that he was 'utterly wrong' in thinking that the landowners, for whose return to the Legislative Assembly he had worked, would prove 'robustly independent of pernicious political influences.'

Lord Lloyd's final criticism of Kitchener is needlessly severe, imputing, as it does, a motive that cannot be proved. The post of Intendant of the Egyptian Education Mission in Paris had fallen vacant. It was a well-paid and much envied appointment. Zaghlul was an applicant. It seemed indeed a heaven-sent opportunity to get rid of him. Kitchener refused to appoint him and Lord Lloyd attributed his refusal to 'personal considerations swaying his judgment' because 'Zaghlul had been hostile and discourteous to him.' Surely it is possible to acquit Lord Kitchener of any personal considerations in the matter? He was asked to bestow high preferment on a man who was causing the maximum of trouble. If he had consented would not many people, and Lord Lloyd perhaps amongst them, have condemned him for attempting to buy off opposition with bribery? 'What an incentive,' they would have cried, 'to all future agitators, when they see that agitation is the road to affluence and office.' In any case it can be but a short-sighted policy that attempts to squash a genuine movement by sending to Paris its temporary leader. It was denied to Kitchener, as it had been denied to Gorst, to complete his work in Egypt. Both left behind them an unfinished picture from which it is hardly fair to judge what the artist's ultimate achievement might have been. The war came and the attention of mankind was directed towards a greater canvas. The uncompleted sketches were consigned to a dark corner of the studio and the care of them was entrusted to less gifted, if equally conscientious craftsmen.

In dealing with the war period of Egyptian history, Lord Lloyd betrays once more the tendency to put his subject into a vacuum. The Khedive had disappeared from the scene, thrown in his lot with the enemies of England, and the Ottoman Empire, which had hitherto exercised a shadowy suzerainty over Egypt, was at open war with the Allies. The opening of a new chapter in

Anglo-Egyptian relations was, therefore, forced upon a British Government that had little time to spare for what seemed a matter of minor importance. The alternatives were annexation or the declaration of a protectorate. The authorities in Egypt at the time were in favour of the protectorate; Lord Lloyd is in favour of annexation. He may be right. It is not proposed here to go at length into the vexed question of what might have been. But Lord Lloyd does not state all the arguments against his own view. He omits the most important. These events took place in the days between the Battle of the Marne and the first Battle of Ypres. The world, the neutral world, was watching with astonishment and with an open mind. The violation of Belgium had profoundly shocked countries like the United States, but their sympathies were still divided. Could allies who included Russia be fighting to make the world safe for democracy? England had always been regarded with suspicion, and in the United States the two main charges against England had for long been her treatment of Ireland and of Egypt. Was this a propitious moment for Great Britain forcibly to annex a country she had never conquered and which she had always sworn that she meant to evacuate at the earliest opportunity? Such action would have been a godsend to the German propagandist, and the rape of Egypt would have been weighed in the scales against the execution of Nurse Cavell.

If annexation had led, as the people on the spot believed that it would, to an outbreak of violence, it might well have proved necessary to divert British soldiers from the Western Front at the very moment when they could least be spared. Even if this danger had not materialised, it is difficult to follow Lord Lloyd when he argues that annexation would have avoided the troubles that subsequently arose. Can it be maintained that the nationalist feeling, which was not placated by the protectorate, would have been appeased by annexation, or can it be argued that annexation would have provided Egypt with those experienced administrators and officials to whose absence under the protectorate the author attributes much of the subsequent discontent? It is true that mistakes were made in Egypt during the war,

that the Civil Service was unduly depleted, that conscription for the Labour Corps and the requisitioning of beasts of burden caused widespread and justifiable resentment and that the prominence given to collections for the Red Cross Fund was neither timely nor tactful. Lord Lloyd has rightly emphasised the importance of these errors, but in justice to those who made them it ought to be remembered that they were made at a time when the Empire was fighting for its life. It was difficult in those days to tell a young man to remain at his desk in an Egyptian office when he was demanding the right to die for his country. When Gallipoli had failed, when Russia had crumbled, when the Western Front was staggering under the March offensive it was pardonable to lose patience with an Egyptian fellah who, living in complete security, protected from all war's alarms, came whining with some story of a missing mule.

It was after the war, not during it, that the most fatal mistake was committed and an opportunity of settling the Egyptian question allowed to escape. The blame for the refusal of the British Government to receive the Egyptian Prime Minister and his principal colleague during the Armistice is difficult to assign. Lord Lloyd is inclined to attribute the larger share of it to the British authorities in Egypt for not realising how critical the situation had become and for failing to impress on the Government that refusal would precipitate an outbreak. It is true that Sir Milne Cheetham was unduly optimistic, and it is worth remembering in this connection that it was the same official whose warnings with regard to the dangers of annexation had been so emphatic in 1914 and had influenced the decision to declare the protectorate. Lord Lloyd discounts his pessimism with regard to the former occasion while blaming his optimism with regard to the latter. It is the diplomatist's tragedy to be condemned for the incidents that happen and to get no credit for the incidents that never take place.

Sir Milne Cheetham ought, no doubt, to have foreseen the rebellion that followed upon the arrest and deportation of Zaghlul. He who had previously been accused of overestimating the strength of nationalist sentiment was proved to have underestimated it in the end. Serious, however, as the situation was, and shocking as were the

outrages perpetrated by the rebels, it should be borne in mind that General Bulfin with the forces at his command had comparatively little difficulty in restoring order in a fortnight and it should be remembered that the restoration of order had practically been effected when Lord Allenby, the hastily-appointed new High Commissioner, arrived in Egypt. One of his first acts was to announce the release of Zaghlul and his companions. This decision Lord Lloyd uncompromisingly condemns, and it is certainly open to criticism. Coming when it did, it might have been interpreted as a concession to violence and an encouragement to disorder, and if it had been postponed for a few weeks this misinterpretation of its significance would have been avoided. But Lord Lloyd goes too far when he asserts that as the result of the 'prudent and soldierly dispositions taken by General Bulfin . . . it was confidently expected by all the well-informed and experienced that within a short space of time the trouble would be over and the Egyptian problem would be approaching a genuine solution.' Who, it may be pertinent to inquire, were the well-informed and experienced people to whom Lord Lloyd refers? Certainly not the British authorities, who should have had the best information at their disposal, for he has already been at some pains to explain that they were completely out of touch with events. Nor could they have been members of the Foreign Office, who, he assures us had been misinformed from the first. Whoever they may have been they were perfectly right in believing that the trouble, so far as outward manifestations of disorder were concerned, would soon be over, for it was practically over already, but if they really believed that a 'genuine solution' of the Egyptian problem could be arrived at by any 'soldierly dispositions,' they were neither so well informed nor so experienced as Lord Lloyd would have us believe.

The release of Zaghlul was a gesture that had all the appearance of weakness. It is only the strong man who can afford the risk of appearing weak. On the best advice that he could obtain at the time, Lord Allenby took that risk and there are many who believe that he was justified by the result. It was not as though the revolt had been made against his own authority. He arrived after it

had been repressed, and a concession from a newcomer, like the release of prisoners at a coronation, is as comprehensible in the East as in the West. There was universal rejoicing throughout the country and shortly afterwards it was possible to form an Egyptian Government and to carry on the administration on normal lines. Lord Lloyd writes that the fact that Mohamed Said was induced to form a Cabinet was of 'little if any importance.' But surely the necessity of persuading a native Government to function has been the main difficulty with which the High Commissioner has had to contend from the first? The only alternative to a native Government is martial law, and this continual danger of being unable to obtain the co-operation of any group of Egyptian politicians has more than any other circumstance hampered the action of successive High Commissioners. The lack of a native Government meant, and still means, the breakdown of the system.

Lord Lloyd will doubtless have more to say of Lord Allenby in his second volume, but while writing it he would do well to bear in mind the ultimate verdict of 'The Times' correspondent in Cairo, who had not always been a friendly critic of Allenby's administration. 'Lord Allenby came to Egypt,' he wrote, 'in the midst of a fierce storm. He leaves it in a calm which is striking in its contrast and full of good augury. He bequeaths to his successor a situation far more favourable and offering far fairer prospects of satisfactory settlement than appeared at all possible at the outset of his mission.'

There has perhaps never been in the history of nations a problem of greater complexity than that presented by Great Britain's relations with Egypt. The position in India is simplicity itself in comparison, and there is always a danger of those who have seen service in India assuming a greater similarity between the two questions than actually exists. British India was conquered, which Egypt never was. Agreements were concluded with the Indian native States; the conclusion of an agreement with Egypt is still awaited. India is part of the British Empire, whereas the complete independence of Egypt has been recognised for more than a decade. Yet we find Lord Lloyd in the concluding pages of his first volume dealing with the two problems as though they were one.

'Our whole policy,' he writes, 'in Egypt, in India, in all our dependencies—although too often stated with distressing vagueness—was fundamentally clear. We had undertaken—drifted into or deliberately acquired—one fundamental responsibility, the welfare of the masses of the people. We envisaged always one ultimate goal, the political development of each country to a pitch when her own people could be trusted to take over that responsibility and discharge it fairly.'

It is impossible to accept this diagnosis of the situation. Lord Lloyd's final conclusion fits the facts no better than did his original premises. It was not to promote the welfare of the fellaheen that British men-of-war bombarded Alexandria, nor was Sir Garnet Wolseley concerned with their fate when he defeated the forces of Arabi. It is not to protect the fellaheen that there are British troops in Cairo at this moment. The benefits that have accrued to Egypt as the result of her connection with Great Britain have enormously improved the conditions of the fellaheen, who have lost no opportunity of proving their ingratitude. They have made it abundantly clear that they, like most other communities, prefer bad government by their own people to good government at the hands of aliens. Their welfare is no longer, if it ever was, a British responsibility. Excessive tyranny would call for British interference, not, however, out of compassion for the lot of the people, but because of the danger of revolution, anarchy and foreign intervention. The protection of the Egyptian frontier, of the European and American communities, and of British Imperial Communications, these are Great Britain's sole concerns in Egypt to-day. The improvement of the condition of the people and the gradual grant of autonomy can have no place in our programme when dealing with a country whose complete independence we have already recognised.

Lord Lloyd may regret that it is so and may give good reasons for wishing it were otherwise. Many will share his regrets and be convinced by his reasons. His vision is clear and his philosophy is simple, but unfortunately his vision does not embrace the facts and, therefore, his philosophy does not apply to them.

DUFF COOPER.



## SOME RECENT BOOKS

*Metternich—The State of Europe—Henry Cromwell—Pepys as Administrator—Wagner—The Poet Laureate—Spenser—Lives of Shelley—A Haiku Anthology—Soviet Russia—‘Raggle-Taggle’—‘The Quest for Polar Treasures’—Dr Greville MacDonald—The Frazer Lectures—Books upon Flowers—‘On Being Creative’—‘Kitchen Prelude.’*

IN ‘*Metternich*’ (Eyre & Spottiswoode) the *Quarterly* is glad to welcome a volume by one of its most valued contributors, Mr Algernon Cecil. The book is written with the skill of a trained historian, the erudition of a scholar and the dignity of a Man of Letters. If the second half of the eighteenth and first half of the nineteenth centuries were arranged as a vast international exhibition, few would deny to Metternich the presidency of the section devoted to diplomatic statesmanship. In that atmosphere he was born and bred, developed his full powers, prospered and would have died if the unfortunate year of 1848 had not caused his previous retirement. He has been called the apostle of reaction, the strangler of democracy in his own country, and the protagonist of enlightened selfishness over all Europe. That he was no fervid democrat is, of course, obvious, but Mr Cecil proves that he was not opposed to constitutional government, and if its development was at times so slow as hardly to be noticeable he, with his conviction that lasting constitutions are made by evolution and not by revolution, was not likely to be unduly distressed. As to his international policy, the doctrine is at least tenable that a committee of experienced doctors, even though dictatorial, may do more good for a ward of sick patients than those patients by self-determination can do for themselves. It can be claimed that the Congress of Vienna, of which Metternich was the presiding genius, gave Europe peace for a generation; and who can safely prophesy the same for the Peacemakers of Versailles, vainly trying to reconcile the irreconcilable and, under the influence of President Woodrow Wilson, making new boundaries, political, racial and economic, which seldom coincide? Mr Cecil’s book, we predict, will remain for years the standard work on Metternich. So far for the man himself and his life-

work. The serious character of his efforts and influence is elaborately brought out in '**Metternich and the British Government**' (Macmillan), where, making a particular study of the years 1809 to 1813, backed by the authority of many manuscript documents deposited in the Foreign Office, the British Museum and the Public Record Office, Mr C. S. B. Buckland shows the ups and downs, the collapse and renewal of the alliance, especially between Austria and Great Britain, in their efforts to face and defeat the soaring Napoleon, and so to save Europe. It is full, elaborate, and in many ways a revealing work, lifting the curtain from several obscure passages of Metternichian diplomacy and finesse.

An excellent work of information and reference is provided in '**Europe in the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries**' (Longmans), by Messrs A. J. Grant and H. W. V. Temperley. It is in fact a new edition, under an expanded title of an old friend 'Europe in the Nineteenth Century,' and includes the Great War and post-war developments and tendencies to 1932. The French Revolution and Napoleon; French, German and Russian Imperialism; Great Alliances and the Balance of Power, 1856-1914, are among the interesting sections of the book, which is written from an international or European standpoint. The history of each country is followed with reference to the whole and the varying outlooks at the different epochs have been carefully analysed. The survey is political rather than economic. It is compact and comprehensive, and with nearly 700 pages and 15 maps (mostly coloured) at the price of twelve shillings and sixpence, should be a welcome addition to the bookshelf of the historical student.

To come to the personal. As with great old Oliver's own letters, of which Carlyle and Froude made so much, treating them collectively as a gospel for after-times, there is plenty of hard going in the correspondence quoted in Mr R. W. Ramsey's monograph on '**Henry Cromwell**' (Longmans). But the trouble required is worth while. Henry is an engaging person and he proved a far more efficient administrator than his brother 'Queen Dick.' It seems that Henry even made a success in governing Ireland; but as his period of responsibility came after the dreadful Cromwell rejoinder at Drogheda

and elsewhere, and the shadow of the sword was dark over the country, it was hardly necessary for him to have been more than just, capable and gracious, as he was. Gracious also, as shown in these pages, does Charles II appear; for not only did the king, when restored, confirm Henry Cromwell's title to certain estates that might easily have been estreated, but visited him in his retirement and expressed regret after his death. Mr Ramsey, with his attractive and well-ordered work, has done well in reminding us of the generally forgotten, genial and dutiful gentleman who came so near to playing all but the supreme part in a very serious chapter of English history. We pass to another convincing personality. As a man of the world, with his engaging naughtiness, Samuel Pepys has so dominated our hearts that it is well to be reminded of his value and services as a man of affairs and naval administrator. This is done by the transcription of nearly sixty 'Shorthand Letters' (Cambridge University Press), which, over a span of some four years, deal mainly with the management and supplies of His Majesty's ships. It was the time of the war with Holland, and there was much to perplex a shrewd and honest administrator, as, in view of the times, Pepys assuredly was. Of corruption and stupidity then, of course, there was abundance, and the worst condition of all was that the men who served the ships and fought were for weeks unpaid, naturally causing discontent and a touch of mutiny; but in the end Pepys was able to get the necessary supplies from a barren or misused Treasury and so to disperse the unrest.

No better or fuller study of 'Richard Wagner' (Paris: Librairie Fischbacher), within the modest dimensions of Professor L. F. Choisy's volume, has been written. A bold assertion, but one that we are confident cannot be justifiably upset. Beginning with a racy account of the Master, in his extravagance, poverty, frequent tempestuousness, determined ambition, friendships and love affairs, it proceeds to examine the series of great operas; not their musical so much as their poetic and dramatic characteristics—appreciating the legends they tell and recognising their creator's imaginative power, in which his own love-sufferings and exaltations were a part of his inspiration, and ends with a sympathetic study of

Wagner's complex personality, in which not a little is revealed that has generally been overlooked. His humour and love of animals were, however, as true a part of him as the genius which placed him with the three or four greatest musicians in the world's history. And he was so much more than a musician, being 'un Rembrandt par ses tableaux, un Beethoven par ses symphonies et un Goethe par ses poèmes demeureront parmi les immortels.'

Two books issued recently bring to mind the work and personality of the Poet Laureate with the expectation and hope most of us feel of his playing a successful part in the renewal of poetry wherever English is spoken. The first is his own '**Recent Prose**' (Heinemann), a sundry collection, with a characteristic story, a few letters from America, and some essays and addresses. In his speeches on Chaucer, Shakespeare, Blake and Crabbe he says little that is new, and does not say it conspicuously well; but the explanation of how he came to write 'Reynard the Fox' is attractive, and his recollections of that greatest of Irish playwrights, J. M. Synge, are a jewel. Eager followers of Masfield will be glad of this volume; but we rather want more of his verse that has proved a necessary and stimulating influence to these jaded or discordant times. Conveniently accompanying his own book is one about him, contributed to the Modern Writers series by Mr Gilbert Thomas, '**John Masfield**' (Butterworth). Sincerely appreciative, this study also discriminates. While the Poet Laureate's gifts and message to his time are recognised, Mr Thomas has the courage to set down the casual weaknesses of his style in prose and verse that still may be improved away. The only fault we find with this biographer, who was admirably selected for his task, is in his unnecessary belittlement of Mr Kipling. That the drum and the banjo have had their part in that writer's lyrics is beyond question, just as with alterations in the 'attack,' they have been sometimes used in Mr Masfield's verse; but they are not all the story and it was a genuine poet who wrote 'Danny Deevee,' 'Springtime,' and much else.

Scholarly is the right term for Mr B. E. C. Davis's study of '**Edmund Spenser**' (Cambridge University Press). In an age which takes many of its interests

flippantly and regards seriousness often as a pose, with literature lending itself easily to fluent misrepresentations, it is refreshing to read the words of a teacher who keeps his imagination and theories under control. We know so little of Spenser's life and personality—except as his works not too certainly disclose them—that the only safe course of study to pursue is to take seriatim his intellectual, spiritual and poetic characteristics as shown in his verse, and thereby realise the poet if not altogether the man. Such is the course taken here. A humanist born early into the great impulse of Elizabethan inspiration; not of powerful feelings possibly, and therefore not making an 'Adonais' of his 'Astrophel'; yet in love with courtesy, chivalry, beauty and gentleness, he—a little man (who) wore short haire, little band and little cuffs—was in many ways unsuited to his time and out of place in the Ireland that he portrayed, sometimes so warmly and vividly, sometimes as it seems, so callously in his 'View' of its 'Present State.' Spenser is too little known even to the more-cultured readers of verse; partly because of the eloquence of Macaulay, whose misstatements about the Blatant Beast, for example, rebounded so nicely on to his own confident head; and, therefore, Mr Davis's sound study of that greatly inspired and inspiring poet is timely and acceptable.

The enterprise and generosity of Messrs Dent in publishing in an 'omnibus volume' (in two parts) '**The Life of Shelley**,' as comprised in Hogg's biography, Trelawny's 'Recollections,' and Peacock's 'Memoirs' of the poet, with the addition of a number of Shelley's letters to Peacock, require something more expressive than a mere prose pen to do them justice. Beyond the literary value of this work, there is its spiritual value, inasmuch as by reprinting Trelawny and Peacock with Hogg, the truth of Shelley's personality and some justification of his frequent quixotism is more nearly realised. In an eloquent introduction, though sometimes adorned with artificial flowers, Mr Humbert Wolfe brings out the injustice done to Shelley's name through the misrepresentations of Hogg; and it is doubtful whether the ill results to his name caused thereby ever can be removed. Be that so or not, these volumes do something to redress a century-old wrong—and, of course, are anyhow worth

reading, because even with his faults maliciously coloured Shelley's life was noble and interesting. His genius was not only shown in his works. His private record also is of the stuff of poetry, and the disasters which befell him really were due to the fact that the stuff of poetry proved often incompatible with the base or commonplace circumstances to which it was applied.

From Japan a bulky volume compact of stimulating and refreshing beauty has come to us. It is 'An Anthology of Haiku Ancient and Modern' (Maruzen, Tokyo); the all but a thousand haiku it contains having been translated and annotated by Professor Asataro Miyamori, and embellished with coloured drawings which truly illustrate the verse. The painting entitled 'A Baby' especially is a joy. The haiku is a poem of three lines, put into two of English, and expresses in itself a complete idea. The love of the Japanese for beauty in nature, from the moon in her glory to the birds and flowers is richly found in these haiku. Here are three to show the simple truth and loveliness of the thousand, though out of the setting they must lose glamour:

'The quails are chirping in the dusk  
Aware the hawks' eyes are now dim.'

Now a touch of observant wisdom,

'The birds singing among flowers  
Laugh at men who have no leisure;'

and there is a touch of pity in this,

'I have shut the doors, leaving  
The harvest moon out in the garden.'

Three works, helpfully complementary the one of the other, have just reached us. They reveal the harshness and moral rottenness of the Bolshevik régime, although some years elapsed between the flight through Russia and Chinese Turkestan of Dr P. S. Nazaroff, and the later visits to Siberia on an engineering mission of Dr Malcolm Burr and to Russia of Sir James Purves-Stewart. Yet the judgment of these writers on the bitter tyranny of the Soviet system of misgovernment is very similar. In 'Hunted' (Blackwood), Dr Nazaroff tells of the early days of the success of the Reds, when the Whites still were fighting, and it looked as if the Marxist minority in Russia might be defeated. That hope, however, soon

went, and it was necessary for him, who had been very active on the staff of the Whites, to fly after an escape from prison, vividly told. So, disguised and through endless difficulties, hiding generally in the poor dwellings of Moslems and in woods, Dr Nazaroff, helped, as he confesses, by luck bordering on the miraculous, escaped to India and freedom. Often he was as close almost as breathing to capture. Yet he not only won to safety, but on the way, being a scientific observer of life in all its aspects, closely observed men and things; and, in spite of the suggestion of the title, it is that aspect of his adventures which is the main interest of his book. He details his personal experiences with such calm that his discovery of the Store House, 'Tash-uy,' is as thrilling as any one of his escapes under the noses of the Reds. Equally revealing, though on a smaller plane, is Dr. Malcolm Burr's '**In Bolshevik Siberia**' (Witherby); an excellent piece of work. He went, partly by rail, partly along the river Lena, and then by road, to a mining job, and kept his eyes open throughout to the methods of the people, official and otherwise, and to the natural life of the less-known region of Siberia that he visited. As with Dr Nazaroff, we are told much of the drunkenness prevalent in Russia in these days of oppression, and of illicit methods of making alcohol; of the extraordinary cold, falling sometimes to more than 100 degrees below freezing-point, and of the manner in which the horses, left uncovered at its worst, safely endure that hardship. Wisely Dr. Burr acted with care in his inevitable negotiations with the authorities; but he confirms entirely Dr Nazaroff's judgment of the narrow cruelty and wickedness of Bolshevism in its pitiless and often ignorant working out of the political and economic theories that it represents. So, too, Sir James Purves-Stewart, in '**A Physician's Tour in Soviet Russia**' (Allen & Unwin), has written an interesting and concise account of his experiences last summer. Naturally he observed the conditions from a medical point of view, and some of the terms used are too technical for the layman, but the picture he gives is convincing. Can a naturally inefficient, happy-go-lucky, fatalistic, superstitious peasantry be turned into a precise, highly organised, entirely material, communistic machine? Time only will show. The public health services and



institutions are remarkable—magnificent new hospitals lavishly equipped; yet the roads to them are so out of repair as to be almost impassable, like the enormous new factories turning out thousands of cars and tractors, all unable to move as there are no magnetos! That, it seems, is typical of present conditions in Russia; while in all, through all and over all, from the maternity ward to the grave, is the flaunting, endless, overwhelming Red propaganda from which neither eye nor ear can escape. 'A Purgatory of gloomy drab uniformity' the author calls it—and rightly so.

He must be a rare man who has no touch of the gypsy in his heart—though, after all, possibly not so rare, remembering some of the mathematicians, policemen, haberdashers, and other confidently successful persons whom we have met; but for that reason, and others, Dr Walter Starkie's '*Raggle-Taggle*' (Murray) is assured of appreciation very widespread. And, what is more, it deserves it. It has the qualities of a book of adventure, and is, as well, a revealing study of those curious people, the Romany folk, the 'Egyptians,' who, so long as they have kept to themselves and not married with the Philistines and the flesh-pots, have preserved their (at a distance) even fascinating interest. Lured by his young memories of Meg Merrilies and the example of George Borrow, stimulated also by his meetings with gypsy soldiers of the Austrian Army during the War when he was in Italy, Dr Starkie took his fiddle—'his sporting little filly-folly'—and in his worst out-of-door wear tramped about Hungary and Roumania, playing Romany airs and dances and keeping his eyes and ears observant. And his heart also to some degree; with the result that his record informs as well as charms, and proves to be a work of authority worthy of the scholar's bookshelf to which idler readers seeking mere recreation at times also may go with profit.

The editors of Jan. Welzl's '*The Quest for Polar Treasures*' (Allen & Unwin) warn his readers against the incredibility of some of his strange and wonderful tales, but, so they assert, they are true. Well, why not? He describes his experiences with such gusto that a little, or even much, unconscious exaggeration in the circumstances is no cardinal sin. At the same time he was, to

say the least, highly fortunate in his chance discoveries when wandering as a hunter or trader through Alaska and the icy regions of Northern Canada. Pygmies among the Esquimaux, unknown to the Esquimaux who travelled with him, bears in harness, a golden sea, devil-fish and gigantic crabs, whale-traps, walruses 'as big as a decent room,' backwoodsmen with uncut beards streaming to the ground and hair 'over four yards long,' a meteor, the fall of which cracked the ice-crust for many miles, an eclipse so fiery and mighty that it would be sinful to extract its exciting details from the page wherein it flames. Travellers' tales! Even if we take the tremendous assertions of this 'Arctic Bismarck' with the proverbial grain, we nevertheless accept their utterance as sincere and admire the spirit of the old worker and fighter who assuredly has lived successfully in some of the harshest parts of the world.

Although overlong and touched not a little with the pretty-pretty mannerism called preciosity, Dr Greville MacDonald's '**Reminiscences of a Specialist**' (Allen & Unwin) has charm and appeal. It tells of a long life of varied activities and, we may add not unkindly, sentimentalities, in which were met some fine personalities; as Ruskin, Lewis Carroll, Lister, Morell Mackenzie (whose sad story is well told), and, last but not least, the author's own spiritually-brilliant father and mother. Some of the studies of those people—especially the true story, told at long last, of Ruskin and Rose La Touche—are of deep interest, and bring back vividly a not-so-distant past when values were so curiously, tremendously different from those of to-day. Yet the principal interest of the book naturally rests in Dr MacDonald's own view of things, human and divine. For he was able, over a long and successful career in science, to keep faith in Ruskin's 'Law of Loveliness,' and to apply it serviceably to his work in surgery and the hospitals. His book, in its spirit of luminous common sense, is a reminder to these times of the essential ideals. 'What would not some of us give now in this year, abounding in perplexities and psycho-analyses and floutings of Nature's laws, yet crying aloud for help; what would we not give to hear Ruskin's voice again!' Many of the older (and possibly wiser) generation must be echoing that wish.

The happy and deserved tribute to Sir James Frazer, whose outstanding distinction in learning is equalled by his retiring modesty, organised by those who best have profited from his work in social anthropology, has come to fruition with the collection in volume form of '**The Frazer Lectures**' (Macmillan), delivered in successive years, from 1922 onwards, before the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Glasgow and Liverpool. These eleven original contributions, edited on 'Frazerian' lines by Mr Warren R. Dawson, cover such varied ground in their world-wide subject, that to discuss or even describe them would require a volume of considerable extent. Westermarck and Haddon, Malinowski, Moret, Keith and Arthur Evans are names among the lecturers; while the subjects range from 'The Age of the Gods' to 'The Study of Popular Sayings.' The work in every respect is worthy of him who inspired it.

For all who are fond of the countryside, and yet aware of their ignorance of the treasures it offers, Miss Hilda M. Coley, in her '**Wild Flowers Round the Year**' (Howe), has provided an excellent companion and guide. The work does not claim to be exhaustive (are there not 2400 members of the pea family alone?), but by taking well-known examples of the great flower families and giving their characteristics and the marvellous perfection of the mechanism of Nature shown in them, Miss Coley, in simple, lucid language, with a minimum of technical terms and laudable economy of Latin names, keeps the interest unflagging. She explains the different parts of the flowers; how each is necessary for the reproduction of the species, how fertilisation is carried out by internal or external means, and how colour and shape and each physical detail are arranged for some particular purpose. Her drawings add to the value of an excellent little book. From the same publishing house comes a work of kindred interest, '**The Garden Book of Sir Thomas Hanmer, Bart.**' Written in 1659 and lost sight of until recently, it records the horticultural lore and love of a friend of Evelyn, and gives a pleasant impression of the simple country life of the seventeenth century. It was a period when many of our happiest garden-flowers were newly come to England; the shrewd sense of Sir Thomas shows how wisely they were treated and appreciated.

Again Professor Irving Babbitt has hurled at certain aggressive aspects of western civilisation a vigorous book in which, under the innocent title of '*On Being Creative*' (Constable), he whips our self-complacency and assertive materialism. It may be that all his essays are not aimed to that end—though if they are his methods are roundabout—but the very contrasts he establishes before forcing home his moral make his arguments the more effective. Studying the primitivism of Wordsworth, and by primitivism he means 'return to a nature that is conceived to be simple or naïve in contrast with the sophistication of an advanced civilisation,' and estimating the value of imagination in the realities with illustrations of its power and influence as shown by Wordsworth, Dr Johnson and Coleridge, he comes, after a tangential visit to the particular views of Schiller and of modern French philosophers, to American culture as it is, and takes as his horrid example, though there are worse behind, Mr Mencken and his 'worm's eye view' of things. It is vigorous denunciation in which Europe gets some of the castigation that falls directly on the get-rich-quick master-men of the United States. Is the West with all its boasting, its wealth, and rush of vulgarity, worthy to patronise or shed its influence on the cultured East? Manifestly not in some of its activities. What it needs is leisure—the leisure that 'involves an inner effort with reference to standards,' through which we may be rid of the intellectual shallowness and charlatanry that have been 'obscured by the muddy thinking of our half-baked intelligentsia.' A thrusting vigorous book which takes, however, some time in getting to its best business.

Last, but not the least, we come to M. Pierre Hamp, who, it is clear, owes an inestimable debt to Miss Dorothy Bolton for her translation of his '*Kitchen Prelude*' (Constable). She has caught his manner and idiom with such realistic fidelity that often we admired and shuddered, for the life of the trained French cook, from its apprentice beginnings to the full majesty of the established chef, is fully described—and is no fairy tale. At the same time it is continuously amusing and M. Hamp has proved himself redoubtable in many departments besides that devoted to the culinary art. He was a fighter, often using his fists and wits and suffering much from long

hours, underfeeding, dreadful insects, insanitary conditions and disagreeable women and men ; until he rose to the glory, in a subordinate capacity, of our Savoy and Berkeley ; whereupon he gave up the profession of cookery and turned to other provinces of endeavour, which at any rate prove him an artist in spirit. And we hope to meet him again, though possibly with some softening of his very extreme frankness.

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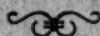
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